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THE TURF AND THE TROTTING HORSE IN AMERICA.

NEARLY all the great trotting horses of America have come of one blood,—that of Messenger, an English horse, imported into New York in 1788.

The lineage of this horse can be traced directly back to the Darley Arabian, who was the sire of Flying Childers; and to the Cade mare, who was a granddaughter of the Godolphin Arabian. He was, therefore, of the best English thorough-bred racing stock.

All accounts concur in representing Messenger as a horse of superb form and extraordinary power and spirit. A groom who saw him taken off the ship which brought him to this country was accustomed to relate that, "the three other horses that accompanied him on a long voyage had become so reduced and weak that they had to be helped and supported down the gang-plank; but when it came Messenger's turn to land, he, with a loud neigh, charged down, with a negro on each side holding him back, and dashed off up the street on a stiff trot, carrying the negroes along, in spite of all their efforts to bring him to a stand-still."

He was a handsome gray, fifteen and three quarter hands high,* with "a large bony head, rather short, straight neck, with windpipe and nostrils nearly twice as large as ordinary; low withers, shoulders somewhat upright, but deep and strong; powerful loin and quarters; hocks and knees unusually large, and below them limbs of medium size, but flat and clean, and, whether at rest or in motion, always in a perfect position.

These records indicate that he had more of the form of the trotter than the thorough-bred horse in general. This form, along with the extraordinary vitality and endurance of his race, he gave to his progeny; which being persistently used and trained to trot became still more marked in these characteristic particulars. The first generation of his descendants were fine road horses, many of them fast, and all endowed with extraordinary courage and endurance. The second and third generations possessed in still greater perfection the form and action of the trotting horse, of which the fourth gen-

* A hand is four inches.

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eration has furnished the most perfect specimens.

Messenger lived to be twenty-eight years old. For fifteen years he was owned in the neighborhood of New York, and was held in such estimation that he probably left a more numerous family than any horse that has ever lived. So great has been the impress of his wonderful stamina and splendid form upon the horses of America, that those best acquainted with the subject do not hesitate to estimate his value to the country at one hundred millions of dollars.

Of the other horses that have founded lines of trotters, Justin Morgan deserves to be mentioned first. He was foaled in 1793 at Springfield, Massachusetts, and when two years old was taken to Vermont. His sire was True Briton, a fine horse ridden by General Delancey in the Revolutionary War.

Justin Morgan is described as a "low, compact, powerful horse, with a proud step, and good lively action." These qualities he communicated to his descendants, who are smooth, easy travellers, and possessed of indomitable perseverance. Fox, one of his colts, was driven one hundred and seventy-five miles on the road within twenty-four hours. The excellence of the stock of New England is due to this horse and to Hambletonian, a son of Messenger.

The Bashaws are descended from two imported Arabian horses. The first, known as Bashaw, was bred by the Emperor of Morocco, by whom he was presented to the Dey of Algiers, and finally, through the Swedish Consul, found his way to this country about the year 1768.

Grand Bashaw was imported from Tripoli in 1820. Andrew Jackson, Kemble Jackson, Long Island Black Hawk, Henry Clay, Lantern, and George M. Patchen are of his descendants, although all of them are more or less derived from Messenger. The Bashaws are characterized by fine size, handsome head and neck, full mane and

tail, and a certain pride and magnificence of style.

The trotting horse Bellfounder was imported from England in 1823. He was a horse of great substance, of remarkable spirit, and his career in England was marked by splendid achievements. At three years old he trotted two miles in six minutes; and when four years old, ten miles in thirty minutes. Afterwards he trotted over the Norfolk Course, seventeen and one half miles, within an hour, winning a purse of five hundred guineas. He gave muscle and sinew to his progeny, and a Bellfounder cross appears in the pedigrees of many fine trotting horses.

There remain to be mentioned imported Trustee, and Sir Henry; Duroc, by thorough-bred Diomed; Glencoe, by Sultan; and the French horses Pilot and Royal George. These last horses were only in part of the original Norman stock; but they had enough of the blood to show it in their form, in the toughness of their constitution, and in their bold trotting action.

From the horses that have been here enumerated all the trotting horses and most of the road horses in the United States have come. In the case of many trotting horses a pedigree cannot be made out; but whenever one is fully ascertained, it invariably establishes a connection with one or the other of them. An excellent authority claims that no great trotter has been produced whose pedigree, when traced for four generations, does not show a connection with imported Messenger.

This record proves the immense influence of a few good horses upon the stock of a nation, and attests also the superior qualities of the English racer. All the horses here mentioned are of the Arabian and English thorough-bred stock, except the French horses, and even they are known to have had a strong infusion of the blood. From the vast hordes of wild horses which roamed over the plains of Texas, Mexico, and South America, not a single animal equal in size, speed, and enduring power to these English horses

and their direct descendants has ever been bred.

The first public trotting race in America, of which there is any record, took place in the year 1818. There had been for many years previous a growing taste for driving the trotting horse, and racing, or running, had been popular from the first settlement of the country; but it was not until that comparatively recent date that the interest in trotting culminated in a public exhibition of it.

The love of the horse is a part of the birthright of Americans, as the offspring of a people who for centuries have been devoted to the sports of the turf, and whose patriotism and pride have co-operated with their love of pleasure in the cultivation and improvement of a national stock. As early as the twelfth century a regular race-course was established in London; this being none other than Smithfield. Fitzstephen, who lived at that period, gives the following quaint account of the contests between the palfreys of the day: "When a race is to be run by horses which in their kind are strong and fleet, a shout is raised, and common horses are ordered to withdraw from without the way. Two jockeys, then, or sometimes three, as the match may be made, prepare themselves for the contest, — such as are used to ride, and know how to manage their horses with judgment; the grand point being to prevent a competitor from getting before them. The horses on their part are not without emulation. They tremble, and are impatient, and continually in motion. At last, the signal once given, they hurry along with unremitting velocity; the jockeys, inspired with the thoughts of applause and the hopes of victory, clapping spurs to their willing steeds, brandishing their whips, and cheering them with their cries." Youatt adds, that this description, with the exception of the cries, might form part of the record of a modern race at Epsom, in the columns of a morning paper, — so national is the English sport of horse-racing, and so unchanged are

its characteristics. The history of the English horse and turf is full of interest. Such was the importance that Edward III. attached to good stock, that he gave a thousand marks for fifty Spanish horses, negotiating at the same time with the kings of France and Spain for their safe passage by land. The Stuarts imported many fine horses from the East, and laid the basis of the modern thorough-bred stock. Since their time it has been considered obligatory upon royalty to encourage breeding and racing, and even Parliament adjourns in honor of the Derby. As a recent writer in an English magazine says: "It is an undoubted necessity that Englishmen should have a national pastime, capable of affording amusement to all classes, enacted in the open air, devoid of all taint of cruelty, and conducted, as far as possible, with the rules of fair play. That want racing supplies; and when the national amusements of other times and peoples are reviewed, it will be found a difficult task to dispute, successfully, the claim, that the English turf is the noblest pastime in which any nation, ancient or modern, has ever indulged."

The love of the national sport was strongly implanted in the breasts of those Englishmen who settled Virginia and other southern and southwestern portions of the United States. They imported the best English horses, and the time early came when every planter kept his stud. As the country was sparsely settled, and wagon-roads uncut, the horse and saddle furnished the principal means of communication with neighbors and towns, and to be well mounted became one of the distinguishing marks of social position. The stage-coach came afterward, and the railroad; and travelling on horse-back gradually ceased, but not until the taste for using the horse under the saddle had become thoroughly established, and yearly meetings for racing in the English style had become popular.

Passing over Colonial times, and the period immediately following the Revo-

lution, we come upon the period when racing reached the highest point of popularity. For a period of over twenty-five years every city and considerable town, from New York to Florida, from Cairo to Balize, and all through the valley of the Mississippi, had biennial meetings, in which the most distinguished men of the time took part. The leading politicians of the South were foremost in patronizing the turf. The efforts of General Jackson to improve the stock of Kentucky, and his fondness for racing, are fully set forth in his biography by Mr. Parton. The names of Sir Henry, American Eclipse, Ariel, Black Maria, Gray Eagle, Boston, and Fashion will render this period in American turf-annals forever illustrious.

But racing had its origin in the Southern States. Virginia and Kentucky were the great nurseries of the running horse. The principal race-courses were near Southern capitals; and although, in the great race on Union Course, Long Island, in 1823, between Sir Henry and American Eclipse, the North was successful, in the main the greatest success in breeding running horses, as well as the greatest popularity of the sport, was at the South.

If the English love of the horse was shared by the Puritan settlers of New England at all, it did not show itself in patronage of the turf. On the contrary, they regarded racing and all its accompaniments with peculiar aversion. Their creed and lives, indeed their very expatriation formed a protest against the habits and principles of those of their countrymen at home with whom the maintenance of the turf was the first object of life. Nor was the exhilarating ride in the saddle in harmony with the Puritan temper. It was tainted with incitements whose direct tendency was the race-course. Their settlements covered a narrower field, and consequently there was not the same demand for the horse for use in travelling as at the South. It was as an assistant in the labors of agriculture that they found him principally serviceable. His de-

corous use before the rude vehicles which carried their families to meeting was the nearest approach which they made to modern pleasure-driving. Harnessed before their "one-horse shays," a horse possessing the speed of Flora Temple or Dexter would be brought down to an orthodox amble. Thus it came that driving the horse before vehicles of varying degrees of clumsiness generally prevailed in New England; whence it has gradually spread over the country, displacing the use of the horse under the saddle, and furnishing another evidence of the complete predominance of Puritan influence in the country. The habit of driving led naturally to the cultivation of trotting; that gait being the easiest for the horse in harness, and the most unobtrusive and agreeable to the driver.

There exists but a scanty record of the early trotting horses and their achievements. The first sporting-paper published in America, "*The Turf Register*," was first issued September 1, 1829. This monthly journal was almost entirely devoted to the thoroughbred running horse and racing; and, during the first two or three years of its existence, trotting was barely mentioned in its pages. As has been stated, the first public trotting race took place in 1818. In that year the horse Boston Blue trotted at Boston, in a match against time, a mile within three minutes (the exact time is unknown), which was reckoned a very great performance. In 1824, Albany Pony trotted a mile on the Jamaica turnpike in 2 m. 40 s., which shows a considerable advance in speed in the six years which had intervened.

The performances of Top Gallant were so extraordinary, and he was in every respect such a superior horse, that a more complete record of him has been handed down than of any of the old-time trotters. He was foaled in 1808, but trotted his principal races after he was twenty years old. Hiram Woodruff, who rode him at his exercise, thus describes him: "Top Gallant was a dark bay, fifteen hands,

three inches high; plain, and raw-boned; but with rather a fine head and neck, and an eye expressive of much courage. His spirit was very high, and his bottom was of the finest and toughest quality." In 1828, in a four-mile race against Whalebone over the Hunting Park Course, Philadelphia, he trotted four heats * of four miles each, in 11 m. 16 s., 11 m. 6 s., 11 m. 17 s., 12 m. 15 s., the whole sixteen miles in 45 m. 44 s. In 1830, when twenty-two years old, he trotted twelve miles over the same course in 38 minutes; and in 1831, on the same ground, two miles in 5 m. 19 s.

A correspondent of the "English Sporting Magazine," writing of the trotting horses at the Hunting Park Course in 1829, mentions Top Gallant first, as follows:

"Top Gallant, by Hambletonian, he by Messenger, trotted twelve miles in harness in 38 minutes; and three miles, under saddle, in 8 m. 31 s. He is now nineteen years old, and can trot a mile with one hundred and fifty pounds in 2 m. 45 s.

"Betsey Baker, by Mambrino, he by Messenger, beat Top Gallant three miles, under saddle, carrying one hundred and fifty pounds, in 8 m. 16 s. This mare, when sound, could trot twenty miles within the hour.

"Trouble, by Hambletonian, a horse of good bottom, trotted two miles in 5 m. 25 s.

"Sir Peter, by Hambletonian, trotted three miles in harness in 8 m. 16 s.

"Whalebone, by Hambletonian, trotted three miles in 8 m. 18 s. These two, Sir Peter and Whalebone, can be matched either against Rattler or Tom Thumb, now in England, for any amount."

(Tom Thumb trotted, in England, 16.5 miles, in harness, in 56 m. 45 s., and 100 miles in 9 h. 30 m.)

"Screwdriver, by Mount Holly, he by Messenger, in a race with Betsey Baker, trotted two three-mile heats in 8 m. 2 s., and 8 m. 10 s."

* A heat is one continuous effort, either in running or trotting.

This record of performances would be creditable to the trotting horse in any year of his history. It illustrates the general character of all the trotting races of the early time. They were as much a test of endurance as of speed, and were seldom of less than two, and frequently of three and four miles. Races were trotted in which the endurance of horses was taxed to the uttermost, and the tasks most commonly imposed would render completely worthless one half of the trotting horses of the present day. Speed has been cultivated to the neglect of bottom, and what has been gained in swiftness has been lost in staying power.

In this respect, the course of trotting in America is analogous to that of racing in England. The English racers of half a century ago partook of the characteristic excellence of the Oriental horses, from whom they were derived,—which was that, in addition to their speed, they possessed extraordinary powers of endurance. Such horses as Bay Middleton, Glencoe, Mameluke, The Baron, Pyrrhus the First, Blair Athol, Wild Dayrell, Lanercost, and Harkaway, and the mares Catherina, Beeswing, and Alice Hawthorn, are not now found upon the English turf, and it is doubtful if ever they will be found there again. An English writer on the present condition of the turf says: "There is not a six-year-old now in training in England to whom any of these four (Lanercost, Harkaway, Beeswing, and Alice Hawthorn) could not at the same age have given a stone and a beating over the Beacon Course."

The "Turf Register" of March, 1834, copies from a Philadelphia paper the following comments on a race which took place at Trenton, N. J., in which the horse Edwin Forrest trotted a mile in 2 m. 36 s., and Columbus, in 2 m. 37 s.: "The improvement of the trotting horse is engaging the attention of some of the best sporting characters in the country. We believe our State boasts of the best trotters in the Union. New York is nearly as good as our own. It

is, in our opinion, a sport which should be encouraged."

The horses Edwin Forrest and Columbus were the best trotting horses of their time. The first trotted on Long Island, in 1834, a mile in 2 m. 31½ s., which was then the best time ever made. He was afterward beaten by Daniel D. Tompkins, a New England horse, in a great race for ten thousand dollars. Columbus was the first horse to trot three miles in less than eight minutes.

The celebrated horse Dutchman made his appearance on the turf in 1833. His pedigree was never ascertained. In his work on the trotting horse, Hiram Woodruff says of him: "For the combined excellences of speed, bottom, and constitutional vigor, equal to the carrying on of a long campaign and improving on it, Dutchman has had few, if any, equals, and certainly no superior." In 1836 he was entered in sweepstakes with Fanny Pullen and Confidence. Fanny Pullen was the dam of Trustee, the first horse to trot twenty miles within an hour. Confidence was a handsome bay horse, afterwards purchased for the well-known English horseman, Mr. Osbaldestone, and taken out of the country. Dutchman won the race in 5 m. 17½ s. and 5 m. 18½ s. He afterwards beat Lady Suffolk in two straight two-mile heats in 5 m. 11 s. and 5 m. 13 s. His race with Rattler, a horse that Hiram Woodruff declared to be the best trotter ever taken to England, was one of the most closely contested and best three-mile races ever trotted. For eleven miles the horses were never clear of each other; and when Dutchman left Rattler in the twelfth, it was by inches only. In 1839, on the Beacon Course, New Jersey, Dutchman made his great and imperishable record of three miles in 7 m. 32½ s. He trotted one mile of this race in 2 m. 28 s., which was the best one-mile time that had then been made, as the three-mile time is the best made up to the present writing.

Long Island, the scene of so many

of the triumphs of the trotting horse, is equally distinguished as the birthplace of some of the most celebrated. Messenger was kept at its western extremity, and his blood was disseminated over the whole island. From one of his descendants, Engineer, came Lady Suffolk, for many years the unquestioned mistress of the trotting-turf. She was bred in Suffolk County, whence her name, and when three years old was purchased by David Bryant, from the farmer who raised her, for ninety dollars. She was a gray, raw-boned, slab-sided, homely animal; but deep in the chest and muscular in the arms and quarters, which enabled her to keep up a wonderfully long and clearing stride. Her first appearance on the turf was in 1838, when she was five years old. From that time she was kept steadily at work for sixteen years, trotting one hundred and sixty-one races, of which she won eighty-eight. Her owner, though devotedly attached to her, did not use the discretion in her management which is necessary to secure success, even with the most reliable animals; so, despite her extraordinary speed and bottom, the list of her defeats is nearly as long as that of her victories. She was beaten by Dutchman, Repton, Lady Victory, Lafayette, Independence, Aaron Burr, and by Americus in a great five-mile race which came off on the Centreville Course in the fall of 1841. That same year she beat Dutchman on the Hunting Park Course, Philadelphia, trotting three miles in 7 m. 40½ s. The year before, the same horse had beaten her easily in 7 m. 51 s. She had steadily improved from the time of her first appearance, although she had been driven in races of two and three miles every season, until it was a cause of surprise that her legs were strong enough to bear her up at all. Anything of less steel-like fibre would have given way, and the trotting-turf been deprived of one of its greatest ornaments.

In 1842 she beat Ripton in a two-mile race, in harness, in 5 m. 10 s. and

5 m. 15 s. This was on the 7th of May. On the 1st of August, Ripton turned the tables by beating her in 5 m. 6 s. and 5 m. 22 s. This Ripton was a handsome bay, small, but a trotter of peculiar smoothness and beauty. He had many contests with Lady Suffolk, and the record shows that he beat her oftener than he was beaten. Even as late as this year, 1842, most of the races were of two and three miles, and in all such races it is important to husband the power of the horse as much as possible; consequently the full speed is very seldom called out, but a gait is aimed at which can be maintained to the end of a long race. For this reason, horses of moderate speed and great endurance may beat, in such races, far faster trotters. Although Lady Suffolk had the hardest bottom and highest courage, she was a long strider, and calculated to put forth all her strength in a great effort, rather than expend it gradually in a moderate effort long continued. In spite of this, such was her enduring power, that, in 1837, she distanced the pacer James K. Polk, the first heat of a two-mile race in 5 m. 3 s. But her greatest performance was in the season of 1849. Hiram Woodruff says: "This arduous season began at the Union Course on the 21st of May. Lady Suffolk and Lady Moscow trotted mile heats, Moscow winning in four heats. Lady Suffolk then went Down East, and trotted three races at Providence, Rhode Island. From there she went to Boston, and on the 14th of June she trotted on the Cambridge Course with Mac, on which occasion she made the fastest heat she ever trotted. The first heat was won by Mac in 2 m. 31 s. The Lady won the second in 2 m. 26 s." This was her greatest performance. It raised her to the highest place among trotting horses, and gave her a world-wide fame, which has endured to the present day. She afterwards trotted with Jack Rossiter, Lady Sutton, Trustee, Long Island Black Hawk, Gray Trouble, and Gray Eagle,—all horses of the very first class,—and

remained on the turf until 1853, doing an immense amount of work every season, maintaining her great reputation both for speed and endurance until she passed into honorable retirement.

Long Island Black Hawk was one of the greatest stock-horses ever bred upon the island which furnished the first half of his name, and one of the best representatives of the Bashaw family. He was fifteen and a half hands in height, finely moulded, a great weight-puller, and a good traveller. He was hardly a match for Lady Suffolk, who drew three hundred and fifty pounds, and beat him in 2 m. 40 s.

Kemble Jackson, another son of Andrew Jackson, was equally distinguished. As a trotter, he surpassed Long Island Black Hawk. He commenced his career on the Centreville Course in December, 1850. The next year he beat the Nelson Colt in a three-mile race, giving a strong proof of his great qualities. On the 1st of June, 1853, in a similar race with O'Blenis, Boston Girl, Pet, Iola, and Honest John, he achieved a national reputation. This race attracted almost as much attention as the great race between Sir Henry and American Eclipse, in which the honor of two sections of the country, the North and the South, was considered at stake. The contest was mainly between the popular favorites Kemble Jackson and O'Blenis. The latter was by Abdallah, from whom he inherited all the fine characteristics of the Messenger stock. Kemble Jackson was driven by Hiram Woodruff, whose skill and judgment in driving were signally displayed in the management of his horse on this occasion. All the horses came on the ground in good condition, and were well started for the first trial. The popular judgment was immediately confirmed by Kemble Jackson and O'Blenis drawing ahead of the others,—Kemble Jackson on the lead, which he maintained for three miles, winning the first heat in 8 m. 8 s. In the second heat, Iola and Pet got off with the lead, but on the second quarter Kemble Jackson headed them, and O'Blenis

coming up, a duel between them was maintained until the end of the second mile; Kemble Jackson, leading easily in the third mile, won the heat and the race in 8 m. 4½ s. All the horses did well, but Kemble Jackson surpassed all expectation; and though the time has been frequently beaten, this is generally considered one of the best three-mile races ever witnessed on Long Island.

Lady Suffolk's day was hardly over before a successor appeared who was more than her equal, whose career on the turf was nearly as long, and marked by achievements exciting equal admiration, and gaining her even greater celebrity. The new light was Flora Temple. She was foaled in 1845, near Utica, New York, and was by One-eyed Hunter, a son of Kentucky Hunter. She was a little bay mare, fourteen and a half hands high, of thorough-bred, muscular form, and peculiarly quick and nervous gait. When four years old she was sold for thirteen dollars, and again for sixty-eight dollars, and ultimately found her way to New York, where she soon became known on the suburban roads as a trotter of unusual promise. In the summer of 1850 she trotted her first race, a half-mile, on the old Red House track. In the fall of the same year she trotted with Delaware Maid, Whitehall, Napoleon, and Hiram, winning in 2 m. 55 s., 2 m. 52 s., and 2 m. 49 s.

In 1852 she beat the horse Centreville in 2 m. 42 s., and this year she was sold again; the price paid was four thousand dollars. In 1853 she beat Black Douglas, who had previously beaten her on the Hunting Park Course, Philadelphia. In this race she trotted a mile in 2 m. 31½ s. Her races with Highland Maid took place the same season. This mare was bred in Orange County, New York, and was of the purest Messenger blood. She was very powerful, and a great strider, and was then, like Flora Temple, in the first flush of what promised to be a brilliant career. Their first race was in harness, and came off

on the Centreville, Long Island, Course, on the 15th of June, 1853. Highland Maid won the first heat in 2 m. 29 s., and the second in 2 m. 27 s., which last was the best time that had then been made in harness. Flora Temple had pushed her antagonist to the top of her speed, and the great strain had told upon her. In the third heat she gave out, and was distanced in 2 m. 32½ s. The next race between them was to wagons, and took place on the 28th of the same month. In the first heat Flora Temple got the lead, and maintained it, winning in 2 m. 28 s. The next heat was won by Highland Maid in 2 m. 32 s. The third heat was severely contested, and was declared a dead heat. The fourth was won by Highland Maid in 2 m. 33 s. But in the fifth and sixth Flora Temple showed her superior power to repeat by beating her rival in 2 m. 31½ s. and 2 m. 35 s. This was a very severe race, and Highland Maid, not being thoroughly matured and seasoned, did not recover from it for a long time. It raised Flora Temple to the rank of the first trotting horses of the country.

The next month she trotted with Tacony. This horse was bred in Canada, and had trotted under the saddle in 2 m. 25½ s. The race was in harness, and was won by Tacony in three desperately contested heats, the time being 2 m. 28 s., 2 m. 27 s., 2 m. 29 s. The horses were immediately matched to trot again two-mile heats in harness, the race to come off in five days. Flora Temple won easily in 4 m. 59 s. and 5 m. 1 s. On the 26th of July she beat Tacony again at Saratoga; and afterwards, in 1856, distanced him in 2 m. 24½ s., effectually establishing her superiority.

In 1854 Flora Temple beat Lady Brooks in four heats, and Kemble Jackson in five heats, to wagons. The victory over this veteran was only won after a terrific struggle. It seemed hard for the victor over so many courses to lay all his laurels at the feet of a youthful rival. In November she beat Green Mountain Maid and Rhode Island at Rochester. After her return to New

York she trotted with Mac, an old antagonist of Lady Suffolk. She beat him easily in 2 m. 31 $\frac{1}{4}$ s., 2 m. 32 s., and 2 m. 33 s.

Not long after this race, Flora Temple became the property of James McMann, who henceforth drove her in her principal races, and with whom she is chiefly associated. Her first appearance after this change of ownership was in a race with Sontag. This mare was by Vermont Hambletonian, a grandson of Messenger, and a sire of many famous trotting horses. In this race Flora Temple was driven by Warren Peabody (Hiram Woodruff had driven her in most of her previous races), and was beaten by Sontag in 2 m. 31 s., 2 m. 33 s., and 2 m. 35 s. The loss of this race would seem to be owing to the change of drivers, as the best time made had been repeatedly beaten by Flora Temple on previous occasions. She was now matched to trot twenty miles within an hour, but was withdrawn after trotting twelve miles. Like Lady Suffolk, she does not appear to have been constituted for the dragging effort which is required for success in such races.

It was in October of the year 1856 that Flora Temple and the great Morgan horse, Ethan Allen, trotted their first race. Ethan Allen may well be the pride of New England, for a finer built and more beautiful trotter was never harnessed. He had just beaten Rose of Washington and Hiram Drew; and this, with his easy and perfect trotting gait, made many regard him as fully a match for the pet of Long Island. The race came off on the 5th of November, and was won by Flora in two heats in 2 m. 32 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. and 2 m. 36 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. It proved that Ethan Allen had hardly arrived at the period of development, or become sufficiently seasoned upon the turf, to compete with its mature and experienced mistress.

Her first match in 1857 was with Rose of Washington. This Messenger mare was bred by that veteran horseman, Smith Burr of Comac, Long Island, and was a full sister of Lady Woodruff. Although she had been beaten by Ethan

Allen when four years old, she was now fully matured and in prime condition for the race. Flora, on the contrary, had only shortly returned from her winter quarters, and had not had the work necessary to put her in condition to trot with a rival who had beaten Tacony in 2 m. 30 s. and 2 m. 31 s. that same season. In addition, it was stipulated that Flora should draw a wagon, Rose of Washington going in harness.* The result was that Flora was beaten in three straight heats. Another race between these two mares took place two weeks afterwards, with a different result. Flora, in the mean time, had trotted with the Belle of Portland, and had been worked into trotting condition, and in this race distanced Rose of Washington in the first heat. The time, however, was not so good by one quarter of a second as the time made in the previous race; and had it not been for the early death of Rose of Washington she might have eclipsed her victorious rival.

After these races, Flora travelled about the country, trotting for purses at various places, with Miller's Damsel, Redbird, Lancet, and Brown Dick. In 1858 she was sold to Mr. William McDonald of Baltimore for eight thousand dollars. The change of ownership made no difference in her trotting appointments, all of which continued to be made by James McMann. She trotted with Lancet at Philadelphia on the 8th of June, and at Baltimore on the 8th of July. In October she went West, and trotted at Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, and other places. Among her antagonists in these races were Hero the pacer, Prince, and Reindeer.

But it was not until 1859 that Flora Temple made the time which raised her to the high position which she holds among later trotting horses. She began the season that year by beating Ethan Allen in 2 m. 25 s. Her races with Princess followed. Princess was a very beautiful trotter. She was bred in New

* A horse is held by the best judges to be able to trot under the saddle three seconds faster than in harness, — that is, harnessed to a sulky, — and six seconds faster than when harnessed to a wagon.

Hampshire; but had been in California, where she had trotted ten miles to wagon in 29 m. 10½ s. The first race between Flora and Princess was of three miles, and was won by the former, after a hard pull, in 7 m. 54 s. and 7 m. 59½ s. The second race of two miles was won by Princess in 5 m. 2 s. and 5 m. 5 s. The third race of one mile was won by Flora in 2 m. 23½ s., 2 m. 22 s., and 2 m. 23½ s. Although this most extraordinary race was won by Flora, Princess had trotted so well that it was still thought by some that she was the better horse. In August a fourth race of two miles took place between them, which was won by Flora in the unprecedented time of 4 m. 50½ s. The time of the second heat was 5 m. 5 s. The two mares then made a trip together, trotting at Saratoga, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, and, on the 15th of October, at Kalamazoo, Mich. In the third heat of the race at this place, with Princess and Honest Anse, Flora trotted a mile in 2 m. 19½ s. The news of this great performance was received by telegraph in the principal cities of the Union, and created a general excitement. It was the culmination of a long and brilliant career. Flora Temple became thenceforth an object of public interest, and wherever she went was regarded with the greatest curiosity and favor. Before she returned to New York, she visited Cleveland, and St. Catharine's, Canada, winning races at both places.

Flora was now fifteen years old. She had been on the turf for ten years, during which time she had trotted over fifty successful races, and won thousands of dollars. It would seem that she had fairly earned a release. But such was not the fate in store for her. Another great horse had made his appearance, with whom she was destined to fight her old battles over again. This was George M. Patchen. He was bred in New Jersey, and was of Bashaw, Messenger, and Trustee lineage. He had been beaten once by Ethan Allen, but had beaten Brown Dick and Lanacet, and trotted under the saddle in 2 m. 25¼ s. He was a large, powerful

horse, and every way worthy of his reputation as a trotter. His first race with Flora took place on the 21st of November, 1859. Flora won the first heat in 2 m. 23 s., the second in 2 m. 24 s., and the third in 2 m. 24 s.; but this heat, because of some irregularity, was given to Patchen by the judges. The race was then postponed, on account of darkness, until the following day, but was never finished.

The second race between them took place on the 6th of June, 1860, and was won by Flora in 2 m. 21 s., 2 m. 24 s., and 2 m. 21½ s. Hiram Woodruff pronounces this the best of Flora's races, and the horse that pushed her in it could not be other than very nearly as good as herself. They afterwards trotted a number of races at different places, in which Flora maintained her place at the head of the trotting horses of the country.

In 1861 a new rival came from the West, to put the undecayed powers of this wonderful mare to one more trial. This horse had been known as Medoc, but was now called John Morgan. He was by Pilot, Jr., deriving Messenger blood from his dam. He was a very strong horse, and of great courage and endurance as well as speed. He was matched to trot three races with Flora; the first of one mile, the second of two miles, and the third of three miles. In all he was beaten; but in the second race he proved himself worthy to rank with the very best horses that had ever been pitted against Flora. In this race he pushed her at every step, and the two heats were the best ever trotted in one race; the time being 4 m. 55 s. and 4 m. 52½ s.

Flora's races with Ethan Allen and running mate remain to be mentioned. In these she was beaten, but they are not to be considered in any fair estimate of the powers of the two horses. A horse trotting with a running mate is not only relieved of the whole weight of wagon and driver, but is absolutely helped along. In these races Flora showed undiminished speed and endurance, and in the last heat of the last

race was only beaten by the team by a length, in her own best time, 2 m. 19½ s. She was now withdrawn from the turf, and has never since made her appearance in a public race.

In this sketch of the career of Flora Temple, in which the interesting "Reminiscences of the Trotting Horse, by Hiram Woodruff," published in the "Spirit of the Times," have been consulted, most of the first trotting horses of the country, of the twelve years of her life on the turf, have been noticed. During the period of her ascendancy there was a great development of the taste for trotting, and the number of trotting horses had constantly increased. During the past five years that taste has become still more marked, and diffused over the whole country. The number of trotting-courses has multiplied, until nearly every town of three thousand inhabitants is supplied with one. The attention of farmers is largely given to breeding trotters; and the amount of money, care, and intelligence bestowed upon that one branch of rural economy is almost incredible. In one county in the State of New York — Orange County, on the Hudson — there are millions of dollars invested in trotting stock farms. At the Stony Ford establishment alone there are one hundred and twenty-five horses of the Messenger blood. So many fast trotters have consequently been produced since 1861, that it is possible, within the limits of this article, to mention only the most celebrated.

The first noticeable race of the year 1862 was that of Lady Emma and Jilt, on Long Island. Lady Emma was a granddaughter of Abdallah, and every way worthy of her descent from that patriarch of trotters. In the race with Jilt she made the following surpassing record, — 2 m. 28½ s., 2 m. 29½ s., 2 m. 30 s., 2 m. 31 s. This was followed by the race between two great horses, Ethan Allen and Robert Fillingham, or George Wilkes, as he is now called. The latter is by the celebrated Messenger horse Hambletonian of Chester, — with one exception the only son of Abdallah liv-

ing, and the sire of more great trotting horses than any horse that has ever lived in America. George Wilkes has all the characteristics of the Hambletonian stock, — fine size, great muscular development, smooth long stride, and superior endurance. He beat Ethan Allen in three straight heats, in 2 m. 24½ s., 2 m. 25½ s., and 2 m. 31 s.

In October of the same year the first race between the horses General Butler and Rockingham was trotted, to waggons, on the Fashion Course, Long Island. General Butler is a very remarkable horse. He developed slowly, and came to his great speed only after long and careful training. He has shown lasting powers equal to those of old Top Gallant. Rockingham was bred in Massachusetts, where he was known as the Granger colt. He was a large, flea-bitten gray horse, of very stylish appearance, and a great trotter. In this race five heats were trotted, — Rockingham winning the first two, in 2 m. 30½ s. and 2 m. 29½ s.; and General Butler the last three, in 2 m. 28 s., 2 m. 27 s., and 2 m. 30 s. The second and third of their races were both won by Rockingham, in the third of which he trotted a mile under the saddle in 2 m. 22½ s.

The famous feat of the "Ledger team," Lady Palmer and Flatbush Maid, also took place in the season of this year, 1862, on the Fashion Course, Long Island, on the day of the race between the black mare Sunnyside and Gray Eddy. As Sunnyside was a new-comer of great pretension, a large concourse of people had assembled to witness her first performance. After the race was over, it was whispered that Mr. Bonner would give his mares a trial of one mile; and his appearance on the course in his road wagon, driving the well-known beauties, detained the whole assembled multitude. The reason of this public exhibition of the speed of a pair of horses kept strictly for private amusement by a gentleman strongly opposed to betting, and all the demoralizing accessories of the turf, was known to many upon the grounds, and tended to intensify their interest. A few years

before, Mr. Bonner had taken up driving for his health. On the roads about the city, among others he met Commodore Vanderbilt, the great steamship owner, who has for many years been known as an indefatigable *roadite* and horseman. They were accustomed to meet at what is known as the Club House on Harlem Lane, where easy and pleasant social intercourse, enlivened by an occasional brush between some of the first-class horses that were daily assembled there, made such meetings exceedingly agreeable. On one of these occasions some *badinage* took place between Commodore Vanderbilt and Mr. Bonner as to the speed of their respective teams, that resulted in a lasting rivalry. Mr. George Wilkes, writing of this rivalry, says: "It was a fair contest. Commodore Vanderbilt was worth eight or nine millions of dollars, and Mr. Bonner had an income of considerably more than one hundred thousand a year. Every one, therefore, looked on with pleasure at this rivalry, and the efforts each gentleman made to secure pre-eminence made the contest conspicuous to all lookers-on." The efforts here referred to were efforts to obtain the fastest horses in the market. As Mr. Bonner would not accept a bet of ten thousand dollars, he offered the Commodore the alternative of competing in a friendly way, should he see fit, with the time that he should make with his horses in a public trial. On the day in question the Commodore was on the course, and, by request, held a watch upon the horses, and took note of the time made.

When Mr. Bonner brought out his team there was a murmur of admiration. The horses were well matched, of the finest mould, full of life and elastic vigor, and moved together as if they obeyed a single impulse. Lady Palmer is a dark chestnut Glencoe mare, of fine thorough-bred appearance, but has bone and muscle in abundance, where bone and muscle are needed in trotting. Flatbush Maid is of the same height, but of heavier build. She has the compact and solid form and vigor-

ous action which indicate ability to carry weight and trot a long race. In the preliminary skirmishes, previous to starting, it became apparent that both were in the best condition for the trial. Mr. Bonner now gave them a turn around the course, gradually increasing the rate of speed, and passed over the score for the trial at a flying gait. The quarter pole was passed in $38\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, and, urged on to their utmost endeavor, the team increased the pace, and crossed the score in 2 m. $32\frac{1}{2}$ s. But Mr. Bonner did not stop them at the end of the first mile. He pushed straight forward for the second mile, rightly estimating that in the first half of the first mile they had not been quite up to the mark. But they were now fully down to the work. They moved with the steadiness of a locomotive, and as they came upon the home-stretch, they appeared to put forth all their strength. The eyes of thousands were upon them as they came flying on; and as they passed over the score, they were greeted with a general exclamation of delight and a universal clapping of hands. The time had not been announced, but all were satisfied that it was a great improvement upon the previous record, though few were prepared to hear 2 m. $28\frac{3}{4}$ s. announced from the judges' stand. This made the time of the two miles 5 m. $1\frac{1}{2}$ s. It was entirely unprecedented; the best time on record being that of Lady Suffolk and Rifle, of two miles in 5 m. 19 s., made May 31, 1842, and of one mile in 2 m. 42 s., by Lantern and Whalebone in 1856. After learning the time in which his horses had trotted, Mr. Bonner publicly declared that, while it was a rule with him never to make a bet, he would present ten thousand dollars as a gift to any gentleman who owned a team, if he would drive them in the time just made by Lady Palmer and Flatbush Maid; and this, although the time was not so good by nearly three seconds as that of a private trial, namely, 2 m. 26 s., made a few days previous.

This great feat, and the circumstances out of which it arose, had more influence

in drawing public attention to driving the trotting horse than any other single occurrence in his whole history. Mr. Bonner's refusal to bet somewhat dispeled the fancy that it was impossible to own a fast horse without using him for gambling purposes; which fancy had arisen from the fact that running horses in America are of no use except upon the turf. Taken with the established popularity of driving, and the increased facilities for it provided in trotting-parks and improved roads, that refusal assisted in making the use of the fast trotting horse general, and in freeing a perfectly innocent and healthful amusement from a disreputable odor which had for many years attached to it.

During the year 1863 the war caused a great diversion of public attention; nevertheless, the records of the turf exhibit a goodly amount of excellent work. It was marked by the splendid trotting of the horses General Butler, George Wilkes, George M. Patchen, Silas Rich, California Damsel, and by the first appearance of a number of the horses that have since become famous. In May, the Hambletonian, Shark, made his mark in a three-mile race with Frank Temple; placing himself in the list with Screwdriver, Dutchman, Lady Suffolk, and all the famous old three-milers of the first generations. He won the race with Frank Temple in two heats; trotting the first in 7 m. 47½ s., and the second in 7 m. 52½ s.

The great two-mile race, on the Fashion Course, Long Island, between General Butler and George M. Patchen, in which General Butler made the best two-mile time to wagon on record, took place on the 18th of June. General Butler won the first heat in 4 m. 56½ s. In the second heat, owing to some unfair advantage taken by the driver of General Butler, the judges declared him distanced. Two days after, the same horses met again, when General Butler came off victorious; winning three mile-heats in 2 m. 27½ s., 2 m. 30 s., and 2 m. 32 s. In the early part of this month—June—George Wilkes, in harness, beat Rockingham, under the sad-

dle, in three straight mile-heats, the best of which was trotted in 2 m. 24½ s.

In September, George Wilkes and General Butler were pitted against each other again, in a race on the Fashion Course. The year before, George Wilkes had beaten Ethan Allen, and he came to the encounter with the green laurels of his victory over Rockingham. It was stipulated that he should go in harness, but this was to him no drawback, while General Butler was privileged to go under the saddle, the style most favorable to an exhibition of all his powers. The day was fine, and the track in excellent condition. General Butler appeared in trim to surpass all his previous performances, and perhaps outstrip all his predecessors. George Wilkes did not appear so well, and in the race broke frequently, but pushed General Butler out in the last heat in 2 m. 23½ s. The preceding two heats were won by General Butler, in 2 m. 29½ s. and 2 m. 28½ s. General Butler may therefore be fairly regarded as the first horse upon the trotting turf in 1863; and his great endurance and speed entitle him to be mentioned among the very first of American trotting horses, living or dead.

The great performance of the gray mare Peerless also took place on Long Island in the summer of this year. She was then, as now, the property of Mr. Robert Bonner, and the performance referred to was a trial of one mile to wagon. Hiram Woodruff drove her in 2 m. 23½ s., which is the best time to wagon upon record. This mare was bred in Orange County, New York, and is directly derived through her sire, American Star, from Sir Henry. She is therefore the best living representative of that excellent and popular strain of trotting blood, and is held by many of its admirers to be able to draw a wagon faster than any other horse living.

It will perhaps be noticed that the principal races mentioned have been upon Long Island. This is owing to the fact of its being the seat of the great metropolitan race-courses to which every first-class horse sooner or later is

brought. New York City is, in truth, the sporting emporium of the Union. The great facilities for driving in its suburbs, and the large number of its wealthy men interested in fast horses, make it the best market for them in America. The record of trotting on Long Island is, consequently, a record of its progress in the whole country.

The year 1864 was one of the most brilliant in trotting-turf annals. A fitting record of its great races would fill a volume. They represent the best horses of 1862 and 1863,—General Butler, George Wilkes, Lady Emma, and Stonewall Jackson; and such additions as Dexter, Shark, Nutwood, Brunette, Prince, May Queen, Lady Thorn, and Commodore Vanderbilt. Some of the latter had been on the turf for a short time previous; but it was in 1864 that they flowered into a fulness of speed which gained them a national reputation. Dexter, however, the greatest of all, and the horse that at present represents the highest development of speed in trotting, made his first appearance on the 4th of May of this year.

Dexter was bred in Orange County, New York, of the blood of Messenger and Sir Henry. That of the former he derived from his sire, Hambletonian; and the latter from his grandsire, American Star. He was foaled in 1857, and was therefore seven years old when he made his appearance on the turf. He is of a rich brown color, fifteen hands one and one half inches high, and has all the characteristics which distinguish the trotter, as the following minute analysis of his prominent features exhibits: "His head, though somewhat large, is clean and bony; lower jaw well open at the base, leaving ample room for the wind-pipe; ears tapering and lively; eyes bright and prominent; head well set on to a rather light neck, which is well fitted to fine sloping shoulders; withers high, with great depth of brisket, and a good barrel; back slightly arched, with broad loin and hips, and a drooping rump; uncommonly long from the point of the hip to the hock; short cannon-bone.

Though wide across the hip, he is more so measured across the stifles, where his power is most apparent; fine arm and thigh; his limbs are clean and sinewy, and without blemish, with long pasterns fitting into well-shaped hoofs; mane and tail sufficiently full, and the latter denoting his Hambletonian origin."* In the seven years which preceded his first appearance, his frame had become firmly knit, and his muscles developed and hardened, so that, when placed in the skillful hands of Hiram Woodruff, he had the strength to undergo a thorough training, and to maintain and repeat every improvement in speed.

The first race on the Fashion Course in 1864 was that in which Stonewall Jackson, of Hartford, Connecticut, beat Frank Cosette and General Grant in 2 m. 30 s. This was on the 10th of April; and the race of Stonewall Jackson, Lady Collins, and Dexter followed on the 4th of May. Although Dexter was a green horse, the fact of his being pitted against such a champion as Stonewall Jackson, under the management of Hiram Woodruff, was sufficient to excite considerable expectation as well as curiosity, and there was in consequence a good attendance at the race. In the first heat the horses got off well, Dexter leading, and giving a taste of his quality by trotting the first quarter in 37 seconds. Stonewall Jackson then drew up, but did not succeed in disposing Dexter of the lead which he maintained to the end of the heat; time, 2 m. 33 s. In the next heat Stonewall Jackson led nearly half-way round the course, when he was overhauled and passed by Dexter, who kept the lead, winning the heat in 2 m. 36 s. In the third heat Dexter opened a wide gap between himself and his two competitors, which was never closed. He won this heat in 2 m. 34½ s., and with it the highest opinion of all who had been witnesses of the race. Not only his style of trotting, but his apparent vigor and courage, impressed every one with the idea of a great horse, and caused

* From "Turf, Field, and Farm."

much speculation as to his future. Looking back now, there appears to have been a chance for speculation of a more easily computable value, as Dexter could probably have been bought at that time for five thousand dollars. Two days afterwards Dexter beat Lady Collins on the Union Course. In the interval between the last heats Commodore Vanderbilt drove his famous team, Ploughboy and Postboy, around the course several times in fine style, but made no attempt to compete with the time placed upon record by Mr. Bonner with Lady Palmer and Flatbush Maid. On the 3d of June Dexter started in a race with two other Hambletonians, Shark and Hambletonian Second, but struck his leg in the first heat, and was withdrawn. He did not appear on the turf again during 1864.

In the early part of this season there was a great revival of trotting in all parts of the country. In the West as well as in the East there was an unusual activity upon the turf. At Cincinnati, Quaker Boy trotted in 2 m. 30½ s.; at Chicago, Black Diamond beat General Grant and Boston; at Woodlawn, Kentucky, Rolla Gold dust distanced Jerry Morgan in 2 m. 29½ s.; at Hartford, Connecticut, John Morgan beat Prince, trotting five heats,—the fifth in 2 m. 28½ s.; at Springfield, Massachusetts, Dan Mace beat General Butler, trotting under the saddle, one heat, in 2 m. 31 s.; and later in the season, at Boston, Belle of Hartford and mate trotted in double harness in 2 m. 33½ s.

The principal races of the year, however, came off on Long Island. On the 1st of June, Lady Emma, May Queen, and Dan Mace met in a race on Union Course, which was won by Lady Emma in three successive heats,—two of which were trotted in 2 m. 27½ s. On the 15th of June General Butler beat George Wilkes and John Morgan in a great race on the Fashion Course. George Wilkes won the first two heats; but through the disgraceful conduct of his driver, in driving foul, he was distanced by the judges in the third, although he won the heat

in 2 m. 24 s. The fourth and fifth were won by General Butler in 2 m. 33½ s. and 2 m. 31½ s., who came out of the contest apparently as fresh and vigorous as when he went into it. On the 16th, Toronto Chief, the famous son of Royal George, beat Shark, on the Union Course, in 2 m. 25½ s.; and July 8th, Shark was also beaten by Goshen Maid in 2 m. 31½ s.

On the 21st of September a great race between the champions General Butler, Lady Emma, Prince, and John Morgan took place on the Fashion Course. It was won by Prince, of Hartford, who trotted the three last of five heats in 2 m. 28½ s., 2 m. 30½ s., and 2 m. 30½ s., beating at the same time both Lady Emma and General Butler,—a distinction never enjoyed by any other horse.

October 8 there was another meeting of the same horses. George Wilkes was entered also; and, if he had trotted, it would have included nearly all the great rivals on the turf. As it was, the celebrity of the horses engaged in it, and the fact of their having trotted together a few weeks before, excited very great interest in the race. Their previous trial had been in harness; this was to wagons. Lady Emma was the favorite, and she came on the ground in the finest condition; Prince had the prestige of success; while General Butler and John Morgan were well sustained by their friends, upon the strength of their many victories. The race was worthy the reputation of the horses engaged, and fully met public expectations. It was indeed one of the best that was ever trotted. Lady Emma increased her great reputation by winning every heat. Her time was 2 m. 27½ s., 2 m. 26½ s., and 2 m. 26½ s. Flora Temple, in her best race to wagons, trotted three heats in 2 m. 25 s., 2 m. 27½ s., and 2 m. 27½ s., which cannot be regarded as very much better than the time of Lady Emma in this race.

On the 12th of October Stonewall Jackson trotted a three-mile race with Shark, in which he made the best three-mile time on record, excepting that of

Dutchman. He trotted two heats; the second in exactly the same time as the first, — 7 m. 39 s. Shark showed himself a worthy antagonist, and his splendid trotting made the race very interesting. October 17 the horse Commodore Vanderbilt beat Toronto Chief in 2 m. 33½ s., and established his reputation as a first-class trotter, — a reputation which he fully sustained the following year. On the 21st of October Lady Thorne, the famous daughter of Mambrino Chief, the great Messenger horse of the West, trotted at Philadelphia with Shark in one of her earliest races, in 2 m. 32½ s. In this race she gave a good earnest of her future greatness.

The trotting season of 1865 opened about the 1st of June, and was marked by fine races in all parts of the country. In many of these the horses that have been previously mentioned were pitted against Dexter, who made the year memorable in trotting records by his surpassing performances. On the 2d of June he beat General Butler; trotting three heats in 2 m. 26¼ s., 2 m. 26½ s., 2 m. 24½ s. This showed a marked improvement in his trotting capacity, his best time in 1864 being 2 m. 30 s. On the 12th he was beaten by Lady Thorne, who trotted a mile in this race in 2 m. 24 s. On the 26th he beat Stonewall Jackson in a three-mile race, but without making a remarkable record. A race with General Butler followed September 7th, and one with the same horse and George Wilkes, September 21st. George Wilkes had been previously beaten on the 20th of June by Lady Emma, — a mare in praise of whose beauty, speed, endurance, and reliability it is impossible to say enough. The race of September 21st was won by Dexter, whose claim to the title "King of the Turf" was now pretty clearly established. It received, however, an indorsement on the 10th of October, which rendered it indisputable. On that day he trotted his great race against time, on the Fashion Course. In the presence of all the leading horsemen of the country, who had assembled to see Flora Temple

forever dispossessed of her place at the head of the trotting horses of America, Dexter trotted one mile under the saddle in 2 m. 18½ s. Subsequent to this great feat he made his appearance on the turf only twice in this year, — each time in a race with the indefatigable bay veteran, General Butler. In the last race Dexter trotted two miles in 4 m. 56½ s.

In the latter part of this season there remains to be mentioned the race in which General Butler beat George Wilkes and Lady Emma, adding another to his long list of splendid victories; and two races in which George Wilkes beat Commodore Vanderbilt.

November 16, 1865, the gentlemen of New York interested in horses had the high honor of entertaining General Grant at their pleasant rendezvous, Dubois's Club House, on Harlem Lane. The Club House is an open cottage building, situated near the road, with a one-half mile course immediately in the rear. Through the agency of Mr. George Wilkes, — during General Grant's visit to the city, — the owners of most of the fine horses were informed of the General's desire to see their horses, and, upon solicitation, he appointed a day to meet them at Dubois's Club House. On the day appointed there was such a gathering of trotting horses and horsemen as was never equalled. Flora Temple, still living, was there to claim admiration for the splendid performances of other days; Dexter, in the height of fame; The Auburn Horse, of whose great speed every one present had caught glimpses; Lady Emma, Lantern, Peerless, George Wilkes, General Butler, Toronto Chief, Commodore Vanderbilt, Brunette, Ella Sherwood, Lady Clifden, and many others. The General, who is a great lover of the horse, was highly gratified; and his discriminating remarks indicated his ability to review an army of horses quite as well as an army of men.

This review showed the strength and richness of the trotting turf in material for various and brilliant displays

of speed, and in the seasons of 1866 and 1867 these succeeded each other so rapidly as to lose something of their former novelty. The season of 1866 opened early. The reappearance of Dexter on the 15th of June was preceded by several fine races. In one of these, which took place on the 15th of May, on the Fashion Course, Rosamond, a dark chestnut mare by Old Columbus, and Mambrino Pilot, in whom the strains of Messenger and Pilot are united, took part. Mambrino Pilot, although untrained, won one heat in 2 m. 34½ s. The other three heats were won by Rosamond, who trotted the first in 2 m. 30½ s. On the 30th of May, Shark, a really first-class horse, but almost uniformly unsuccessful, beat Lady Emma in 2 m. 28½ s., 2 m. 30 s., and 2 m. 36 s.; Lady Emma winning two of the five heats in 2 m. 28½ s. and 2 m. 26½ s.

The antagonist of Dexter, on the 15th of June, was George M. Patchen, Jr., a son of George M. Patchen, — a horse sixteen and one half hands high and of proportionate size, but compactly built, and possessing rare ability as a trotter. He had beaten Commodore Vanderbilt on the 1st of the month, and high hopes were entertained of his power to dispute the supremacy of the "King of the Turf"; but Dexter beat him easily in three successive heats. After beating General Butler and Commodore Vanderbilt once more, Dexter made a tour of the country, trotting at Philadelphia, Syracuse, Avon Park, Buffalo, Cleveland, Hamtrank Course, Chicago, Milwaukee, Adrian, Kalamazoo, Pittsburg, Baltimore, and Washington. He was everywhere successful. At Buffalo he beat Rolla Gold dust; at Pittsburg, the Magoozler pacer and George M. Patchen, Jr.; and, at Washington, Silas Rich.

October 25, 1866, there was a race on the Union Course, Long Island, between the celebrated mares Lady Thorne and Lady Emma. Judged by the record, there was hardly a choice between them, — if anything, the balance was in favor of Lady Emma; both

represented the best blood and the form of the trotter in the highest perfection. The race between them was one which any amateur in horses desirous of seeing a race between equals would have suggested, and the result proved the wisdom and beauty of such races. The first and second heats were won by Lady Thorne; the third and fourth by Lady Emma; and so closely had each heat been contested that the betting in the last heat was even. When this was trotted, so near were they together at the score that it was generally considered a dead heat; but the judges decided Lady Thorne the winner by a head.

The purchase of the beautiful trotting mare Young Pocahontas by Mr. Bonner, for a very large sum, was among the interesting turf items of the year. This mare is a daughter of Ethan Allen and the pacer Pocahontas. She inherited the wonderful symmetry and perfect trotting gait of her sire, and the power and endurance of her dam. The great pacing match, in which Pocahontas distanced Hero, in 2 m. 17½ s. is in the memory of all veterans of the turf. Young Pocahontas was owned for a time in Boston, but caught the attention of Mr. Bonner, who obtained the refusal of her. Nevertheless, she was sold to other parties in New York, from whom Mr. Bonner obtained her by paying over twenty-five thousand dollars.

The trotting season of 1867 is still fresh in the minds of all readers of newspapers. It will be long remembered for its extraordinary number of races and trotting horses, and for the great performances of Dexter, and his retirement from the turf. In the first part of the season he was taken to his early home, and gave an exhibition of his speed at Middletown, beating Lady Abdallah. He returned to distance Lady Thorne in 2 m. 22 s. on the 28th of May. The next day a race took place on the Fashion Course between Ethan Allen and Brown George, both with running mates, in which Ethan Allen astonished the trotting world by making a

heat in 2 m. 19 s. He was forthwith matched to go with a running mate against Dexter. Although a running mate was known to be of very great assistance, yet Ethan Allen, thus assisted, was not generally considered by any means the equal of Dexter. His best performance made in this way was nearly a second slower than Dexter's 2 m. 18½ s., and the latter's power of endurance was acknowledged by all to be superior. The race excited the greatest interest. It took place on the Fashion Course, on the 21st of June, in the presence of many thousands of people. There was the largest amount of speculation, and conning over of the records of the turf, in order to arrive at a more correct approximation of the result; but this was all to no purpose, as the result was entirely unprecedented. Ethan Allen and mate won in three terrific trials, in 2 m. 15 s., 2 m. 16 s., 2 m. 19 s. Dexter's time was 2 m. 17 s., 2 m. 18 s., 2 m. 21 s. Although beaten, Dexter surpassed himself and all his predecessors on the trotting turf. The advantage of a running mate, great as it was known to be, was not until now fully appreciated. Ethan Allen's best time, single, does not approach the time made in this race by Dexter. Notwithstanding this, the sterling qualities of this grand old horse must not be overlooked or depreciated. As the antagonist of Flora Temple and George M. Patchen, as well as of Dexter, he is entitled to rank among the first trotting horses of his time.

Dexter after trotting two two-mile races with Lady Thorne on the Fashion Course, in the first of which he made his best two-mile time, 4 m. 51 s., started on another tour through the country, trotting for purses at the principal cities.

July 4, at Middletown, New Jersey, he encountered Ethan Allen and running mate a second time, and with the same result; the team winning in three successive heats. July 10, he beat Lady Thorne at Trenton, N. J.

It was now established that there

was no horse in the country capable of competing with Dexter on equal terms; and his next three races were with Brown George, assisted by a running mate. But the latter thus assisted was not equal to the New England champion; and Dexter beat him in three successive races, winning each race in three successive heats. The time made by Dexter in the last race, which took place at Boston on the 30th of July, shows the terrible demand upon him in these uneven contests. It was 2 m. 21½ s., 2 m. 19 s., 2 m. 21½ s.

On the 14th of August he trotted at Buffalo in a race against the time he had just previously made at Boston, 2 m. 19 s. He was allowed three trials, in the second of which he trotted a mile in 2 m. 17½ s. This was in harness, and was altogether unexpected and unprecedented. After this race it was announced that he had been sold to Mr. Robert Bonner; and that, so soon as his engagements at Chicago were fulfilled, he would pass into that gentleman's hands, and be added to the unequalled collection of famous horses in his private stable.

The withdrawal of this great horse from the turf was universally regarded with regret; as thousands were thereby deprived of an opportunity of seeing him, and witnessing an exhibition of his wonderful powers. This general feeling of regret shows the strength of the interest in the trotting horse throughout the country, as it exists entirely free from the passion for betting, for no one would bet against Dexter. His superiority had made the purses raised from the admission fees to the various race-courses where he trotted the principal source of his profit to his owners. The price paid for him was also an evidence of the high value placed upon the trotting horse for pleasure-driving, and induces the hope, that in the popularity of this pastime the horse and the turf may be relieved of the odium which immoral practices have brought upon both.

During the summer the great fairs held in the interior had attracted most

of the best horses and professional horsemen, and the stables and race-courses of Long Island were deserted; but by the end of September most of them had returned to their old quarters, and were in the best condition for the severe work of the fall season.

On the 30th of September a race took place between Lady Thorne, Lucy, and a new horse, Mountain Boy, bred in Orange County, New York, of the Hambletonian stock, and owned by Commodore Vanderbilt. He had recently risen into high favor, and from certain private trials it was assumed that he was more than a match for Lady Thorne. This assumption, however, proved incorrect, as Lady Thorne won the race in three successive heats, making a record which has been surpassed but a few times in the whole history of trotting.

The second race between Lady Thorne and Mountain Boy came off on the 7th of October, and was won by the latter; but the best time made was slower by one and one half seconds than the time made by Lady Thorne in the previous race. Mountain Boy has since trotted a mile in harness in a public trial, in 2 m. 21½ s.; but it is still doubtful whether he can draw a wagon, and beat Lady Thorne.

Some letters written by Mr. Bonner and Commodore Vanderbilt have appeared in the newspapers within a few months, in one of which the latter denies a knowledge of the existence of any rivalry between Mr. Bonner and himself, while indorsing a challenge addressed to Mr. Bonner by his trainer, to trot Dexter against Mountain Boy. This denial, after what has transpired in years past, is inexplicable, and is even inconsistent with

the matter of the letter containing it. As Mr. Bonner never uses his horses in public races, he took no other notice of the challenge than to call Commodore Vanderbilt's attention, in a note, to Dexter's performances, indicating, at the same time, that when Mountain Boy should equal or surpass them he would willingly acknowledge it. Until then, these pretensions of superiority to Dexter, which have been set up for Mountain Boy, must be regarded as altogether premature and unwarranted.

The races of General Butler, George Wilkes, May Queen, George M. Patchen, Jr., Daisy Burns, Mountain Maid, Ben Franklin, and Empress, which took place in various parts of the country this year, were in the best style of these fine horses.

On the 10th of October a race took place on the Fashion Course, which is noticeable for the great interest with which it was regarded by breeders. It was projected a year before it took place, and was between colts three years of age, and all by Hambletonian. There had been sixteen entries of promising colts scattered all over the country, but on the day of the race only six appeared on the ground. The winner was a full brother of Brunette and Bruno, one of the most promising young horses in the country.

This concludes a survey of trotting in America from its rise to the present time. It will be seen that it is at present stronger in popularity, and in the number and quality of its horses, than ever before in its history. The progress in speed has been gradual, and can be better appreciated by a slight tabular statement of the best performances, commencing with the first public trotting race:—

ONE MILE.

				m.	s.
1818.	Boston Blue,	Boston,	harness,	3	0
1824.	Albany Pony,	Long Island,	saddle,	2	40
1834.	Edwin Forrest,	" "	"	2	31½
1839.	Dutchman,	Beacon Course,	"	2	28
1847.	Highland Maid,	Long Island,	harness,	2	27
1849.	Lady Suffolk,	Cambridge,	saddle,	2	26
1858.	Ethan Allen,	Long Island,	wagon,	2	28

				m.	s.
1859.	Flora Temple,	Kalamazoo,	harness,	2	19½
1859.	Flora Temple,	Long Island,	wagon,	2	25
1863.	Peerless,	" "	"	2	23½
1865.	Dexter,	" "	saddle,	2	18½
1866.	Dexter,	Buffalo,	"	2	18
1867.	Dexter,	Long Island,	harness,	2	17½

TWO MILES.

1831.	Top Gallant,	Philadelphia,	saddle,	5	19½
1847.	Lady Suffolk,	Long Island,	"	5	3
1852.	Tacony,	" "	"	5	2
1858.	Lady Franklin,	" "	wagon,	5	11
1859.	Flora Temple,	" "	harness,	4	50½
1865.	Dexter,	" "	wagon,	4	56½
1867.	Dexter,	" "	harness,	4	51

THREE MILES.

1827.	Screwdriver,	Philadelphia,	saddle,	8	2
1839.	Dutchman,	Beacon Course,	"	7	32½
1839.	Dutchman,	" "	harness,	7	41
1841.	Lady Suffolk,	Philadelphia,	saddle,	7	40½
1853.	Pet,	Long Island,	wagon,	8	1
1864.	Stonewall Jackson,	" "	harness,	7	39

ONE MILE BY TEAMS.

1856.	Lantern and Whalebone, both trotting,	2	42
1861.	Ethan Allen and running mate,	2	19½
1867.	Bruno and Brunette, both trotting,	2	25½
1867.	Ethan Allen and running mate,	2	15

TWO MILES BY TEAMS.

1842.	Lady Suffolk and Rifle,	5	19
1862.	Lady Palmer and Flatbush Maid, both trotting,	5	1½

Trotting horses have increased in value even more rapidly than in numbers or speed. Since 1830 that increase has been about one hundred per cent every ten years. The amount paid by Mr. McDonald, of Baltimore, for Flora Temple in 1858, \$8,000, represents the value of the best trotting horse bred in the country up to that date. In 1862, Mr. Sprague of Rhode Island paid \$11,000 for California Damsel. Mr. Bonner paid \$13,500 for The Auburn Horse in 1864; \$25,000 for Young Pocahontas in 1866; and \$33,000 for Dexter in 1867. The great stock horse of Orange County, Hambletonian, was valued in 1866 at \$100,000. It is now no unusual thing for fast trotting horses, and fine stock horses of the best trotting blood, to sell

for amounts varying from ten to twenty thousand dollars.

The events which have transpired in the country during the past six years, affecting all values, have had an effect in bringing about the change in the value of horses; but a great deal must also be credited to the legitimate rise caused by increased demand. The increase in the demand becomes apparent when the source from which it now chiefly emanates is considered. The highest prices paid for trotting horses are paid by those who have no intention of placing them upon the turf. They are bought for pleasure-driving. The taste for this pastime has already deprived the turf of its greatest ornaments, and it absorbs nearly all the promising young trotting horses as

soon as they make their appearance. The market thus created by a taste which makes nearly every man a driver and every road a course is infinitely more extensive than that which existed when the only field for the display and enjoyment of speed was the regularly appointed race-courses. The race-course in America is, in fact, gradually becoming merely an exercising ground for developing and training horses previous to their passage into the hands of gentlemen who keep them solely for their own amusement.

In proportion as the cultivation of the trotting horse has been encouraged by the demand for him for driving, the practice of using him on the turf for the purpose of gaming has declined. Gaming is not a practice in harmony with the calculating and careful acquisitive character of the American people. Their native prudence and foresight incline them to shun any mode of investment in which the chances of loss and gain are so nearly equal.

The turf and its gaming accompaniment have been only the nurses of trotting. They have furnished a field where those interested in the horse could gratify their taste, and see the results of their labor and expenditure in breeding and training. But the growth of a more general appreciation of trotting has widened and enlarged the arena for the display of it, and the turf has assumed a secondary place. The decay of betting, its leading feature, is the best evidence of the fact. During the past year a large majority of the races throughout the country were for purses offered by associations formed for the improvement of stock; and in all the exhibitions the excitement and pleasure were principally derived from a

genuine interest in the performances of favorite animals.

In conclusion, the peculiar adaptation of driving, as a pastime, to the character and needs of a large portion of the people, affords an assurance of its enduring popularity. The undivided pursuit of wealth has made native-born Americans in the highest degree active, intense, and calculating. The fierce competition resulting from the predominance of the commercial spirit makes the largest demand upon their intellectual and vital energies. The life of the American, especially in towns, is one of unrelenting endeavor; and an adequate means of relief and recreation is one of the chief requirements of the time. Driving furnishes the means. The act of driving is an easy and pleasant diversion. It gratifies a natural inclination to control, and affords moderate exercise. The docility, spirit, and power of the horse engages the sympathies; while the trials or brushes on the road, to which emulation on the part of owners of fast horses gives rise, add zest and piquancy.

The change from the town to the open country is gradual. There is a preparation for the effect of the landscape. The influence of nature in restoring mental equilibrium, and counteracting the effect of perplexing and absorbing employment, cannot be overestimated. It furnishes the great corrective of American life, and the eagerness with which it is sought is evidenced in the national art. A fine nervous temperament makes the majority of the population peculiarly open to this influence; and, whether acknowledged or not, the facilities which driving affords for enjoying it constitutes one of the strongest claims of this pastime to popular favor.

ON A PAIR OF SPECTACLES.

I HAVE a great and growing fondness for attending auctions. I love to examine the hoarded trumpery, the useful and useless lumber, of an old family mansion, and take a melancholy pleasure in seeing the furniture and household utensils of some deceased village magnate or city potentate exposed to public view beneath the baleful banner of the auctioneer.

I come of an auction-loving race. My ancestors for several generations were noted followers of the red flag. My great-grandfather had a Toodles-like propensity for buying all the trash and trumpery that came under the auction hammer, and left at his death (it was about all he did leave) a large, curious, and very remarkable collection of old coffee-mills, worn-out clocks, broken lanterns, rusty tin-kitchens, gap-toothed saws, wheelless wheelbarrows, toothless rakes, superannuated spinning-wheels, and the other nameless and numberless worthless spoils and prizes of half a hundred auctions.

Thackeray — that bitter cynic, that merciless satirist — cried, 't is said, at the sale of Lady Blessington's household effects. And 't is no wonder his eyes were moistened, his heart touched, by fond memories and pleasant associations of dear departed days as he stood there, among the thoughtless, heartless crowd, in the old familiar room, and listened to the "roaring auctioneer." What a subject for satires and sermons is an auction at the late home of a deceased Dives or a bankrupt Timon! But of all the sad sights in this sad world, perhaps the saddest is the vendition of the house and furniture of the last member of an old and once proud and opulent family. When the old chairs in which so many of the old extinct family have sat away so many hours of their earthly lives, — when the old dining-tables, off which so many good dinners have been eaten, — when the old mirrors in whose "gleaming

depths" beautiful women have proudly looked, day by day, year by year, till, like their "ghostly sisters" in the glass, they became shadows themselves, — when these things, and others as hallowed by long use and holy associations, are offered to the chattering crowd that follow the auction flag, methinks many an old grassy grave, and many an old moss-covered tomb would be tenantless, and dead and long-forgotten members of the family would come hurrying to the house to lament and condole over the sacrilege of their hearth and home.

At such an auction as the one just described or alluded to I bought a pair of old silver-bowed spectacles. I believe in spectacles, and think the inventor of them deserves the same hearty encomium that honest Sancho Panza bestows upon the man who invented sleep.

Who of all the millions that use spectacles can tell me the story of Spina's life? O ungrateful and ungenerous mortals! You write the biographies and cherish the memories of "the plotters and disturbers of the world," but know nothing of, and care nothing for, the best and truest benefactors of the race.

This Pisan monk — this Alexander de Spina — must have been (I maintain) a loving and lovable person, and a favorite with all in the Abbey, from the mighty abbot to the humble porter. Although he devoutly said his "holy things" each morn and eventide, he evidently believed that the best way to make himself acceptable to the Lord was to do something to benefit his fellow-men. Methinks I behold him painfully and thoughtfully observing the vain and futile attempts a venerable old monk is making to see the letters of THE BOOK.

Is there not, he wonders, something in God's wonderful world which will help the impaired vision or brighten the blurred and misty page? At last, after years of study and prayer and

experiment,—just as his own sight is growing dim and poor,—Spina produces the first pair of spectacles ever seen in this world.

Spina's invention was regarded as a veritable godsend. It was described and commended in the pulpit. At its success Saint Clare hung his head in shame, and from that day to this has had but few worshippers or believers.

The invention of spectacles removed one of the greatest terrors of old age. It opened many a sadly closed book, and set many an idle pen in motion. It put needles into old willing hands, and therewith happiness into old hearts.

It hardly seems possible, and yet it is undoubtedly the fact, that mankind had to do without spectacles till near the end of the thirteenth century. How Paul would have prized a pair of spectacles! How did Methuselah get along without glasses during the last two or three hundred years of his life? Eve herself, in her old age, must have felt the want of spectacles. De Quincey somewhere says that the ancients went to bed early, because their mother earth could not afford to give them candles. I dare say the young folks of antiquity would have appreciated "long sixes." But to the elderly people whose sight was poor they would have been a cruel aggravation. The old gentleman could not have read his book, nor the old lady have plied her needle, by the candle's "mild light." No candles! no novels! no newspapers! no spectacles! Ah, that antique world of which poets fable so finely may have been a glorious world, but

"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay!"

Spectacles were a new thing in Chaucer's day, and I love to believe that the old poet used them when writing the *Canterbury Tales*. Shakespeare could have said, with his own Benedick, "I can see yet without spectacles." But if he had lived to a ripe old age, he would probably have written new *Hamlets* and *Macbeths* by their help. Good old Bishop Hall wore glasses, and wrote a pious meditation on

them. Swift foolishly vowed never to use spectacles. Rough old Johnson, though he did not wear them, mentioned the name of their inventor with reverence as one of the greatest benefactors to society. Burke rarely appeared in public without glasses. In Gillray's caricatures, you see this mighty rhetorician with spectacles on nose, and arms uplifted, hurling a thunderbolt of eloquence at the members of the opposition. If Spina, or somebody else, had not invented spectacles, Disraeli could not have written "*The Curiosities of Literature*." Wordsworth, in his later years, was greatly beholden to glasses. When Emerson saw him, in 1833, he was disfigured with green goggles. 'T was through a pair of spectacles that Thackeray looked upon life, and saw and noted the sins and sorrows of "*Vanity Fair*." Franklin's spectacles, as some biographer or other has remarked, were the spectacles of a philosopher. They were not such spectacles as were sold by the opticians of London and Paris, but were made expressly for him, according to a theory of his own. In travelling, he carried two pairs of glasses; "one for reading, the other for surveying distant objects." Franklin could have written eloquently and appreciatively of spectacles. They were the best and most trusted friends of his vigorous and beautiful old age. He evidently took pride in them, and loved to appear in the gay salons of Paris with "the spectacles of wisdom on his nose."

My old silver-bowed spectacles have, I think, a remarkable resemblance to the famous round-eyed "specs" through which Franklin stares at you so archly in the familiar portrait of him at the age of seventy-one. But it was not for that I bought the old glasses and paid an outrageously high price for them. 'T is always my luck. If I buy anything at auction, I have to pay a great deal more for it than it is worth. If Mrs. Gumbleton would stay at home, and attend to her housewifely duties, I might get a good bargain occasionally. But that, I fear, she will never do. O, she is at

home at an auction, and looks as if she were monarch of all she surveys! She is very familiar with the auctioneer, and bids freely and loudly. If you happen to take a fancy for some article or other, Mrs. Gumbleton is sure to fall in love with it too. And she will have it, or make you pay roundly for it. I know. I have had experience.

The glasses had belonged to a dear old lady whom I knew and revered, and I wished to possess them as a memento of her friendship for me. As they were old-fashioned spectacles, such as our grandfathers and grandmothers wore, I expected to get them for a trifle. Surely, thought I, none of the fine and fashionable folk at this auction will want these clumsy old glasses; even Mrs. Gumbleton herself will not dare to bid upon them, for fear they might be knocked down to her. But I was mistaken, as you shall hear. It seems that this woman, this — what shall I call her? — this auction-haunting Mrs. Gumbleton, had tried the spectacles before the sale (she loves to go early to auctions), and, finding that they were “just the right age” for her, looked upon them as her own.

The glasses were “put up.” I bid. Mrs. Gumbleton bid. I bid again. She bid again. The crowd smiled; the auctioneer was pleased. We kept on bidding. We grew excited. Still we went on bidding. The crowd laughed; the auctioneer was the very picture of good-nature. But we stopped not in our bidding. We grew angry, but continued to bid. I don’t know but that we should have gone on bidding to this day had not Mr. Gumbleton, who had a moment before entered the room, bawled out, “Stop, Jerusha! Don’t you bid another cent!” Mrs. Gumbleton was so angry with her husband for his interference that she forgot all about the spectacles, which were knocked down to me for — no matter how much.

I should not like to have seen Madam Beach’s old glasses on Mrs. Gumbleton’s nose. Madam and Mrs. Gumbleton were not friends. How could they have been? Mrs. Gumbleton is

— I hope I do her no injustice — a vain, thoughtless, ignorant old woman, who prides herself on being the greatest gossip and gad-about in Seaport. She is very fond of dress, and, like Goldsmith’s old maid, often appears in public “tossed out” in all the gayety of sixteen. “T was of such a “nugiperous gentle dame” as Mrs. Gumbleton that the “Simple Clobber of Aggawam” thus wrote: “I look at her as the gizzard of a trifle, the product of a quarter of a cypher, the epitome of nothing; fitter to be kickt, if she is of a kickable substance, than either honour’d or humour’d.”

Madam Beach was the very antipodes of Mrs. Gumbleton.

Anthony Stover, Madam Beach’s father, was a great merchant in his day. His ships made successful voyages. His merchandise found a ready market. Fortune favored him. Wealth accumulated. He was at one time the richest man in a town full of rich men. He was not satisfied. Avarice cried, “More.” Mammon said, “Keep on.” So he planned new enterprises, and sent his ships on new voyages. But the tide of his success had turned. One morning he received intelligence that his new ship “Washington” had foundered in the Bay of Biscay. A few days after, in a fierce December storm, his favorite ship, “Dromo,” was wrecked, and went to pieces, almost in sight of his counting-house windows. And suddenly, while he was brooding over the loss of these vessels, the commercial skies were darkened, and a great financial panic swept over the land. His huge “mountain pile of wealth” was reduced to a contemptible little hillock. The ruined, broken-down old merchant left the dreary old counting-room in which he had passed the best days of his life in painfully poring over ponderous day-books and ledgers, and spent his few sad remaining years at home. He there passed most of his time at a chamber window, looking out upon the harbor, anxiously watching the outward and inward bound vessels. Sometimes he would walk down upon

the busy wharves (deserted and shipless now), and ask the lumpers if the "Dromo" and the "Washington" had arrived.

One night, after passing the whole long June day at his window, he came in to supper greatly pleased and excited, saying as he sat down to the table, "The 'Dromo' is outside! She'll be up to the wharf in the morning!" He went to bed that night as happy as a boy on the eve of the Fourth of July. But in the morning he neither asked nor cared whether the "Dromo" had arrived or not.

At the time of her father's misfortune, Madam Beach was a bright and beautiful girl of eighteen, — a Beatrix Esmond with a heart. Old Captain Beach, ex-master of the "Dromo," who had travelled in Europe, and seen "the female women of Paris," swore she was the handsomest girl he ever laid eyes on. "A devilish lucky dog, Jack," said that worthy, when his son informed him of his engagement with rich old Stover's daughter.

The definition of the word "beau," as given in the list of definitions at the end of the old spelling-book out of which Hannah Merrill taught me my letters, is a brief but very accurate description of young Jack Beach, who was in truth "a gay fellow." He was handsome and accomplished, in manners and appearance a perfect gentleman. He had a kind heart, and a generous disposition. But — ah! that terrible "but" — he was too fond of fine clothes and high living, of his wine and his brandy, and was, with all his graces and accomplishments, little better than a scapegrace. Fond mothers of poor unmarried sons of immaculate character sadly shook their heads, and declared 't was a pity Annie Stover should marry such a person as Jack Beach. Perhaps he might love her, they said, but he evidently loved her father's gold better. But do not pretty women generally let your model young men die bachelors, and fall in love with some wild, dashing, whole-souled fellow with a spice of wickedness in him?

However that may be, the best and handsomest girl in Seaport had given her heart (a precious boon!) to that madcap, Jack Beach. Somebody told old Captain Beach that the busybodies said Jack would not marry Miss Stover now she was a poor man's daughter.

"If he don't," replied the fiery old man, "I'll disown him!"

The Captain informed his son of what the gossips were saying about him.

"'T is a lie, sir," said Jack, who had just returned from the Stover mansion, "I'd marry her to-day, if she would let me. But she won't. She says her father is heart-broken by misfortune, and needs all her care and attention, and she can't think of being married at present: if I can wait. The noble girl! Of course I shall wait till she's ready to marry me. The girl is pure gold, and worth a thousand fortunes!" He did wait. Soon after the death of Anthony Stover, which occurred in about four years after his failure, Jack and Annie were married. Parson Miltimore said they were the handsomest couple he ever united. In Mrs. Beach, Fuller's character of a "Good Wife" found a living and lovely illustration. In her were exemplified the beauty and holiness of marriage. And, during the first few years of his wedded life, Jack Beach was in all and every sense of the words a good husband. He discarded his old pleasure-loving associates, and consorted with none but men of severe morality and unimpeachable character, — long-faced church-members, practical, matter-of-fact men of business, and sober, industrious fathers of families. He went into business with his father, and became a shrewd, brisk, enterprising merchant. His business tact and talent were apparent to all who had dealings with the firm of John Beach and Son, importers of coffee, sugar, and molasses. People said that Jack Beach had sown his wild oats, and settled down into a steady, diligent man of affairs. And so it seemed. But — (there is that fatal "but" again!) —

his follies and vices were not dead: they were only dormant.

'Tis sad to think that the first fatal step in Jack Beach's downward course was taken in consequence of that which gave him and his wife so much joy, — the birth of a son. Jack was so elated by the event, that he "got beastly intoxicated" in drinking the child's health. That night's debauch revived his old love of drink, and he could not or did not resist it. He neglected his business. He "whistled back" his jolly companions of former days. And many a game of "High Jinks" did he and they have at that famous rendezvous of bucks and bullies, the "Seaport Inn." Nay, he often invited these "toping Capulets" to his own house, where they caroused till near the peep of day. At these bacchanalian parties Jack was in his glory, and made a merry, mad lord of misrule. Sometimes he would walk right over the supper-table, smashing the plates, glasses, &c. Jack had a glorious voice, and could, 'tis said, sing his drunken and noisy company into silence and sobriety. Passers-by, pausing beneath the window to hear his rich, deep, mellow voice, on catching the words of the song, would flee with fear and disgust.

Dreary and ghastly sounded the drunken revelry of her husband's midnight carousals to Mrs. Beach, sitting sad and lonely in her chamber, watching the sweet slumber of her darling babe, and waiting for the dispersion of the crew of inebriates that had turned her quiet and peaceful home into a noisy and turbulent house of riot. Madam Beach often said that, had it not been for the comfort and consolation she found in her baby-boy, her husband's bad conduct would have killed or crazed her. Notwithstanding his wife's prayers and expostulations, notwithstanding his own sworn promises of reformation, Jack Beach was now in the inner circles of the maelstrom of intemperance, and rapidly approaching its fatal vortex. If I were writing the biography of Jack Beach, and not inditing a little essay "On a

Pair of Spectacles," I should give a full and circumstantial account of jovial Jack's doleful end. I should have to relate how, after the failure of the firm of John Beach and Son (the elder Beach died a poor man), Jack, — his money all gone, even to the beggarly last doit, and stern necessity compelling him to do something for a livelihood, — remembering that when in Paris he had taken lessons in painting, and used to be considered quite a hand at a likeness, took up the business of portrait-painting.

Portrait-painting, in that prephotograph world in which Jack Beach lived, was a profitable profession. Occasionally a peripatetic Dick Tinto would set up his easel in Seaport, and reap quite a golden harvest with his brush. But after Captain, or Count Kent, as he was generally called, because of his pride, his politeness, and a certain something in his look and manner that suggested the nobleman, hung up in his grand old parlor the beautiful half-length of himself, painted in London by Copley, the beet-red cheeks and fiercely staring eyes of poor Tinto's copies of the "human face divine" were not considered to be quite the thing by the connoisseurs of Seaport. When Jack hung out his sign, the beauty, wealth, and aristocracy of the place flocked to his studio, eager to give him a sitting. "Mr. Beach," said Madam Ellery, the queen of Seaport society, — "Mr. Beach, with all his failings and misfortunes, is a gentleman, and knows what's what. The travelling fellows will do well enough for the commonalty, but Mr. Beach learnt the art in Paris, and knows how to paint people of gentility. I must give him another sitting to-morrow. If he flatters me with his brush as he does with his tongue, 't will be an admirable likeness."

I have seen two or three of Jack Beach's portraits. They are not, it must be confessed, remarkable specimens of the art. They lack expression. There is no speculation in their eyes. They have no souls. Their merits are

merely mechanical. They may be very good likenesses, — “as like as they can stare,” — but they are very poor portraits. It is impossible, however, to convince some of the old people in Seaport, especially those who own one of his pictures, that Jack Beach was not as great a painter as either Copley or Malbone. Jack was evidently thought to be no ordinary artist in his day, and his portraits seem to have pleased those for whom they were painted. Indeed, it got to be the fashion in Seaport to have your portrait painted by Jack Beach. O, but it irked him to paint — for money! What! he, a gentleman, and the son of a gentleman, to demean himself by putting on canvas the faces of upstart merchants and shipowners! (Jack, like Sir Jeoffrey Notch, called every thriving man an upstart.) If the painter had been sober and industrious, he would have made a deal of money with his brush. Jack was never actually drunk, only a “little mellow,” in the painting-room, but he would only work about three or four hours a day. After the labors of the studio were over, he used to take a midday walk, which generally terminated at the tavern. There half or two thirds of all that he had earned in the morning with his pencil would be spent in drinking the healths of the great personages of the day, and in treating the thirsty souls who cheered the men whom he delighted to honor. Jackson was one of Jack Beach’s heroes. At the news of the victory at New Orleans, Jack swore that “Old Hickory” was the greatest general in the world, and affirmed, with a mighty oath, that he could drink the sea dry in his honor. Jack did not quite perform that prodigious bacchanalian feat, but he drank himself into a fatal fever that night, and died on the very day the bells were ringing for peace between England and the United States.

“D—n him!” said fierce old Captain Foster, at Jack’s funeral, to a gentleman who was lauding Jackson, — “d—n him! why could n’t he have put off the

battle of New Orleans for a few weeks? then Jack Beach would have finished my portrait.”

At the time of Jack Beach’s death, Count Kent was a hale and handsome gentleman of fifty. Though a proud, haughty, heartless aristocrat, he was the most popular man in Seaport, and probably for the same cause that the Duke of Alva was the most popular man in Spain, — he touched his hat to every one in the street. The women, to whom he was as chivalrous as Louis XIV. himself, said he was a dangerously fascinating man. The Count had been a wild fellow in his day, and had heard the chimes at midnight in many a foreign city. He married old, eccentric Dr. Stay’s beautiful daughter, Laodice. ’T was a very unhappy match. Mrs. Kent was an angelic devil. Her husband ran away to Europe to get out of the sight of her bright black eyes, and out of the sound of her loud, sharp voice. Madam vowed she would follow him, and she would undoubtedly have gone in the next ship that sailed for England, had her health permitted. She never was well enough to go, and some three or four months after the Count’s departure she died in giving birth to a daughter. Upon the reception of the news of his wife’s death and his daughter’s birth the Count returned home. To his daughter, whom he called, after her mother, Laodice, he became tenderly attached. She was the comfort and solace of his life. She had all of her mother’s beauty, but none of her mother’s fiery temper. At seventeen she was the belle of the county, and had all the young bachelors in Seaport sighing at her feet. There were I know not how many manly hearts broken, when (a year or two later) she eloped with the dashing Colonel Sever.

It had been generally understood by the match-makers, that Count Kent would remain a widower as long as he had Laodice to do the honors of his house. But now that she had flown, prim, aristocratic old maids, stout, comely widows of wealthy shipowners

and shipmasters, and even pretty young girls, took a strange and remarkable interest in him and his affairs, and bashfully hinted that he had better take a wife. He gave them not the least hope or encouragement. Indeed, the only lady to whom he paid any marked attention was Mrs. Jack Beach. He frequented Jack's studio, and praised Jack's pictures. He petted Jack's little boy, and passed hours in conversing with Jack's lovely and sensible wife. 'T is said that, when told of Jack's death, a gleam of insuppressible delight lit up the Count's large, handsome gray eyes. If there were ever a happy man at a funeral, it was Count Kent at the funeral of Jack Beach.

A few days after the funeral the Count called on Mrs. Beach, and did his best to cure her of her grief for poor Jack's death. He followed Montaigne's method of consolation, and endeavored to lead her from her sorrow by pleasant and diverting conversation. He talked (of pleasing words the Count had store) in his polite, gentlemanly way of this and of that. Of course he spoke of the weather, and praised Mrs. Beach's pretty boy. He related amusing incidents of his European travels, and gave a lively picture of Paris as it was in the winter of 1787. (The Parliament of Paris was then in session. Did the Count, I wonder, look in upon the Notables?)

With his graphic personal reminiscences of some of the great English actors, — especially with his recollections of Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble, whom he saw act together in *Othello*, — Mrs. Beach was, despite her sorrow, greatly diverted. So much so, indeed, that she told the Count that she hoped he would call again, and entertain her with more of his theatrical gossip. He did call again, and pretty often too. In fact, he could not pass the house without going in; and some how or other he had to pass the Stover mansion nearly every day in the week. His housekeeper said that the Widow Beach had bewitched Count Kent. The gossips and busybodies (fie on

them! their tongues are always wagging about somebody or other) were sure it would be a match. And so it would have been if Mrs. Beach had only said "yes" on that memorable June afternoon in the year of peace, when the Count (a gallant of the old school) went down on his aristocratic old knees, and offered her his hand and heart.

The Count was greatly surprised and offended at Mrs. Beach's refusal. He bade her a sarcastically polite good-afternoon, and left the house, banging the doors after him as he went. He informed his housekeeper, he informed everybody, that he had offered himself to Jack Beach's penniless widow, and she had dared to refuse him. "Yes, Mrs. Ferson, she refused me, — me a gentleman of wealth and position, — a member of one of the first families in New England! I would have dressed her like a duchess. I would have been a father to her boy. He should have been my pet, — perhaps my heir. She says (how can such a sensible woman talk such nonsense!) that it would be showing disrespect to her late husband's memory to think of marrying so soon after his death. She says she never will marry again. Nonsense! She'll throw herself away upon some contemptible nobody, some swash-buckler like Jack Beach. She's a fine woman, Mrs. Ferson, and would make a grand appearance in my parlor. She would be in keeping with my fine old furniture. She's a fool not to have me. But I will think no more about her, I will forget that there is such a woman in existence as Mistress Beach. She is almost as handsome as that consummate coquette, Madame Récamier (I think that was her name) with whom everybody in Paris was in love when I was there with Laodice, in 1809. — Mrs. Ferson, I contemplate passing the summer in the country; be pleased to make all the necessary preparations for my departure, as soon as possible."

Count Kent did pass the summer in the country, and returned home in the

autumn with a wife, — a fair, frail young thing.

Although poor, and sometimes sorely pinched with poverty, during the first four or five years of her widowhood, Mrs. Beach never for a moment repented having refused to marry Count Kent. By many a shrewd device and cunning expedient she kept the grim wolf at bay. Mrs. Beach had a splendid wardrobe ('t was rich in rare old silks); and whenever she lacked the money to buy the necessities of life, she employed Nabby Allen to sell one of her fine brocades. This Nabby Allen was a grim and gaunt old woman of sixty, with a sepulchral voice, and small, piercing gray eyes. If you wished to dispose of your beautiful set of china, or your Russia-fur muff, or your mother's grand old India shawl, or your own elegant wedding-dress, she would for a consideration, hawk it round from house to house till she found a purchaser for it. Nabby was as shrewd as a Yankee deacon, and as close as the grave itself. You could neither coax her nor bribe her to give the name of the owner of the article that she was trying to persuade you to purchase. She was missed when she died. She had no successor. She was a better person to have dealings with than your pawnbroker. She was as honest and trustworthy as truth itself.

That was Mrs. Beach's method of raising money. One of the ways she took to save it was — going out to "spend the day." You remember the delightful picture Steele gives in the "Tatler," of a visit he made to an old friend and former schoolfellow, who came to London, with his family, for the winter. Well, just such a hearty welcome as Mr. Bickerstaff received at his friend's house always awaited Mrs. Beach and her boy wherever and whenever they went to pass the day. She brought sunshine with her. Her good-humor and good sense were as oil upon the troubled waters of a large and noisy family. She had stories for the children and stories for the

elders. She tended the baby. She dressed the little girls' dolls, and made trainer-caps for the little boys. She sewed for the mother, and played backgammon with the father.

But when Mrs. Beach took Mr. Josey Allman to board, she ceased to gladden her friends with these day-long visits. Allman was a bachelor of five-and-forty, and for the last twenty years of his life had resided with his friend Dr. Coffman, (what a fine wit! what a true gentleman was he!) but at the Doctor's death Mrs. Coffman gave up housekeeping, and Cælebs was without a home. The world was all before him where to choose a boarding-place; and Providence, in the form of golden-hearted Parson Miltimore, guided him to Mrs. Beach's door. 'T was a lucky day for Mrs. Beach when this kind and generous old bachelor crossed her threshold. He brightened the gloomy old house with his genial wit and joyous laughter. He scattered his gold so freely about (Josey Allman was rich), that poverty and want, and all the many cares, troubles, and vexations which follow in their train, fled the dwelling, and have never been seen there from that day to this. In brief, he treated Mrs. Beach with the kindness and generosity of a father. He caressed and petted her boy as I have seen fond old grandfathers caress and pet their favorite daughter's darling children. Although gratitude is said to be the mother of love, I don't think that Mrs. Beach would have accepted Mr. Allman if he had proposed to her. But he never did propose. He evidently liked her, however, and possibly would have made love to her if he had lived longer; and he would no doubt have lived to a good old age but for the brutality of a fierce political partisan. Political warfare raged furiously in 1824. There were six candidates for the Presidency, among whom were Clay, Jackson, and John Quincy Adams. Mr. Allman advocated the election of Mr. Adams. One day, in the early autumn of 1824, Mr. Allman met Cap-

tain Knipp in one of the principal streets of Seaport, in company with three or four of his political friends. Knipp, who was a loud, brawling, passionate man, and a bitter hater of everybody who opposed the election of General Jackson, gruffly accosted Mr. Allman, and began to abuse Mr. Adams foully. Allman replied by saying that none but a traitor could speak thus of a member of President Madison's Cabinet. "Traitor! No man shall call me traitor and live!" yelled the Captain, springing upon Mr. Allman, and knocking him down, and stamping upon him. Mr. Allman was taken up senseless. He was badly hurt, and died in a few months in consequence of his internal injuries. Captain Knipp was (I have been told) indicted by the grand jury for manslaughter, but through the influence of powerful political friends he was never brought to trial. When Mr. Allman's will was opened, it was found that he had left most of his property to Mrs. Beach.

All mankind worship thee, O Mammon! and for thy golden favors would sell their very souls, and barter away their heavenly birthright. We not only love money itself, but we humble and humiliate ourselves to obtain the notice of moneyed people. "Riches gather many friends." The very persons that shunned and avoided Mrs. Beach in the days of her poverty and adversity, now that she was in possession of poor Mr. Allman's wealth wearied her with their civilities, and disgusted her with their professions of friendship. In less than six months after Allman's decease, Mrs., or, as she was now called, Madam Beach, received five offers of marriage, and gave five emphatic refusals. She did not wish to marry. She had no love to give a new husband. She lavished it all upon her boy, whom she fairly worshipped.

Master Beach was a favorite of Parson Miltimore, who used to say that he hoped he should live to see the youth a minister of the Gospel. O, my good, simple old parson, did you not observe that the boy was fonder of sailing

his boats than of reading his books? By Mr. Miltimore's advice, young Beach was, at the age of fourteen, sent to Dummer Academy. He was undoubtedly a lad of parts, but did not take to his studies with the avidity of one destined to be a shining light in the Calvinistic church. In fact he hated study, and, near the end of his second year at Dummer, ran away to sea. He soon passed from the fore-castle to the cabin. At twenty-four he was master of the finest ship that sailed out of Seaport. O, was not Madam Beach proud of the handsome young sailor! She chose the best and prettiest girl in Seaport — Madam Ellery's little black-eyed granddaughter — for his wife. When the Captain was at home the old Stover mansion was a blithe place, — all alive with company, noisy with merriment, gay with youth and beauty. O joyous young bachelors, O bright and blooming maidens, who used to foot it so feathery there, where are ye now? And the noble, manly Captain Beach, where, too, is he? His glorious laugh is heard in the old house no more. His stately form is never seen in the Seaport streets. His mother is gone. Parson Miltimore is gone. The Captain is forgotten by all, — all save a sad-faced, black-eyed little old woman who has been faithfully waiting these thirty years for him to come home and marry her. He will never come, O loving and loyal heart! The sea has him: —

"Of his bones are coral made."

I like old houses, and have such a reverence for them that I feel inclined to lift my hat whenever I pass one. To you the venerable Stover mansion would appear but an ordinary, old-fashioned, gambrel-roofed house. But to me it is an object of great and peculiar interest, and is endeared to me by dear memories and pleasant associations. Among the crowd of shadows that people its silent and deserted rooms is the ghost of my childhood. Ah, how I loved as a child to wander about the melancholy old house and its fine

old garden! I took a fearful pleasure in sitting in one of the grand old uncomfortable chairs, in the grave, dusky old parlor, out-staring the grim old portraits that hung upon the walls; in entering the gloomy and ghostly old chambers; in peeping into dark old closets and mysterious old cupboards; and in exploring that limbo of superannuated furniture and obsolete household implements,—that museum of the relics and remains of bygone years, pleasures, vanities, and fashions,—the dismal old garret.

I liked the meek and motherly old serving-woman, Naomi Miltimore,—Parson Miltimore's eldest daughter,—and loved to sit in the long, large old kitchen, with its huge fireplace, and shelves full of bright pewter dishes, and hear her prattle of the old times and old people commemorated in this paper. Naomi was nearly as old as Madam Beach, and had been in Madam's service ever since Mr. Allman's death. She was a jewel of a servant. She hated dust, dirt, and flies. She showed them no mercy, she gave them no quarter. For neatness and cleanliness the housewives of Broek were but types of her. She was an excellent cook withal. Such bread as she made I never expect to taste again. Her buns were lighter and better than the famous "Hot Cross-buns" of "The Cries of London."

Naomi loved housework, and yearned for the dear old days when the house was full of company, and she was a wonderfully busy and a wonderfully happy woman, and used to sing fragments of old hymns and bits of sweet old songs as she kneaded the bread and rolled out the pie-crust. "I feel like crying," she once said to me, "whenever I go into the 'crockery-room,' and look at the piles and piles of unused dishes. Ah, my dear child, this lonesome old house was a lively place in the poor dear Captain's day!"

Although Madam Beach received the news of her son's loss at sea with great outward composure (evidently believing, with Montaigne, that weeping and la-

menting are offensive to the living and vain to the dead), she ever after lived in seclusion and retirement. She gave no parties, and received no company save a few old friends and intimate acquaintances. Pretty, demure, sorrow-stricken Nonie N., (ah, pity her!) poor Captain Beach's betrothed bride, passed the better part of her time with Madam Beach, who called her daughter, and loved her with a mother's love. In comforting and consoling this poor wounded dove, I think that Madam Beach comforted and consoled herself, and was thus enabled to bear her own terrible bereavement so calmly and heroically. Another welcome visitor was the Widow Sever,—Laodice Kent that was. She was again the mistress of her father's house. The Count was as polite and as proud as ever; but his little last wife was dead; she died, poor thing! in the second year of her marriage. You may say what you please of your Kembles and Vandenhoofs, but I don't believe that it is possible for anybody to read Shakespeare better than Laodice Sever did. Many an afternoon in my boyhood have I sat on the little oval cricket before the bright, blazing fire in Madam Beach's cosy and comfortable old sitting-room, and heard with charmed attention Laodice Sever read Lear, and Macbeth, and other of the masterpieces of the immortal playwright.

Madam Beach was a great novel-reader. In her old age she reperused all of Richardson's voluminous works. She admired Miss Austen and Charlotte Smith. (Who reads Miss Austen and Charlotte Smith now?) She appreciated the *Waverley Novels*, and was excessively fond of the romances of Mr. G. P. R. James. She loved the "*Vicar of Wakefield*," and was always quoting the sly, shrewd, sensible remarks and observations of the good Dr. Primrose. But she did not like Dickens. She said that the "*Pickwick Papers*" was a low, silly book!

Madam Beach was also a great talker, and loved to pour into the willing ears of her auditors countless stories and

anecdotes of the old, aristocratic Seaport families. She was loyal to the past, and, like Sir Thomas Overbury's "Olde Man," praised the "good old times" as vehemently as if she would sell them. As she grew older, her wit grew brighter and keener, and I fear that, although her heart was full of kindness and good-humor, she was apt to be rather too sharp and satirical in her remarks upon the persons and characters of her townsmen and townswomen.

But if Madam laughed at the vanities and follies of the grown-up folk, she petted, admired, and loved the children. She read to them beautiful stories from her large-printed old Bible, and told them delightful tales of "fairies, genii, giants, and monsters." Every New Year's morning, for a good many years, a crowd of children of all ages, from the master and miss of twelve down to the chubby rogue of four, would march up to the front door of Madam Beach's house, and give a thundering rap with the big bright brass knocker.

Naomi would answer the knock, and, knowing the object of their call, would conduct the "little women and men" into Madam Beach's sitting-room. As soon as they were fairly in the room, and before the amused and delighted old lady could possibly have time to speak a word, they would all cry out simultaneously, "Wish you a happy New Year, Mrs. Beach!" She used to say a few kind, pleasant words to her well-wishers, and give them each a bright silver quarter of a dollar. The children returned home happy and contented, thinking that Madam Beach was the best and nicest old lady in the world.

I think that as a child I was an especial favorite of Madam Beach, and indeed, during all the long years that she knew me, from the time I made my first visit to her house with my mother (I was a very little boy then) to the end of her life, she always treated me with great courtesy and kindness. I loved her when a child; I admired and respected her when a man, and consid-

ered her one of the best and truest friends I ever had in this world. But she is gone, and all I have to remember her by are a few old books and a pair of old silver-bowed spectacles. Ah, the old spectacles are a wonderful remembrancer! All that I have gossiped about so idly in this paper, and much else that I should like to have gossiped about, was suggested by these old glasses. Whenever I take the dear old "specs" out of their old, faded morocco case, I seem to see Madam Beach before me. Sometimes I see her sitting before the fire, — the pleasant, cheerful wood fire, — with Mr. Allman's little brass tongs in her hand, and something that looks like tears in her eyes. (H. R., you know the story of these old tongs, and should tell it in your sweet and subtle verse.) Sometimes I see her standing before the mirror, gazing wistfully at her fine old face, and sighing, perhaps, as she thinks of the brilliant and blooming girl she used to behold in that very glass years ago. And sometimes I see her seated in her capacious old easy-chair, a volume of her great folio Bible open in her lap, reading a favorite chapter in the New Testament.

Think of what these old spectacles must have seen in their day, — of all the sad and all the pleasant scenes they have beheld, — of all the books they have read, — of all the people they have looked in the face!

These glasses saw sad changes in Seaport society. They saw the commerce of the old town dwindle year by year, till the wharves were deserted and the streets grass-grown. They saw the lumbering old stage-coach give place to the rushing locomotive. They saw new faces at the windows of old houses, and new mounds in the old graveyard. They were often moistened by the death and misfortune of friends and acquaintances. They gazed long and sadly, yet hopefully and proudly too, upon young Captain Beach as he bade his friends a merry good by before he went aboard his ship and sailed away to his ocean-grave.

THE CLEAR VISION.

I DID but dream. I never knew
What charms our sternest season wore.
Was never yet the sky so blue,
Was never earth so white before.
Till now I never saw the glow
Of sunset on yon hills of snow,
And never learned the bough's designs
Of beauty in its leafless lines.

Did ever such a morning break
As that my eastern windows see?
Did ever such a moonlight take
Weird photographs of shrub and tree?
Rang ever bells so wild and fleet
The music of the winter street?
Was ever yet a sound by half
So merry as yon school-boy's laugh?

O Earth! with gladness overfraught
No added charm thy face hath found;
Within my heart the change is wrought,
My footsteps make enchanted ground.
From couch of pain and curtained room
Forth to thy light and air I come,
To find in all that meets my eyes
The freshness of a glad surprise.

Fair seem these winter days, and soon
Shall blow the warm west winds of spring,
To set the unbound rills in tune,
And hither urge the bluebird's wing.
The vales shall laugh in flowers, the woods
Grow misty green with leafing buds,
And violets and windflowers sway
Against the throbbing heart of May.

Break forth, my lips, in praise, and own
The wiser love severely kind;
Since, richer for its chastening grown,
I see, whereas I once was blind.
The world, O Father! hath not wronged
With loss the life by thee prolonged;
But still, with every added year,
More beautiful thy works appear!

As thou hast made thy world without,
Make thou more fair my world within;
Shine through its lingering clouds of doubt;
Rebuke its haunting shapes of sin;
Fill, brief or long, my granted span
Of life with love to thee and man;
Strike when thou wilt the hour of rest,
But let my last days be my best!

A GENTLEMAN OF AN OLD SCHOOL.

PROBABLY there is not a line of print in the world about Mr. Vance Fosbrooke, probably not a hundred persons outside of the city of Charleston were distinctly aware of his existence; yet in Charleston he was as well known as the chime of St. Michael's Church. He had not acquired his fame by any of the methods whereby an American ordinarily becomes notorious. He was not very rich; he had never done a great business, and never had failed; he was not a politician, nor a soldier, nor a particularly good man, nor, in any legal sense, a bad one.

Vance Fosbrooke had lived himself into social distinction by sheer dint of deportment. If there ever was a cleaner man,—a man with a daintier white neckcloth,—a man more fastidiously shaved and combed and brushed,—a man more elaborately formal in his manners,—a man with a more pungent sense of propriety,—Charleston does not know it. He would have died sooner than have committed what he considered a meanness; and he held himself at all times ready to shed blood, rather than submit to an indecorum. His distaste for whatever was vulgar or uncleanly sometimes led him to a stress of nicety which was unintentionally humorous. If a thumbed or greasy bank-note was tendered him in change across a counter, he would say, "Sir, I am exceedingly scrupulous as to what I carry about my person, and if you could give me something fresher than that, I should be greatly obliged to you." In short, he belonged to a social deposit of which our democratic age will soon know nothing, except through the researches of the curious. The venerable bones which Professor Holmes is now digging up on the banks of the Ashley for phosphates are supposed by some philosophers to be the fossil remains of that old school of gentlemen of which Vance Fosbrooke was one of the last living representatives.

On the whole, Charleston had reason to be proud of its born citizen, Vance Fosbrooke, as a shining example of that neatness of presence and decency of bearing which form no small part of the finish of high civilization. And creditably proud of him it was, although it was, of course, amused by his eccentricities, and called him "a gentleman of the old school," with a smile. But a little before the breaking out of the war he became the hero of an adventure which brought upon him the severities of public opinion, and caused most Charlestonians to look upon him as an unnatural father and a bad citizen. Without venturing to dissent from so respectable a decision, I propose to relate the Vance Fosbrooke side of the story. If I am somewhat dramatic in my mode of rehearsal, it is not because I am dealing with fiction, but to show my man.

One evening in December, 1859, this gentleman of a breed which is now, or soon will be, gathered to the clods, sat in the front lounging-room of the Mills House, conversing with his only intimate friend, James Vane Hightower. These life-long comrades differed greatly in character, manners, and appearance. Fosbrooke was hard, resolute, pugnacious, punctilious, formal in bearing, fastidious in dress, tall and thin in person, with high, marked features. Hightower was a broad, juicy, rosy, genial being,—a man who put you in mind of roast-beef and gravy, of plum-pudding and wine sauce; a sweet and humane soul largely at ease in one of the portliest of bodies, fitting it tenderly like an old slipper. By the way, how many human beings, especially in New England, are feverish, nervous, and snappish, merely because their physical cases are too tight for them!

"What's the matter with you, Fosbrooke?" inquired Hightower, in a curiously cheery tenor voice, which broke upon a pause in the conversa-

tion like the warbling of a flute. "You look serious."

"My dear sir, I was driven from the tea-table," was the answer, delivered in a measured utterance which ran up and down the gamut after the English style of intonation. "I had a dreadful creature opposite me. Actually, Hightower, there was a person there — from Georgia, I suppose — who ordered boiled eggs, — boiled eggs for tea, Hightower! And, more than that, he ate them out of a wineglass. Why, good Ged, Hightower! if a man should do that in a decent restaurant in Paris, every gentleman present would leave the room."

"Now, really, Fosbrooke, I don't think I should leave the room, — not, at least, till I had had my meal. To be sure, I never did yet see anybody eat boiled eggs for tea; but I do think I could bear the spectacle."

There was now another silence, during which the large man eyed the thin one with a kind of cheerful anxiety. He perceived that there was some unusual weight on his friend's mind, and it was in his nature to desire to dissipate all trouble that fell under his notice. But as no confession came, he concluded to leave the brooding fit to work itself out; and, picking up his hat with a smile, as if he wished to do it a favor, he rose slowly, after the manner of men of his girth.

"Don't go! don't go!" said Fosbrooke, starting from his reverie. "Oblige me by sitting a little longer. I have something to say to you, and I may as well say it now."

"Hightower," he resumed, after collecting his thoughts, — "my dear Hightower, this is a dem'd serious business. I am very much troubled about it. I positively must do something for those children — you know — you understand me."

"Yes, yes, I understand," mumbled Hightower, dropping his eyes upon the floor.

It was evidently a delicate subject, if not also a dangerous one. Both gentlemen had glanced about them, and

sunk their voices to little more than a whisper, although already aware that they were alone.

"Yes, I must secure them," continued Fosbrooke, with a kind of irritated determination. "These cursed laws of ours will rob them of every penny, if I die; yes, by Jove! Hightower, rob them of themselves, — send them to the sale-block. It's a beastly shame. It's horrible."

"Yes, Fosbrooke, it's horrible," assented Hightower.

Even in the height of Slavery's reign, there were many secret rebels against the tyranny; some impelled to the treason by circumstances, and others by the impulses of nature.

"Alfred is as decent a young fellow as there is in this city," continued Fosbrooke. "There is n't a mean streak in him. I don't believe he ever did a low thing in his life. And as for Flora and Louise and Sophie, if there are better mannered, kinder hearted, purer girls, I don't know them. Dem'd well educated, too! But you know what they are. You have seen their letters, and heard them do opera music. By Jove! my dear sir, if they had a foreign language or so, they would equal any young lady in town for accomplishments."

"You've taken vast pains with them, Fosbrooke; you've been generous and just by them; it does you great credit. And they have been worthy of all that you have done. Do you remember Flora writing me a letter when I was at Columbia? I showed that letter to half a dozen gentlemen, and nearly every one said, 'Why, Hightower, that's an amazingly clever girl! who is she?' And when I told them it was an octo-noon, it was, 'Sho, sho, Hightower; don't believe it.' Ah, yes, they are fine children."

"And they have n't a civil right," pursued Fosbrooke, his thin, wrinkled face flushing. "By Jove! Hightower, it's a dem'd outrage, — one of the dem'dest outrages that I can conceive of. They are my property, — and I don't want to own them. I can't set them free. I

can't leave them a penny. It's enough, Hightower, to make a man turn Yankee."

Twenty-two years previous to this dialogue, and when Mr. Vance Fosbrooke was thirty-six years old, he had lost his wife. Within what the Charleston Mrs. Grundy deemed a proper time thereafter, and under circumstances which the same great authority admitted to be decently secret, he purchased a handsome quadroon woman, and gave her an "establishment" suited to his moderate means. He placed her in a small house which belonged to him, allowed her to keep all her earnings as a laundress, and taught her to read. In 1856 she died, leaving four children, who, without any miracle in the matter, were octoroons. The boy, Alfred, now twenty years old, was a barber, keeping his own little shop, and devoting his small profits to the support of himself and sisters. Flora, aged seventeen, and Louise, two years younger, were learning millinery; while Sophie, only thirteen, was still at school. There was a patriarchal law against teaching slaves to read, but "sound" Southerners might violate it with impunity, if they would do it quietly; and these children were well educated in the ordinary English branches, drawing, and music. It was of this most illegal family, this family which had been formed and brought to its present condition in spite of commandments and enactments, that the two gentlemen in the front-room of the Mills House were discoursing.

"I shall let Robert know to-morrow that he must divide with them," continued Vance Fosbrooke. "If Robert gets the whole of my property, he will spend it just as certainly as he would spend the half of it. Ged bless my soul, Hightower! I don't see why I should have a gambler for a son!"

Against his only legitimate child Fosbrooke was bitter, and with cause. Robert was like himself, obstinate, dictatorial, and fiery; moreover, he was a spendthrift.

"You and Robert might not get along

comfortably over such a subject," suggested Hightower. "I think you had better let me arrange with him."

"Certainly, I will. Why, good Ged, Hightower! you know that I have n't exchanged a word with Robert for eighteen months. I am security for his position in the custom-house; I stand by him as a father must stand by his son. But there's no talking betwixt us; we should break each other's heads; he's a devil of a temper."

Vance Fosbrooke was himself notorious, at least with every one but himself, as a devil of a temper. He had fought two duels, and wounded both his men; he had had various rencontres, breaking now a bone and now a cane. Informed once, that a sketch of his peculiarities would be published in a small satirical paper, he called immediately on the editor.

"Sir," said he, with severe courtesy of manner, and an utterance as firm and measured as the tramp of infantry, "I have been told that a delineation of me will appear in your columns. I beg leave to assure you, that, if such a thing happens, I shall hold you responsible. I shall cane you the first time I see you. If you draw a pistol on me, I warn you to aim well; for, if you miss me, I shall take it from you and break your skull. Good morning, sir."

No rencontre took place on this occasion, for no monograph of Vance Fosbrooke came out in the "Satyr." •

We return to the interview at the Mills House, but merely to show how this man went home. He ate at the hotel; he lounged, entertained visitors, and received his letters there; but at ten o'clock in the evening he always went home. Taking the quietest side of the street, evading companionship and observation, solicitous to avoid shocking the public proprieties, he sought the house occupied by "those children — you know," let himself in through a side gate and door, and was at home. They waited on him humbly, gratefully, faithfully, and almost tenderly.

The day after the conversation, Mr.

Hightower, armed with full instructions, called on Robert Fosbrooke.

"Well, Robert, I have come to have a little talk with you," he said with an air at once friendly and serious, like that of a genial undertaker.

The young man was in his room, and had been in it all day. An expedition to Sullivan's Island the day previous had ended in a debauch which was too much for his jaded system, and had given him a twenty-four hours' illness. He was better now, and had taken tea and toast with some appetite, by the blessing of an iced cocktail. We must so far do justice to what character he had as to state that he did not account for his sickness on the score of having eaten too many rice-birds, but frankly declared that he had been drunk, and was getting over it.

"Robert, I'm sorry to hear that you have had another spree," said Hightower, smiling, but honestly regretful. "You have too many sprees; you are looking the worse for them. I really wish you would not get drunk quite so often. I've seen a great many young men go on in your way—till they stopped going. I'm a pretty good judge, Robert, of how long a fellow can last. Depend upon it, you have n't five years ahead unless you pull up a little."

Hightower exaggerated as little in his evil auguries as in his demand for reformation. Robert was even thinner than his father, and had a sodden complexion instead of the frost-bitten freshness of Vance Fosbrooke, while his eyes were watery, and their lids reddened. Moreover, his drinking, his gaming, his many debaucheries, had given him that unpleasant expression of an unhealthy soul which is usually described as "a dissipated look." Instead of a handsome youth, which was what nature meant him to be, he was little less than repulsive. His dress alone was entirely attractive, being even now neat and tasteful and quiet, as became the attire of a Fosbrooke. His manners were self-possessed, and would have been exceedingly agreeable

but that they were impregnated by that pungent odor of dissipation. It was a good thing in him that he took no angry exceptions to the plain-dealing of his visitor. But then it is not remembered of any human being, or even of any member of the brute creation, that he or she ever flew into a rage at James Vane Hightower.

"Ah, old fellow, you are down upon us youth!" laughed Robert. "You have got by your time for sitting up late, and you want us to go to bed. But you are not a perfect model. I don't believe, for instance, that you ever go to church."

"O yes, I do, Robert," smiled Hightower. "I always go on Christmas, and some other of the great occasions. And every Sunday afternoon I remember that I ought to set a good example, and I dress up nice, and, when people are returning from church, I go out and mingle with them. Why, Robert, there's such a virtue as appearing decent."

"By George! you are a most enticing sinner," said the young man, shouting outright. "You are a great deal more dangerous than I am, don't you know?"

"Well, Robert, let us talk about business a little," answered Hightower, while a graver expression stole across his cheerful face, like the shadow of a cloud dancing over fields of golden corn. "I have come to you with a message from your father about those—those children, you know."

"Yes, I know," answered Robert, scowling. "What has the old man got in his head now?"

"He says that he's afraid he sha'n't live long, and that he wants to assure them a decent future before he dies."

"They would be all right in my hands. He knows that I would n't sell them; you know it, Mr. Hightower; you know that I'm not one of that sort. Sell my own brothers and sisters? I'm not responsible for the relationship, but hanged if I'll go back on it!"

"I don't suppose you would, Robert,—not so long as you are the man you are at this moment. But some day you

may not be just the same man; you may be in debt, or you may be out of temper, or out of your head. I don't mean to offend you, but I must treat the future fairly."

"Well—of course—a fellow may get rum-crazy,—may change somehow. But what does the old man want? Come, I'll compromise with him. I don't object to his freeing them."

"Of course he must set them up. He can't simply turn them loose on the world. Just think what might become of the girls."

"O the devil! Well, give them a thousand apiece; yes, give the lot five thousand. That ought to do them."

"Robert, as things go here that would be handsome; but it's a great ways below your father's mark. He proposes to leave them—and that you shall guarantee them—twenty thousand."

"The old maniac!" exclaimed Robert, and followed up the epithet with divers execrations, not so unnatural, perhaps, as deplorable. "Why, good Lord, Mr. Hightower! that's half his property. Does he suppose that his only white child, his only legitimate child, his only legal heir, will submit to that? I won't do it. I'll go ten thousand, for the sake of peace, but not a dollar more."

"It won't satisfy him. Your father is a very determined man, and he has given twenty thousand as his ultimatum."

"Tell him that I defy him. He can't do it. By the laws of our State, he can't leave them a penny, can't even free them."

"All that can be evaded. Now do be rational, Robert, rather than lose every penny."

"I won't do it, Mr. Hightower. I tell you, once for all, that I won't be plundered in this style."

"I'm very sorry, Robert. Well, I must tell you fully, then, what your father's terms are. If, within a year from to-day, you have not agreed to this settlement, he will proceed to free them, and make them heirs to all his property, which is not necessary to guarantee

your position in the custom-house. That is, he will give them about thirty thousand dollars, and you ten thousand. That is what the old gentleman says, and I have no doubt that he will keep his word."

Passing his hand through his hair, the young man reflected gravely before he answered.

"Pshaw!" he broke out. "It's all a bluff-game. I know the old man as well as you do. He's obstinate, but he's a Fosbrooke. He never will leave the representative of his name with a beggarly ten thousand. I'll stand my chances. Why, Hightower, it's such an infernal outrage! O, I'm not blowing at you, understand; nobody blows at you. Well, never mind. Just tell my father, simply, that I refuse."

"I'm sorry for it. It is n't the best way, Robert. But good evening. I hope to see you out sound and hearty in the morning."

The year passed by without further communication between father and son. At the end of the year Vance Fosbrooke, who had a hospitable way of doing business, invited Hightower to dine with him at the Mills House, and reopened the subject of the property settlement. He was, as usual, miraculously shaved; his clothes were so conspicuously neat that you might almost speak of them as shining raiment; his linen, and especially his high white cravat, were the *ne plus ultra* of starching and ironing; even his manners had the air of being starched and ironed. It was remarkable that he should make an intimate friend of a man who was on ordinary days a little careless in his costume. But Fosbrooke had his reasons for putting up with Hightower.

"Hightower, you see, is a large man," he would say, in his mincing English utterance. "In fact, Hightower is a protuberant man. Now a person of that build cannot keep himself so carefully as a person of my build. Gravity will fall on him. Besides, there is so much surface every way! However, I do wish Hightower was a little more given to the clothes-brush."

Secession was in full blast then, and Anderson had just made his famous change of base, and everybody at the *table d'hôte* was talking about it. Vance Fosbrooke had not considered it good style to take much interest in politics since the Rutledges, Pinckneys, Huggers, &c., had been superseded in the public councils by such *parvenus* as the Rhetts, Cobbs, and Aikens; but, just to pass the time and divert himself from the subject which weighed upon his mind, he did, during the dessert, permit himself to utter a few remarks concerning the seizure of Fort Sumter.

"Why, good Ged, sir!" he remarked to General Marion Waddy of the militia, — "why, good Ged, sir! it's the most unconstitutional act in our history. It's a direct and audacious blow, sir, at the sovereignty of the State."

"It is the deed of a tyrant and coward," returned the General, agitated all through his lean frame by something like a colic of indignation. "If Buchanan does not disavow and revoke it, he ought to be impeached. I should like to cane him."

The conversation continued in this style for some minutes. The only "transient" near the speakers was a young man who apparently paid no attention to what was said, and occupied himself with penciling in a notebook, from which it was inferred that he was a clerk on a collecting tour. After *café noir* had been served, Fosbrooke and Hightower repaired to a quiet corner of the reading-room.

"Has Robert sent any word to you concerning my proposition?" inquired the former.

"I have n't heard from him. Have you?"

"Not a syllable. Confound the puppy! What does he want to drive me to the wall in this style for? Well, Hightower," he added presently, with a sigh, "I must do as I said. My plan is this. I shall withdraw the ten thousand dollars' worth of stock which stands as security for Robert, and shall put in its place my house, which is worth about the same sum. I shall then in-

vest everything in railroad bonds, and two weeks from to-day I shall take those children North. On that day I shall bid my State and you good by for years, perhaps forever."

His eyebrows quivered a little, and his voice was almost tearful. Hightower had never before seen nor heard of such emotion in Vance Fosbrooke; and, being a tender-hearted, sympathetic man, he found himself unable to reply for a moment.

"Well, Fosbrooke," he said at last, in his silvery tenor, "here is your friend! — grieved to part with you, but pledged to help you!"

"Why, good Ged, Hightower! don't let us be babies. But I sha'n't have an intimate comrade left in the world. You know I don't take to strangers. I've no relish for new acquaintance. I am just going to sacrifice myself for the sake of these poor children, for whom I am responsible. It is outrageous, perfectly outrageous, in Robert and our State laws to drive me to it. Hightower, I ought not to be obliged to sacrifice myself."

"On the 2d of next month, then?" said Hightower.

"Yes, if that is steamer day; I believe it is."

"Well, Fosbrooke, just to bid you good by, and to disarm suspicion, I'll give you a dinner at my rooms on the 1st. I owe for a number of things of that sort, and I'll have in half a dozen of our friends; say a party of eight."

James Hightower had a weakness for roast pig, the head being his favorite part. Accordingly he applied to ex-Senator Hathaway, one of the most august citizens of Charleston, and also one of the wealthiest of Low Country planters, for a suckling of a certain noted breed, which flourished on the Hathaway estate.

"I am going to give a bachelor dinner, and I want to be sure of one good dish," he explained.

Hathaway, a man of marvellous social education and experience, was so amused at Hightower's rustic taste,

that he confidentially repeated the tale to Fosbrooke. But that model of deportment could not see the matter in a jocose light. He was profoundly shocked and agitated.

"Why, good Ged!" he exclaimed, "roast pig at a dinner of ceremony! Ged bless my soul! Ged *bless* my soul! For Heaven's sake, Hathaway, don't let him do it! don't let him have his beast. Do tell him, as kindly and delicately as you can, that such a thing would never answer. And—and—don't let him know that I spoke of it, or that you mentioned it to any one. He will be overwhelmed with mortification when he realizes his mistake."

Hathaway repeated these observations to Hightower, and the latter, with a hearty laugh, gave up his porker. Moreover, when Fosbrooke appeared at his lodgings on the day set for the festivity, he hastened to relieve him of all fear of seeing the unfashionable luxury.

"I did think of having roast pig, Fosbrooke," said he, "but Hathaway advised a haunch of venison instead of it."

"A very proper substitution," responded the gentleman of the old school, immensely gratified, but politely struggling to conceal his satisfaction.

"By the way, Fosbrooke, here is something that will amuse you," added Hightower, not averse to a good-natured revenge. So saying he produced a copy of the "New York Times," containing a letter from "our Charleston correspondent" in which was reported the dialogue of a fortnight previous, concerning the unconstitutional seizure of Fort Sumter. In this piece of impudence, lean General Waddy figured as "The Spectre," stout James Hightower as "The Solid Man," and Vance Fosbrooke as "White Choker." Mr. Fosbrooke put on his spectacles, read a few lines, and looked up with a frown.

"Why, this is myself!" he said, in calm indignation. "The sneaking scoundrel! He has violated the sanc-

tity of the private conversation of gentlemen. Hightower, if I ever catch that scoundrel, I'll cane him. If you learn that he is still in the city, do me the favor to let me know it."

"But you won't be here, Fosbrooke," said Hightower, smiling at this outburst of the old sensitive pugnacity.

"O, exactly! Well, let us talk that matter over; I came early, on purpose. You promised to smooth the way for my departure; and I should like to know, if you think proper, what you propose."

"I propose to have you make a comfortable dinner, and pass a quiet night. Just go aboard in the morning, and take a state-room for yourself, and don't forget your little box of bonds."

"Will *they* certainly be there?" demanded Vance Fosbrooke, his withered face flushing with eagerness.

"My dear sir, you won't see Cato waiting on us at dinner. Cato will be in better business. Cato has a carriage, and is driving some friends around. If anybody asks for Cato, I shall slander him; I shall say that he is an irregular sort of boy, and that I have had to hire somebody to fill his place."

"And he knows what to do?" insisted Fosbrooke, still unsatisfied, so anxious was he.

"Bless you! Cato is acquainted with the steward of the boat, and can manage a trip North for a few friends as easy as whistle."

"Hightower, give this twenty-dollar gold-piece to Cato, and tell him that I am his friend for life. I shall remember him in my will."

We will not go into the particulars of the dinner. That night Vance Fosbrooke had a room at the Mills House, and at seven in the morning he was on the deck of the New York steamer. Although neatly dressed, as usual, he looked ghastly with want of sleep and anxiety, and his face was stubby with a white beard, which contrasted strongly with the dyed black of his hair. The mulatto steward greeted him with a bow of unusual consideration, and whispered, "It's all right, Colonel.

As soon as we git outside the bar, you take a look down the forrard cabin."

Mr. Fosbrooke made no answer, except to slip a ready gold-piece from his vest pocket into the steward's hand. Then, until the vessel was over the bar, and the pilot had left her, he paced the deck, anxious, eager, grim, and with a pugnacious grip on his loaded cane. There was quite a sublime light on his hard, thin, grizzled face as he made his way to the forward cabin, gently opened a door which was pointed out to him by the steward, looked into the anxious eyes of a young man and three girls, drew a long breath, and said, "Well, you are free."

"God bless you, master!" was the reply, almost inaudible for tears. They did not call him father, and had never so called him in their lives, and had no thought of ever so calling him. There were no words of relationship in this family; there were no endearments, either in manner or speech; but there was strong affection and confidence.

These contrabands who had not waited for Butler, these freedmen who had not needed the Bureau, were handsome. There was something prettily French in the low, broad forehead, glossily waving black hair, sparkling eyes, small nose, small chin, arch glance and ready smile of the eldest girl, Flora. The two other girls and Alfred were of the Antinous type, half Greek and half Egyptian, classic outline, softly tumid lips, and calm expression.

And now we must take a long jump; we must leap four years monstrous with war. During this period Robert Fosbrooke had fallen gallantly in battle; the Confederate government had sought to confiscate Vance Fosbrooke's house as the property of a refugee, and had been foiled by the adroit management of James Hightower; then bombardment had wrought destruction where rebellion could not effect robbery.

In May, 1865, Hightower visited New York as an agent to raise capital for certain Southern contractors.

Standing on the steps of the St. Nicholas, he saw a haggard, stooping, feeble, and somewhat threadbare gentleman, well brushed, however, cleanly shaved, and with a spotless white cravat, whom he recognized as Vance Fosbrooke. During the first moments of greeting these two could not keep their faces from quivering.

"I came down town in hope of meeting some-old friend," said Fosbrooke; "but I did not expect this great pleasure. You are in homespun, I see," he added presently. "I suppose that every one is poor there now."

"Ah, yes; it's an immense almshouse; you never saw such destitution."

"And the war has ruined me also. You know that I put everything into the Cumberland River Railroad. Well, I have n't a dollar; I am a recipient of charity."

"Come in and dine with me," said Hightower. "I owe you many hours of hospitality."

As they sat after the meal, talking of matters in the South, an Irish waiter, possibly a Copperhead, whispered, "Be careful; there 's a 'Herald' reporter back on ye, and he 's a taken ye down."

Vance Fosbrooke turned slowly in his neckcloth, stared with a threatening eye at the delinquent, and said in a distinct voice, "The scoundrel!"

Then, as the newsmonger departed, he added, "Hightower, do you remember the scandalous publication of our conversation in the Mills House? I never have been able to meet that fellow. If I had, I would have broken every bone in his skin."

They were by this time sufficiently alone to speak of affairs personal to each other.

"I am glad to know that Robert died like a gentleman," said Fosbrooke in a firm voice. "If he must die before me, it was necessary that he should die like a gentleman, or I should have blown my brains out. We were not much to each other, but we were as much as that."

"Ah—I did not know that you

were aware —" muttered Hightower, relieved to find that he had not that tidings to communicate.

"Yes, I learned about Robert from a prisoner. In the same way I heard of the destruction of my house, — my last tatter of property. Good God, Hightower! I am a tree without a leaf. I am stripped bare."

Hightower was still anxious about one thing; what had become of "those children — you know"? Had fate been so terrible that they were all dead? Or was it possible that they had been ungrateful enough to desert this old man in his extremity? Remembering the pride, the sensitiveness, the reserve of his friend, and checked by his own tenderness of heart, he dared not ask.

"Hightower, it is near nightfall," said Fosbrooke, rousing himself from one of those reveries into which the old and feeble so often fall. "You must go home with me. You must see how I live."

Partly in the omnibus and partly on foot they made their way two miles up town, and into a quiet quarter of small houses and cheap shops in the western part of the city. The walking was slow work; for Hightower had much to carry under his homespun waistcoat, while Fosbrooke's step was so feeble that he frequently staggered; so that it was after dark when they stopped at the side-door of a little two-story building, the front of which was occupied by a barber and a milliner. Entering by the aid of a night-key, they ascended a dark staircase, at the top of which Fosbrooke opened a door, and gently pushed his comrade into a plainly furnished sitting-room. There, waiting around a still unserved dinner-table, were all "those children — you know."

"Why, it 's Master James Hightower!" cried Louise, in that scream of joy which is so pleasant from a woman's lips. And then they all had him by hand, one after the other, or rather two at a time, laughing in their gladness like children.

"Why, Louise! why, Flora! why,

Sophie! Why, God bless you! how handsome you all are! and how glad I am to see you!" was the honest, though confused, utterance of James Hightower's head and heart, both speaking at once. "And Alfred! Why, Alfred, God bless you! And now, Flora, let me shake hands with you again. How amazingly well you look? Your husband? Bless my body, a husband! Mr. Foster, I am very happy to make your acquaintance."

Yes, Flora was married; and there was her husband in costume evidently clerical, his mulatto face marked by education, respectability, and self-respect.

Although trembling with fatigue and emotion, Vance Fosbrooke remained standing until his guest was seated. Then, still leaning on his cane, with his battered but well-brushed hat in his hand, he looked slowly from face to face, and said, "James Hightower, these are my friends and benefactors. I am living on their bounty."

Unmanned by the confession, the proud old — noble, shall we call him? — dropped into a chair, covered his face with his hat, and sobbed aloud. It was too pathetic a moment for any one to speak, even in protestation. Hightower felt a tear upon his wrist, and was just able to see out of his dimmed eyes that Flora was bending her head over his hand as it lay upon the table, her face covered with her interlaced fingers. He did not move that hand; it seemed to him much blessed and honored; he put the other to his wet eyelashes.

"He *will* sometimes talk that way, — when we owe him everything," whispered Flora, presently.

"Really, I don't know why I should cry over you, Fosbrooke," said Hightower, recovering his smile. "I've seen people in much worse trouble. Why, when I left Charleston, old Mrs. Hathaway was going to the Yankee quartermaster for her rations regularly."

"If I had not brought *them* North, we should have been doing the same,"

answered Fosbrooke, uncovering his face. "I did not altogether fail."

"You altogether succeeded, sir," said the clergyman. "If you have lost your substance, you have done justice. You are like this nation."

But the eulogy, magnificent as it was, did not entirely please the old Southerner, and his thoughts took a turn towards bitterness.

"These are all my acquaintance," he resumed. "Hightower, I am not on speaking terms with a white person in this city. There is not an Abolitionist of them all who would call on me here, or receive me at his house. They are too good for me, because I have sought to rectify the mistake of a lifetime. They are too good for *them*, — too good for Flora there. Good Ged, Hightower! look at her. Good Ged! to think that in Charleston that woman had not a civil right, and here has not a social right! Hightower, you and I, old South-Carolinians, we are not ashamed of them."

"God bless them!" said James Hightower. "Proud of them!"

Then the conversation drooped to a more commonplace tone.

"Will you dine, Hightower?" inquired Fosbrooke. "Well, I suppose not. Have up your dinner, children. I am sorry I made you wait; but I was with our old friend. Hightower, this is our sitting-room, and in this house we all live, except Flora. Alfred has the barber's shop below; Louise and Sophie the milliner's shop. We are not suffering; we are not drawing rations. Ged have mercy upon my old friends down there! I am able to pity them."

He was cheerful now; but it was evident that he was very tired, and it was not long before he sank into a state of half-slumber. When his friend departed, he hardly revived from it enough to murmur in a broken voice, "Come and see us often, my dear fellow."

On the afternoon of the next day,

Alfred called at the St. Nicholas for Mr. Hightower.

"I wish very much that you would come up and see the master," he said abruptly, and in a tone which betrayed emotion. "He was quite poorly when he woke this morning, and he has been growing steadily worse all day. We are very anxious about him. He asked for you an hour or so ago."

"Bless me!" exclaimed Hightower. "An old friend and the talk of old times has been too much for him. I'll go immediately, Alfred. Let us hope that it is n't as bad as you fear."

At the door of the little sitting-room Flora met them, weeping.

"I'm afraid he is dying," she said. "My husband has been reading the Bible to him; but he does n't seem to hear."

There was a murmur of solemn tones in the sick-room as they approached it, and they were not surprised, as they entered, to see the mulatto clergyman rise from his knees. He glanced at Hightower, shook his head sorrowfully, put his arm around his wife's waist, and whispered to her some unavailing word of comfort. Louise and Sophie, tears running down their cheeks, looked fixedly at the visitor, as if for hope.

Hope of life there evidently was none. Vance Fosbrooke's face was dusky, his forehead beaded, his features pinched, his cheeks sunken, his eyes glassy.

"Ah, my dear old friend!" said Hightower. "What can I do for you?"

Although the parted lips moved, they uttered no sound; but the eyes awakened, and glanced significantly from the friend to the offspring.

"I won't forget them, Fosbrooke," promised Hightower; and he thought that a feeble pressure of the fingers thanked him.

"And is death a gain?" whispered the clergyman, bending low for an answer which could not be uttered.

Espérons!

OUR ROMAN CATHOLIC BRETHERN.

SECOND PAPER.

ARE we all going to be Roman Catholics, then, about the year 1945?

So we are assured by some of our more sanguine Roman Catholic brethren. And, really, the ancient church, not in this young country only, but in Europe too, and especially in France, Germany, and England, appears to be renewing its youth, and pressing forward most vigorously to occupy and re-occupy. It is regaining its audacity. It is beginning again to take the initiative. It hits back once more. It even succeeds in turning the laugh against us sometimes, which is a great point gained. It has taken the church eighty years to recover from the mockery of one man, and it is now using his terrible weapon against its own enemies. Few better burlesques have ever been written than the one recently published in England, and republished in New York, entitled "The Comedy of Convocation in the English Church," in which the one great excellence of that church is ridiculed in the most delicious manner. The point of superiority of the Church of England over some others is, or was, that it allowed a wide latitude of opinion, and did not set up to be an infallible teacher. This is the point ridiculed; but the novelty of the burlesque is, that it is so exquisitely and good-naturedly done. *The new blood is beginning to tell.* There is one extractable passage of this masterpiece of fun, which may serve to illustrate the new spirit of which I speak. "Archdeacon Jolly," one of the speakers at the imaginary convocation, explains the operation of a new society, which, he said, was called "The Society for considering the best Means of keeping alive the Corruptions of Popery in the interests of Gospel Truth."

"It was, of course," the jolly Archdeacon continued, "a strictly secret or-

ganization; but he had been favored, he knew not why, with a copy of the prospectus, and as he had no intention of becoming a member, he would communicate it to the house. It appeared from this document, and could be confirmed from other sources, that a deputation was sent last year to Rome to obtain a private interview with the Pope, in order to entreat his Holiness *not* to reform a single Popish corruption. A handsome present was intrusted to the deputation, and a liberal contribution to the Peter's Pence Fund. The motives set forth in the preamble of the address presented to his Holiness were, in substance, of the following nature: They urged that a very large body of most respectable clergymen, who had no personal ill-will toward the present occupant of the Holy See, had maintained themselves and their families in comfort for many years exclusively by the abuse of popery; and, if popery were taken away, they could not but contemplate the probable results with uneasiness and alarm. Moreover, many eminent members of the profession had gained a reputation for evangelical wit, learning, and piety, as well as high dignities in the Church of England, by setting forth in their sermons, and at public meetings, with all their harrowing details, the astounding abominations of the Church of Rome. The petitioners implored his Holiness not to be indifferent to the position of these gentlemen. Many of their number had privately requested the deputation to plead their cause with the amiable and benevolent Pius IX. Thus the great and good Dr. M'Nickel represented respectfully that he had filled his church, and let all his pews, during three-and-twenty years, by elegantly slandering priests and nuns, and powerfully illustrating Romish superstitions. A clergyman of noble birth had attained to the honors of

the episcopate by handling alternately the same subjects, and a particularly pleasing doctrine of the Millennium, and had thus been enabled to confer a valuable living on his daughter's husband, who otherwise could not have hoped to obtain one. An eminent canon of an old Roman Catholic abbey owed his distinguished position, which he hoped to be allowed to retain, to the fact of his having proved so clearly that the Pope was Antichrist; and earnestly entreated his Holiness to do nothing to forfeit that character. A well-known doctor of Anglican divinity was on the point of quitting the country in despair of gaining a livelihood, when the idea of preaching against popery was suggested to him, and he had now reason to rejoice that he had abandoned the foolish scheme of emigration. . . . Finally, a young clergyman, who had not hitherto much distinguished himself, having often but vainly solicited a member of his congregation to favor his evangelical attachment, at length hit upon a new expedient, and preached so ravishing a discourse on the matrimonial prohibitions of the Romish Church, and drew so appalling a picture of the domestic infelicities of the Romish priesthood, that on the following Monday morning the young lady made him an offer of her hand and fortune."

Nothing could be better for its purpose than this, and the whole pamphlet of one hundred and thirty-eight pages is executed quite as well. The surprising feature of the performance is, that the author never lapses for a single instant into ill-temper, — such is the strength of his talent, and the entireness of his faith. In conversing with Catholic priests, I have been repeatedly struck with the same imperturbable good-humor, the same *absolute* confidence in the impregnability of their position.

Another fruit of the church's recovered audacity lies before me, in the Abbé Maynard's new "Life of Voltaire," called forth, apparently, by the great stir in France resulting from the

proposal to erect a national monument to Voltaire in Paris. "You are a humbug," said Voltaire to the Church, in ninety-seven volumes duodecimo. "You're another," replies Abbé Maynard, in two volumes octavo. This indefatigable Abbé has gone over the thousand volumes or so which contain the yet unwritten story of Voltaire's life, and has gathered from them every incident and every sentence the cold relation or quotation of which would make against his subject. The result is, that his work is, at once, the truest and the falsest upon Voltaire ever written; most of the facts which he chooses to give are stated with a certain exactness, but most of that in Voltaire's career which made it worth while to relate those facts at all, is not mentioned. It is evident, nevertheless, that the Abbé is as honest as he is patient; he merely cannot *see* anything in Voltaire except his poor, human foibles. His work is chiefly interesting as another evidence that our Roman Catholic brethren are becoming militant again, and do not mean to be hit without striking out from the shoulder at their assailant.

By a curious chance, it happened that the same steamer which brought these two thick volumes from France brought also *Le Vrai Voltaire*, of M. Pompery, also published in 1867, in which two things are asserted of the great master of mockery: 1. That he was the most extraordinary of men; and, 2. That he was *the consummate Christian of all times!* Both of these works came to me in the same brown-paper parcel. Both were published in the same Paris, in the same year; both were written by Frenchmen for Frenchmen. Such a creature is man when he shuts up in party that mind of his which was meant to range free over the whole! Of these two works, that of the Abbé is by far the most able and thorough; and he does not fail to urge home to the Paris of this moment that the virtuous people of France are still those who go to mass and confess their sins. Ah! *that* is the difficult argument to answer! As

the authoritative expounder of the universe, the mission of the Church may, indeed, be nearly accomplished; but as an organization for the inculcation of virtue, the best part of its career is only just now beginning.

Persons who are so unfortunate as to be obliged to travel much in the public vehicles and vessels of the city of New York frequently have religious tracts offered them by a fellow-sufferer, who draws a bundle of them from his pocket, and hands them around. It has, perhaps, occurred to others besides myself, what a powerful means of doing good this might be if the tracts were written in just the right way, on just the right subjects, by truly enlightened and sympathetic men; and perhaps others have wondered, besides myself, that such an obvious and easy way of spreading abroad good knowledge, good principles, and good feeling should be so long neglected by persons capable of using it with effect. I hope yet to see our omnibuses littered with tracts written by such persons as Mr. Emerson, Dr. Holmes, Mr. Lowell, Mr. Norton, Mr. Curtis, Dr. Bellows, Horace Greeley, Dr. Chapin, Mr. Mayo, Mr. Higginson, Mrs. Stowe, Gail Hamilton, Mr. Beecher, Goldwin Smith, Charles Dickens, and all the other good fellows of either sex who love their species, and have a wise or friendly word to say to them. It will only be necessary for them to write a great deal better than they ever did before.

Our Roman Catholic brethren have at length awoke to the power of the four-page tract, and they are using it with increasing frequency and skill. This movement mitigates the horrors of city travel; for the Catholic tracts, besides containing much information little known to us Protestants, are written in a lively strain, often in the form of dialogue. It is not a bad thing, about half-way down town, to have politely put into your hands a sprightly little piece, upon "What my Uncle said about the Pope."

"One day, in the Central Park, we sat down on a nice shady seat, and Un-

cle George took out a newspaper to read. As his eye glanced down the columns he suddenly gave a grunt, and hit the ground very sharply with his cane.

"Got the gout, Uncle?" said I.

"No, my dear, it's nothing but the old Pope again."

"Who is he, Uncle?" I inquired.

"I am sorry to say he's a bad man, my dear," replied Uncle George, looking at me over his spectacles, "and always was."

"Why don't the police take him up, then, and try him?" I asked.

"Because there are so many people who believe him to be a good man," answered my uncle; "and as for *trying* him, Fred, there's been plenty of that, if you only understood it; but the oftener he is brought into court, the fewer witnesses you can get to appear against him, and he always manages to come off 'not guilty.'"

"How many people believe he is a good man, Uncle?" I inquired. "A dozen now, I should n't wonder?"

"A dozen!" exclaimed the old gentleman; "see here"; and he commenced drawing figures on the gravelled walk with his cane. "There," said he, pointing to the sum he had marked on the ground, "what do you make of that?"

"There's a 2," said I, "and a naught, and an 8, and six more naughts. Why, Uncle, that's *two hundred and eight millions!*"

"That's about it, my dear."

It is much more amusing to read such a sprightly performance as this than to sit opposite six pairs of eyes, occupied only in the embarrassing task of not "catching" any of them. Useful knowledge, too, is acquired. It is agreeable to know the exact figures about anything. There is a tract upon "Article II. of the Popular Creed," which is, "All men cannot believe alike." There is also one upon Article I. of the same creed: "It is a matter of no importance what a man believes, if he be only sincere." There is another entitled "What shall I do

to be saved?" This is a dialogue, and the main question is thus answered:—

"*Earnest Inquirer.* Will you be kind enough to tell me what practical answer is given in the Catholic Church to Catholics themselves who ask the question, 'What shall I do to be saved?'"

"*Catholic.* A Catholic is usually baptized in infancy, and is thereby invested with all the privileges of a Christian. As he grows older, he is taught the principles of his religion. If he lives up to them, and obeys God's commandments, he is always the friend of God, and does not need to ask the question at all, just as a native-born citizen who has never forfeited his citizenship needs not to inquire how he shall become a citizen. But if he turns away from God by sin, then . . . the short practical answer to his question is, Prepare yourself, and come and make an humble and contrite confession of your sins."

Most of the thirty tracts already issued are evidently designed to be read by Protestants, and aim to give correct statements of certain Catholic doctrines which Catholics claim are habitually misstated by Protestants. In the publication of these and other cheap works a Catholic Publication Society has been formed, precisely similar in design to the "Methodist Book Concern." In short, our Roman Catholic brethren are adopting, one after another, all our Protestant plans and expedients; they are turning our own artillery against us. As usual with them, it is one man who is working this new and most effective idea; but, as usual with them also, this one man is working by, with, and through an *organization* which multiplies his force one hundred times, and constitutes him a person of national importance. Readers who take note of the really important things transpiring around them will know at once that the individual referred to is Father Hecker, Superior of the Community of the Paulists, in New York, editor of the "Catholic World," and director of the Catholic Publication Society. It is he who is putting American machinery into the ancient ark, and getting ready

to run her by steam. Here, for once, is a happy man,—happy in his faith and in his work,—*sure* that in spreading abroad a knowledge of the true Catholic doctrine he is doing the best thing possible for his native land. A tall, healthy-looking, robust, handsome, cheerful gentleman of forty-five, endowed with a particular talent for winning confidence and regard, which talent has been improved by many years of active exercise. It is a particular pleasure to meet with any one, at such a time as this, whose work perfectly satisfies his conscience, his benevolence, and his pride, and who is doing that work in the most favorable circumstances, and with the best co-operation. Imagine a benevolent physician in a populous hospital, who has in his office the medicine which he is *perfectly certain* will cure or mitigate every case, provided only he can get it taken, and who is surrounded with a corps of able and zealous assistants to aid him in persuading the patients to take it!

This excellent and gifted man is a native of the city of New York, where his two brothers are well known as controlling the business of supplying the city with every description of flour and meal; their establishment being among the most extensive of the kind in the world. The father of these three boys was a Presbyterian, the mother a Methodist; but neither of them was a severe or exacting sectarian, and the boys were allowed the usual free range among all the churches of the town. It was an affectionate, entirely virtuous, and estimable family, of German origin, with a decided bias among the younger members toward spiritual inquiries and subjects. The three boys, in particular, had the true German fondness for one another, and, in due time, went into business together,—that very business which has since grown to such wonderful proportions. They began, however, as bakers and dealers in flour in a small way; all three, I believe, working at the kneading-trough and at the oven's fiery mouth. Their business prospered;

it soon became evident that a great success was within their reach, to attain which they had nothing to do but go on in the way they were going. But this assurance of success having been reached, one of the brothers ceased to find the business interesting. He was young, vigorous, athletic, full of life and cheerfulness, and he said to himself: "A man requires but a few cents a day (this was nearly thirty years ago) for his sustenance; why take all this trouble to get those few cents? Is there nothing better or other for a man to do in his short life than earn his living? Must I expend my whole revenue of strength in merely getting the very trifling supplies needed to keep the bodily machine going?—must I really?" Revolving such thoughts in his anxious mind, he continued faithfully to knead the dough and draw the loaves. Always an eager reader, he now became a student. He used to be up at four in the morning studying Kant and the other metaphysicians; and, as kneading does not engross the mind, he nailed his algebra to the wall before his trough, that he might use the unemployed portion of his intellect while at his work. But, whatever he studied, the questions ever present with him were, What is man? whence came he? why is he here? whither is he going? what does it become him to do?—questions which no creature worthy of the name of man ever escaped, or ceased to ask, until he had either found answers, or ascertained them to be unanswerable.

In quest of light upon these problems, he went the round of the sects, attending the services, reading the books, and conversing with the leaders of each. What he longed for was a life of self-renunciation, — a life wholly devoted to worthy objects external to himself. He used to ask Protestants, how he, I. T. Hecker, baker, of the city of New York, could fulfil such injunctions as, "Sell *all* and follow me," and, "Forsake father and mother for my sake." They answered that these were figurative expressions, or,

if not figurative, yet not applicable to the case of a young gentleman of good business prospects, residing on the populous island of Manhattan in the nineteenth century. "It was going too far; it was mere youthful enthusiasm; it was not suited to the nineteenth century; there was no occasion for anything of that kind in modern times." These remarks silenced him for a while, but did not satisfy him; he was still seeking his religion, and with a deeper longing than before. He resolved to make it the business of his whole existence, if necessary, to find the solution of his difficulty. "It is a necessity," he said to himself, "to find a religion coinciding with the dictates of reason, and commensurate with the wants of our whole nature, or else to wait for its revelation. If I find no such religion, and God deigns not to reveal it, then on my tomb shall be written: 'Here lies one who asked with sincerity for truth, and it was not given. He knocked earnestly at the door of truth, and it was not opened. He sought faithfully after truth, and he found nothing.'" He now avoided female society, because he was determined, until the great question was settled, to keep his destiny in his own hands, and not complicate the difficulty by blending with his own the fate of another. He withdrew from business also; gave up those brilliant prospects opening before the house of Hecker Brothers, and set out on a journey in search of wisdom. The world has but one way of judging a case of this nature: "Poor Hecker is crazy"; and perhaps the world is not wholly in the wrong.

Every reader of the *Atlantic Monthly* has heard of Brook Farm in Massachusetts, where Hawthorne, Ripley, C. A. Dana, G. W. Curtis, and many other young philosophers, took up their abode twenty-five or thirty years ago, and sought to realize in their daily life all that this young New-Yorker was meditating. They, too, had indulged the fond delusion of increasing the happiness by lessening the difficulties of life, and

of arranging their lives upon a better system than the natural order. To Brook Farm the youthful seeker after wisdom directed his steps, and cast in his lot with the noble band. It naturally fell to his share to make the bread for the household, which he did on the true Hecker principle. No one found at Brook Farm what he sought there. After nine months' residence Mr. Hecker left that unpeaceful abode no wiser than he came, and went off with Thoreau to one of that philosopher's extremely inexpensive places of residence. They experimented together upon the necessary cost of maintaining human life, and upon this point they actually arrived at a result. They discovered that they could live well enough upon nine cents a day each,—an island of certainty in a sea of doubt, but not large enough for a dwelling-place for two souls. Thoreau found it sufficient for himself for a while, and wrote a highly entertaining book relating his residence thereon.

Meanwhile, the brothers and friends of Mr. Hecker were pressing him to return and resume his place in the ever-expanding business. After much reflection, it occurred to him that a man having many other men in his employment might perhaps find a sphere for all his nobler aims in promoting *their* welfare. He may have been reading Carlyle's fantastical Toryism in Past and Present, where this particular kind of impertinence is highly extolled. However that may be, he consented, about the time of his coming of age, to return to the ordinary life of men, and to take his proper place in the business, on two conditions: 1. That the three brothers should possess all things in common, have no separate purse; and, 2. That he should have control of all the men employed. His brothers gladly consenting, he returned. He now tried in all ways known to him to benefit the workmen. He fitted up a nice room, and stored it well with books, periodicals, and games, in which he invited them to pass their leisure hours. He

endeavored to give them good advice, as well as to comfort and encourage them. But it would not do. The attempt to teach others only brought home the more painfully to his mind how sorely he needed instruction himself. He was trying to feed other men, while himself was starving. Groping in the dark, blind, blind, blind, he was presuming to guide the steps of his fellows. If he asserted something respecting their duty, and they questioned it, he knew of no infallible standard to which he could appeal. He could not tell them what man's duty really was, for he knew not why man was placed here, nor what placed him, nor whither he was bound, nor whether he was bound anywhither. He did not quite like to confess this to the men he was trying to help; but if they pressed him close, he stammered and hesitated, and, if they pressed him closer, he was dumb. He persevered, however, for a year. Then he gave it up, and resumed his studies and wanderings. He was fully determined not to expend the whole of his energies, and most of his time, in earning that ridiculous sum of nine cents a day needed for keeping the bodily apparatus going. And as for guiding the men engaged in helping him get those nine cents, it would be time for him to teach them when he himself had found out something.

Fourierism came up about this time. Mr. Brisbane, a young man of fortune, returned from Europe full of the dreams and theories of Fourier; which he proceeded to expound to the public in the young Tribune; and highly creditable it was, both to the man and to the newspaper, to do and risk so much in the discussion of such a subject. To err in the service of man is nobler than to be wise for one's self. Mr. Hecker became acquainted with Mr. Brisbane, discussed Fourierism with him, and, without being able yet to point out the fatal defect in the system, felt that it would not work.

Up to this period—about the twenty-second year of his age—he had never so much as thought of looking into the

Roman Catholic doctrine or practice. It had not crossed his mind that there *could* be anything worth considering in a creed only known to him as the one held by Irish laborers and servants, whom he had seen kneeling before the church doors on Sunday mornings. He was led to think of the Catholic Church through one of its fiercest enemies. About twenty-five years ago there was a preacher in New York named Brownlow or Brownlee, who conceived the brilliant and original scheme of gaining distinction in his profession by calling his Roman Catholic brethren hard names, and holding them up to the execration of mankind. New York was a very provincial place then, and there were still a considerable number of persons living there who could be taken in by charlatanism of that nature. So Brownlow, D. D., flourished for a while. He denounced the Catholic Church most fluently in the old Chatham Street chapel, and by and by set up a weekly paper called "The Downfall of Babylon," in which he continued the work. In this amusing periodical he inserted a good many extracts from Catholic works, from the decisions of councils held in the Middle Ages, and, especially, from those of the more recent Council of Trent. I can myself remember an interesting list of "anathemas" in "The Downfall of Babylon," which led me to expend a small sum at a book-stall, in the days of my youth, in the purchase of the volume containing the complete catalogue of the same, as pronounced by the council just named. It is really remarkable how uniformly denunciation and persecution help their objects. Almost any Catholic priest you meet can name "converts" who were made such by people of the Brownlow species, and by such events as the Philadelphia riots of 1844, in which one or two Catholic churches were burned. Such things excite *inquiry*, and when once a person has reached the point of suspecting that Catholic priests are not the designing and insidious monsters which the Brownlows say they are, a reaction is apt to set in, which is often strong

enough to carry him into the ancient fold.

No one will be made a Catholic by reading such discourses as that which now has the honor to engage the reader's attention, although it is written in a spirit of sincere respect for the most venerable and the most indispensable of existing institutions. If you wish to make converts, you must adopt the Scarlet Woman style, and set on a mob to burn churches.

Mr. Hecker was an occasional hearer of the infuriate Brownlow, and an occasional reader of his "Downfall." He read with particular interest, and with nascent approval, some of the decisions of the Council of Trent, especially the one that repudiates Luther's doctrine called "justification by faith alone," which had long appeared to him questionable, if not absurd and injurious. It seemed to him, or began to do so, that it was more congenial to human nature, and more reasonable, for man to work out his salvation, and to be able to merit something of his Creator. Even so recently as twenty-five years ago, many people still attached importance to these theological niceties, which now few unprofessional persons regard or know anything about. So long as all are agreed that good works are to be done,—as many of them as possible,—and bad works are to be left undone,—the modernized mind cares little for the precise theological process by which these duties are established. It was also pleasing to this young Protestant to know, that the Catholic Church, as a church, had uniformly opposed the doctrines named after Calvin, who burned his brother at the stake because that brother indulged in some vagaries of opinion upon subjects about which no man's opinion has any value, since it cannot be founded upon knowledge.

But it was not these things that made this young inquirer after truth a Roman Catholic. The great conversions are not effected through the understanding. What he wanted was, to *devote* himself to something high and good; and he

soon discovered that the strength of the Catholic Church lies in the very fact that it furnishes opportunities for every kind and every degree of self-sacrifice. Those dreams of "selling all that he had," of "forsaking father and mother, brother and sister," of dedicating his entire existence to noble labors, which his Protestant friends had pitied, derided, and disapproved, he found that the Catholic Church recognized, understood, welcomed, blessed, and employed. If a compassionate girl had a genius for nursing the sick; if a gifted woman felt herself impelled to instruct the ignorant; if a man had within him an undeveloped power to rouse the torpid consciences of vicious men; if another thought he could serve his fellows best by a life of contemplation; if another would go to the ends of the earth to civilize the savage; if an heiress aspired to a nobler fate than such a marriage as an heiress usually incurs; if a man of fortune desired to employ himself and his wealth in noble uses; yes, and if a poor, deceived woman, placed in relations to the world inextricably false, longed to atone for the error of an hour by a lifetime of devotion, and to consecrate her very contrition to the service of her kind,—this ancient Church, he was assured, opened her bosom to all and each of these, and gave them the opportunity they craved. It was *this* that won the heart of the anxious wanderer, tired by his six years of perplexity and unrest. He was living with Thoreau in Massachusetts, in their usual abstemious manner, when the grand decision was made, and to Thoreau it was first communicated. The convert was then twenty-three years of age; and, now that he is forty-seven, he still looks back to that moment as the most fortunate of his life; for he has found in the service of the Church the complete realization of his early dreams.

He soon felt what our Roman Catholic brethren call a "vocation" to the priesthood, which was recognized as genuine, and he went to a convent in Germany to complete his preparation

for the office. After his ordination he returned to his native land, and joined one of the numerous orders which play into and co-operate with the general work of the Church.

I have alluded to the fact that last November the largest Catholic church in New York was filled to repletion every morning at five o'clock. There was a "mission" then going on in that church. We Protestants should call it a "revival," or a "protracted meeting." Whatever our Roman Catholic brethren do, as I have before observed, they do by means of an organization; and that organization is made, by discipline and subordination, to work with the singleness of aim and the efficient force of one man. These Catholic revivals, or "missions," are conducted by orders of priests, specially endowed, trained, and organized for the purpose. Men gifted with a particular talent for holding attentive large congregations, and for recalling attention to neglected obligations, find their place and work in such orders as these. At the appointed time, the priests of the church in which a mission is to be held are reinforced by a delegation from one of these orders, and the great work of reviving religious feeling begins. The first mass is celebrated at five in the morning, for the convenience of the mighty host of laboring men and women; and a moving sermon is preached to them before the kitchen fires are lighted, before the hodman's breakfast is ready. This first vast audience is dismissed about a quarter past six, and at seven another assembles; at nine, another; and, in some cases, yet another at half past ten. In the afternoon confessions are heard, and every confessional is occupied; for there are relays of priests for every part of the work. In the afternoon, too, classes of Protestants sometimes meet for the purpose of receiving special instruction in the faith and practice of the Church from one of the priests who, being himself a convert, is better able than his brethren to anticipate and answer their in-

quiries. In the evening, still the work goes on until ten; vespers, confessions, exhortations, fill up the evening hours, and fan the rising flame. The conscience-stricken Catholic is not tortured with doubts either as to what he ought to do or as to whether he has done it. The injunction of the Church is perfectly simple: If you are truly sorry for your sins, and mean to forsake them, confess to a priest, comply with his direction, joyfully accept absolution, and keep your resolve to lead a new life. As the "mission" continues, the feeling spreads and deepens, the confessionals are more and more beset, until all but the hopeless reprobates of the parish are partakers of the influence. The mission may last ten days, two weeks, or a month, according to the size and circumstances of the parish; and when it is over the mission priests retire to their own abode, to refresh themselves by rest, study, and contemplation for another mission in a remote part of the diocese. Thus no one is fatigued, no one need lapse into formality and coldness.

It was in one of these orders that Father Hecker first exercised his vocation in his native land, and he labored in it in various parts of the country. But this mission work brought him into contact chiefly with Catholics, and he felt a particular yearning to bring into the fold of the Ancient Church such persons as he had known at Brook Farm, and in the intellectual circles of Massachusetts and New York, who, he felt, could alone attain peace in the Catholic Church, and only there find a way of bringing their high moral feeling to bear upon masses of their countrymen. He remembered, also, how completely and how long he had misunderstood the Church, and that, but for the accident of his falling in with the absurd "Downfall of Babylon," he might have lived and died in ignorance of its true character. He felt that there was need of a special organization for spreading abroad in the

United States correct information respecting Catholic doctrine and practice. Convinced, too, that the day was near at hand when his Church was to be dominant in the United States, he desired to do something toward aiding Catholics themselves to rise to the height of their "vocation," so that they might use in the noblest way the power which was about to fall into their hands. He had a conviction, and still has it, that there is something peculiarly congenial to Republican America in the stately decorums of his Church,—its gentle doctrine, its severe exactions, its brotherly equalities, and in the grand assemblage of all the fine arts in the Supreme Act, in which man pays homage to the divinity by exhibiting his own. In church, he remembered, Protestants say, "*Man is totally depraved.*" At the political meeting the same Protestants assert, "*Man is capable of self-government.*" There is no such contradiction, he maintains, in the Catholic mind. What the Catholic believes as a Catholic he can also believe as a citizen. "It is only since I have been a Catholic," says Father Hecker, "that I have been a consistent and intelligent citizen of a republic."

A new order then, he believed, was called for in the New World, and the scheme was approved by his ecclesiastical superiors. When our Roman Catholic brethren have resolved upon a project of this nature, they proceed to execute it in the most sensible and business-like manner. If the world is to be moved, the first requisite is to get a fulcrum for the lever; for there is no use in having a lever unless there is a fulcrum on which to rest it. When a new order is to be founded, the first thing is to secure a small piece of the earth's surface, which it can possess in fee simple, upon which its home and working-place can be permanently built. Now, observe how all the parts of this astonishing organization work together! Father Hecker, provided with the due authorization,

goes forth to raise the money needed to make the first payment upon a piece of ground. His previous missionary labors had brought him into favorable relations with a great number of parishes, and those labors he continued while begging the money for the new enterprise. From Quebec to New Orleans he went, rousing Catholics to confess and forsake their sins, and asking contributions to his scheme.

It is surprising what a talent our Roman Catholic brethren have for raising money. The Superior of the Dominican Community, which is now building a convent in New York, raised in the city alone, in two weeks, forty thousand dollars toward paying for the edifice. "One man's money is as good as another's," appears to be a familiar principle with our Roman Catholic brethren; and, accordingly, some of our New York city office-holders are frequently called upon to disgorge a trifling portion of their booty,—a check for five hundred dollars, or some small matter of that kind. It has been discovered, also, that *candidates* for city offices have a tenderness for the orphan, a pride in the new cathedral, an interest in the publication of Catholic works, and a desire for the conversion of heretics, which causes them to adorn many subscription papers with their signatures. What an advantage over *us* our Roman Catholic brethren have in being able to tax sinners for the suppression of sin, and to use stolen money in inculcating honesty! We poor Protestants never think of asking a gambler, a city politician, or a thief to subscribe money for the promulgation of principles which, if universally accepted, would ruin his trade. *We* place nearly the whole burden of sustaining virtue upon the virtuous!

Father Hecker raised the requisite sum, and reported himself and it to the Archbishop of New York. Immediately his special enterprise was made to co-operate with the general work of the diocese in such a way that each should aid the other directly, pow-

erfully, constantly, and forever. On the outskirts of the city, between the ground now occupied by the Central Park and the Hudson River, a region then dotted with shanties and enlivened by goats, the Archbishop laid out a new parish, and appointed Father Hecker pastor of it; who forthwith bought the best block of ground in the neighborhood for the site of the church and for the home of the new community. All gathers round a church—parochial school, parsonage, convent, college, seminary—in the Catholic world; this alliance, therefore, was nothing new, but in strict accordance with the system. Thus, a movement designed to convert Mr. Emerson and his friends, and the educated people of America, was made, *first of all*, to minister to the spiritual wants of the poorest and most ignorant people living in the Northern States!

It is *this* exquisite feature of the system,—this care for the very poorest and forlornest of human kind,—this caring for them *first*, just as we help children first at the table because they are the hungriest and least patient,—this sweet blending of the two extremes of human nature in the same project,—it is *this* that melts the heart and gives pause to the mind. If it were possible for me to be a Catholic,—which I think it is not,—it is this that would bring me to it. If, in this city of New York, there is any such thing as realized, working Christianity, it may be seen in one of its poor, densely peopled Catholic parishes, where all is dreary, dismal desolation, excepting alone in the sacred enclosure around the church, where a bright interior cheers the leisure hours; where pictures, music, and stately ceremonial exalt the poor above their lot; and where a friend and father can ever be found. And observe: these blessings are not doled out to them as charity; these poor people have the privilege of paying for them and sustaining them. The church is their own; the spacious and elegant

school-house is their own; the priest is supported and the whole expense of every part of the parish system is borne by them. And nothing else in the parish works well or economically but the church. The landlord gives them bad lodgings for high rents; the city officials leave mountains of filth before their doors; the water will not flow in the upper stories; the grocery store is on so small a scale that its profits must be exorbitant. All in their lot, all in their surroundings, is mean, nasty, inefficient, forbidding,—except their church.

Ten years have passed. Upon the ground bought by Father Hecker we now see a large and handsome church, adorned with pictures much superior to those usually found in Catholic churches here. The fashionable quarter of the city has been drawing nearer to it, so that now the congregation is composed of those who live in brown-stone houses, as well as of those who assist in building them; and the service is performed with an elegance and finish seldom seen in the United States. Adjoining the church is a spacious and commodious house for the Fathers and students belonging to the new community, who are called Paulists. The community now consists of six priests, twelve students, and four servants,—all but one or two of whom are "converts," i. e. Catholics who were once Protestants. The special work of this community is, to bring the steam printing-press to bear upon the spread of the Catholic religion in the United States. The matter published by the Catholic Publication Society, the new tracts, the articles of the monthly magazine called "*The Catholic World*," and the smaller volumes designed for Sunday-school libraries, are chiefly written or edited by the Paulist Fathers. Every Catholic church has connected with it several voluntary societies; such as the Altar Society, of ladies, who take care of the decoration and purification of the altar; the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul, for the relief of the

poor; the Society of the Holy Rosary, for simultaneous devotion; the Society of the Holy Infancy, for the promotion of missions in heathen lands; the Father Mathew Society, for mutual protection against the poor man's worst enemy; the Sunday-school Society, of teachers,—all these Societies are so many organizations, ready-made, for the distribution of the tracts and volumes prepared by the Paulist Fathers in their pleasant retreat near the Hudson River.

This community, in one important particular, differs from other Catholic orders,—it exacts no special vows of its members. Father Hecker is an American, a patriotic American, an American who believes in American principles,—in short, he is what we used to call a good Jeffersonian Democrat. Being that in politics, he desires to be it also in religion; for he is of opinion that a proposition which is true at the polls cannot be false before the altar. Jefferson says, All men are equals. True, says this American priest, because they are all brothers. Jefferson says, Man is capable of self-government. True, adds Father Hecker, for man is made in the image of his Creator. This Paulist Community, therefore, is conducted on American principles: "the door opens both ways"; no man remains a moment longer than he chooses; and every inmate is as free in all his works and ways as a son is in the well-ordered house of a wise father.

What a powerful engine is this! Suppose the six ablest and highest Americans were living thus, freed from all worldly cares, in an agreeable, secluded abode, yet near the centre of things, with twelve zealous, gifted young men to help and cheer them, a thousand organizations in the country to aid in distributing their writings, and in every town a spacious edifice and an eager audience to hang upon their lips. What could they *not* effect in a lifetime of well-directed work? Father Hecker lives so remote from the worldly anxieties, that he did not

know the amount of his own salary until I told him. That is not in his department. He has nothing to think of but his work.

Father Hecker and his colleagues propose to convert us by convincing our reason. There is nothing which they deny with so much emphasis and vehemence as the common assertion, that the Roman Catholic Church demands of man the submission or abdication of his reason. Father Hecker, in his spirited and eloquent little book entitled "The Aspirations of Nature," is particularly strong upon this point. "Man has no right to surrender his judgment," he tells us, "Endowed with free-will, man has no right to yield up his liberty. Reason and free-will constitute man a responsible being, and he has no right to abdicate his independence. Judgment, Liberty, Independence, these are divine and inalienable gifts; and man cannot renounce them if he would." Again he says: "Religion is a question between God and the soul. No human authority, therefore, has any right to enter its sacred sphere. *Every man was made by his Creator to do his own thinking.*" And again: "There is no degradation so abject as the submission of the eternal interests of the soul to the private authority or dictation of any man, or body of men, whatever may be their titles." And again: "Reasonable religious belief does not supplant Reason, nor diminish its exercise, but presupposes its activity, extends its boundaries, elevates and ennobles it by applying its powers to the highest order of truth." And once more: "There are several primary, independent, and authoritative sources of truth. Among others, and *the first*, is Reason." These passages are in curious contrast to the wild denunciations of human Reason in which Luther indulges, and which Father Hecker quotes only to condemn: "Reason, you are a silly blind fool"; "Reason is the Devil's bride, a pretty strumpet," etc.

Our Paulist friends, too, are the furthest possible from being alarmed at

the discoveries of science; for they do not insist on the literal infallibility of the books composing the Bible. They would not feel that either the Church or the public morals were in danger if a bishop on the other side of the globe should catch Moses tripping in his arithmetic. With them, it is the CHURCH that is infallible, i. e. the collected, deliberately uttered moral sense of mankind, enlightened by the Author of it, and which is therefore for individuals the supreme, unerring conscience. Galileo would be in no danger now-a-days if his discoveries should appear to cast a reflection upon the statement that Joshua commanded the sun and moon to stand still, and they obeyed him. "The geologist," observes Father Hecker in one of his most eloquent passages, "may dig deep down into the bowels of the earth till he reaches the intensest heats; the naturalist may decompose matter, examine with the microscope what escapes our unaided observation, and unveil to our astonished gaze the secrets of nature; the astronomer may multiply his lenses till his ken reaches the empyrean heights of heaven; the historian may consult the annals of nations, and unriddle the hieroglyphics of the monuments of bygone ages; the moralist may expose the most delicate folds of the human heart, and probe it to its very core; the philosopher may, with his critical faculty, observe and define the laws which govern man's sovereign reason,—and Catholicity is not alarmed! Catholicity invokes, encourages, solicits your boldest efforts; for at the end of all your earnest researches you will find that the fruit of your labors confirm her teachings, and that your genuine discoveries add new gems to the crown of truth which encircles her heaven-inspired brow."

How interesting to observe the noble heart endowing with its own nobleness whatever it loves! How resistless the influence of this large and free America, which transfigures all things and persons into a likeness to itself!

The question now recurs: Will the Paulist Fathers succeed in their darling

object of bringing over a majority of the people of the United States to the ancient faith? I can state some of the grounds of their own unbounded confidence in the coming supremacy of their church. First, its past progress has been startlingly rapid. In the year 1800 there were in the United States one Roman Catholic bishop, fifty-three priests, and about 90,000 members. There are now seven archbishops, forty bishops, three mitred abbots, about 3,100 priests, sixty-five Catholic colleges, fifty-six convents of men, one hundred and eighty-nine convents of women, and (according to Catholic calculation) 4,800,000 Catholic population. In other words, in 1800 the Catholics were something like one seventieth of the whole population of the United States; they are now about one sixth! They have also increased faster than the general population of the country. Thus, between 1840 and 1850 the general increase was thirty-six per cent; the Catholic increase, one hundred and twenty-five per cent. Judging from the past, our Roman Catholic brethren conclude that in the year 1900 they will form one third of the population of the country, and perhaps a majority in the controlling cities and States of it. The property of the Church increases at a rate still more rapid; since, in addition to the new purchases, the Church shares largely in the constant increase in the value of real estate. The only class of laborers in the country who always earn much more money than they need are domestic female servants; and they spend most of their surplus either in direct contributions to the Church, or in bringing across the ocean new members. As a rule, a female servant can appropriate one half her wages to these objects if she chooses. How many of them choose to do so is known to housekeepers, and, still better, to bankers who sell small drafts on Ireland and Germany.

Then, again (as Father Hecker fails not to notice in his recent contribution to the *Revue Générale* of Brussels, upon *La Situation Religieuse des États Unis*),

our Roman Catholic brethren claim to be better propagators than we can boast of being. It is obvious, they say, that Catholic families are more numerous than Protestant. This august and holy mystery of generation the ancient Church invests with sacramental dignity, and makes the marriage tie indissoluble. Father Hecker is wrong in attaching importance to the hateful thing called free-love, and to the kindred abomination that took to itself the name of Bohemianism. Nothing ever excited a deeper or a more general loathing among Protestants than these things did. They had but few adherents, and were of no account. Mormonism, also, which he mentions in this connection, is an exceptional and transient triumph of one vigorous Saxon who was resolved to have a harem without taking the trouble of turning Turk. But the great number of divorces, the very frequent revolt of parents against the sublime duties of their lot, the murder of unborn offspring, the dying out of the old New England families, their ancient farms occupied by healthier Europeans, mostly Catholics, — these things, Father Hecker thinks, prove "the complete impotence of Protestantism to impose and make respected the rein which public morality demands," and announce the coming supremacy of a Church powerful enough to guard the issues of life. Now, the best man is he who can rear the best child; the best woman is she who can rear the best child. The whole virtue of the race — physical, moral, mental — comes into play in this most sweet, most arduous, most pleasing, most difficult of all the work done by mortals in this world. If, therefore, it is true that Catholics do this work so much better than Protestants, the case is closed; we must all turn Catholics, or make up our minds to see the race continue to dwindle. This is, of course, too vast and awful a subject to be treated here. I will venture merely to express the conviction, that the first people to discover and successfully practise the art of rearing children in the new condi-

tions of modern life will be persons who will seek for the requisite knowledge where alone it is to be found,—in science. These will communicate it to others, and then, perhaps, the various churches will adopt, hallow, and impart it.

Our Roman Catholic brethren dwell much upon the enormous expense of the Protestant system, as well as upon its signal inefficiency. Upon this point we may profitably consider what they say. Take the case of any of our vigorous country towns in the Northern States, and what do we find there? Generally, *six* churches struggling to maintain themselves; *six* clergymen, all in the false position of having to instruct people upon whom their children's bread depends; *six* clergymen's families, in the equally false position of being nominally at the head of society upon a thousand dollars a year and a donation-party; *six* organizations attempting, with anxious feebleness, to do the work of one. And no Catholic can discern any great difference between them. He cannot see, for example, why the Methodists and the Episcopalians would not both gain enormously by *re-uniting*. One would gain the power and vitality of numbers, the other would gain in decorum and dignity. The Episcopal Church would no longer rest under the blighting stigma of being the rich people's church, and the Methodists would be restrained from the spiritual riot of the camp-meeting. Then there are the Unitarians and the Jews, why should not they come together with the same mutual advantage? The Jews would only have to give up one or two usages, the relics of a barbarous age; the Unitarians would merely be required to make their sermons shorter and simpler, and adopt part of an ancient ritual. The Calvinistic sects, too, why should they keep apart? It looks to a reflective Catholic priest as though one grain of common sense would suffice to reduce the churches in all our villages one half in the next six months.

Our Roman Catholic brethren count

upon important accessions through their convent schools, conducted by Sisters of Charity and by other orders, male and female. These schools are numerous, important, and increasing; and I think that one fourth, perhaps one third, of all the pupils in them are children of Protestant parents. Few persons are competent to judge of an institution who have never been inmates of it, because nothing is easier than to deceive completely all but the acutest visitors. Still, these Catholic schools have some advantages over most of ours, which catch the eye and captivate the imagination. We are apt to undervalue decorum, etiquette, manner, demeanor, and all the minor details of discipline and subordination. We are apt to forget that children were not included in the first sentence of the Declaration of Independence. We trust them too much in some particulars, and too little in others. The teachers of Protestant private schools have seldom any vantage-ground of rank of a nature to aid them in securing respect and obedience. The principal is often an anxious and dependent man; often he is grossly ignorant and vulgar; while the subordinate teachers are poor and overworked, and without the means of gaining a proper ascendancy over their pupils. Many of them, in these commercial cities, where nothing is sincerely honored except the bank account, come out of garrets every morning, to teach boys and girls who live in mock-palaces, and who have no conception of anything higher or more desirable than to live in a mock-palace. Have not I myself seen the insolent unlicked cubs of the Fifth Avenue and streets adjacent making the lives of gentlemen of learning and eminent worth bitter to them by their riotous contempt of authority and decency, and no teacher connected with the school in a position which justified his felling the young savages to the floor? Have I not seen the principal of a boarding-school running an annual "revival" as a good business operation, and forbidding the poor dyspeptics un-

der his charge to receive the visits of their parents on Sunday afternoons?

Certainly, these convent schools, which are now so popular, are free from some of the objections and difficulties that lessen the usefulness of many of our fashionable private academies. Among the "traditions" of the Catholic Church, there is one to the effect that children are children, and have a right to be kept from doing themselves irreparable harm,—peaceably if they can, forcibly if they must. The teachers of the convent schools—all the resident teachers—are sufficiently independent of the good-will of the pupils, without being too much so for their own good. The convent possesses property, guards and maintains its inmates in their own home, and yet in a great degree it depends upon the income derived from the school. The garb of the nun, of the Christian Brother, of the Sister of Charity, as well as the serenity and dignity of their demeanor, hold impudence in check, and teach the young victims of successful speculation that there *are* distinctions other than those indicated by marble fronts and rosewood stairs. There is a certain civilizing influence, too, which comes of compelling the minute observance of the etiquette of each apartment and each situation.

I was present once when the young ladies attending the principal convent school upon the island of Manhattan entered their chapel, on Sunday afternoon, to see four or five of their number, who had become "converts" at the convent, baptized. It was a truly exquisite scene. No manager of a theatre ever arranged anything more effective for the stage; and yet it was well adapted at once to impress the minds and tame the bodies of the three hundred romping girls who took part in it. Perhaps in no other way can I better show the reader what our Roman Catholic brethren and sisters are doing to attract the children of wealthy Protestants into their schools, than by briefly describing what I saw on that pleasant Sunday afternoon in May.

On the summit of a gentle slope, sur-

rounded by trees and shrubbery, in a part of the island where the ancient, renowned loveliness of Manhattan has not been obliterated, and commanding a view of the Hudson, the Harlem, and the Sound,—the Palisades bounding the view on the west, the arches of the High Bridge visible in the north, the Sound stretching away to the northeast, and the city of New York spreading over all the southern half of the island,—stands the group of solid, but not uninviting, structures which form the establishment, chief among them the chapel. On this warm spring day all the doors stood open; and it was evident, as soon as we alighted under the covered entrance, that something joyful was going forward. The parlors were full of happy parents, conversing with happy daughters, and a joyous hum pervaded all the rooms. The chapel is spacious, elegant, and very lofty; and it is adorned with the usual large altar-piece, as well as with many smaller pictures. Nearly the whole space upon the floor is covered with plain black-walnut pews, without doors or cushions. These are for the young ladies; visitors sit near the entrance, in pews raised a little from the floor; the nuns have raised seats along the sides of the chapel,—each sister having a little pew to herself, and sitting with her face to the altar. At the appointed moment the pupils began to enter in procession, by the middle aisle, two by two, walking almost as slowly as it is possible to walk,—just moving, no more, and doing so in absolute stillness. Not an audible tread; not a whisper; not an eye upraised. All were dressed alike in pink summer dresses, with a white veil over their heads. They seemed to be softly floating in, and winding round into the black-walnut seats, like the tinted clouds of sunset. First came the little girls, who, upon reaching the middle aisle, bent one knee to the ground, and then glided slowly to the slow, soft music of the organ all down the aisle to the altar, where they divided,—one line moving to the right, the other to the left, and so curled round into the first pews, which they entered

at the end nearest the wall. Thus the pleasing pageant was *prolonged*. As the procession continued, its interest both changed and increased, because the little girls were followed by larger, until we had the pleasure of looking upon young ladies in the bright lustre of their maturing charms. In every particular, this procession was arranged just as a Kemble or a Wallack would have arranged it. The same devices were employed, both to prolong and increase the pleasure of the spectator, which are employed upon a well-conducted stage. Especially were the most impressive objects of all reserved for the last. Finally came the young ladies who were about to be baptized, all clad in white dresses, and covered with a long white veil, *each of them resting an arm upon the shoulder of a sister attired in black*,—the venerable Superior of the Convent being one. Nothing was ever seen more picturesque or more affecting, nor anything more legitimate and proper. When all the pupils were standing in their pews, and the candidates for baptism had placed themselves before the altar, a sister who was in one of the side niches made a slight, scarcely audible click with a small instrument concealed in her hand. Instantly the whole pink cloud of girls softly knelt, and remained kneeling till another click was heard, when they nestled back to their seats. The black line of kneeling nuns along the sides of the chapel, the parterre of young loveliness on the floor, the altar blazing with lighted candles, made up a spectacle as pleasing as it was impressive. At the conclusion of the service the girls glided out in the same silence and slowness; and the newly baptized closed the train, leaning, as before, upon the shoulders of the sisters.

Ten minutes after, the whole three hundred pupils, except those who rejoined their parents in the parlors, were on the full romp in their large sitting-room, running, shouting, in unrestrained hilarity! No Sunday gloom! No goody, nauseous books! No forced seriousness of demeanor!

The arrangements of the school seemed excellent. The best school-room I ever saw in a private school, the loftiest, airiest, most spacious and elegant, is the one belonging to this establishment. In one wing of the building are thirty music-rooms, so constructed that a girl may be practising in every one of them without disturbing or being disturbed. The sleeping-rooms are a happy compromise between the injurious privacy of a separate apartment and the injurious publicity of a common room; and the means of ventilation appeared to be sufficient. Despite these excellent features and arrangements, the school may be a very bad one; the minds of the pupils may neither be profitably exercised nor suitably fed; yet every reader can see how such schools as this are calculated to captivate parents and allure children. Probably seven of their Protestant pupils out of ten become Catholics sooner or later.

Conversions to the Catholic faith, it seems, have been more numerous since the war than before. During the "mission" recently held at St. Stephen's, in New York, the number of converts was eighty. This is nothing to boast of, considering the extent of the parish and the duration of the "mission"; nor, indeed, have converts ever yet come in with any great rapidity. It is the quality of the converts, not their numbers, of which we hear so much; the expected rush has not yet begun. I am informed that a few educated persons in most city parishes are inquiring, with more or less earnestness, into the Catholic faith, and I am further assured that these inquiries generally end in conversion. Among the most frequent causes assigned by inquirers for dissatisfaction with their hereditary belief are the following: The difficulty of believing in the literal infallibility of the whole Bible; the gloom of the Sabatarian Sunday; the ban placed by many sectarians upon innocent pleasures, such as dancing and the drama, which tends to drive young people into guilty pleasures; the frenzies

of the camp-meeting, more revolting, in some parts of the country, than the howlings and whirlings of the Dervishes of Turkey; the painful uncertainty which many persons feel, all their lives, whether their souls are "saved" or not; the dulness and barrenness of the public service, in which a duty is assigned to *every* clergyman which only one in a thousand can discharge, namely, the production of two powerful and entertaining sermons every seven days. The effect of the war in multiplying conversions is explained thus: The Catholic Church alone escaped division; since the Catholic Church alone kept itself always and entirely aloof from the political questions involved. The spectacle of this unity in the midst of such contention and severance has proved captivating, I am told, to several educated minds. I have been assured by a distinguished Protestant general, who served in important commands during the whole war, that the only chaplains who, *as a class*, were of much utility in the field were Roman Catholic chaplains; which he attributes to the fact, that they alone were accountable to ecclesiastical superiors. It may be that the exploits of some of our Protestant chaplains in the way of "living on the country" contrasted with the strict observance, by Catholic chaplains, both of military and ecclesiastical rule, had some effect upon observant Protestant minds.

Such are some of the reasons assigned for the unbounded confidence with which our Roman Catholic brethren count upon being the final and eternal Church of the United States. These reasons the reader is competent to estimate.

For fifteen centuries the Christian Church has undertaken to perform for all the inhabitants of Christendom two offices having no necessary connection, and therefore capable of being separated. One of these offices I have styled in a previous page, expounding the universe; or, in other words, assuming to declare with authority what people must think concerning the

origin of things, the destiny of man, the nature of the Supreme Being, and the general government of the world. During the past three centuries or more a conviction has been gaining ground, that no man or body of men is competent to do this. On such subjects it is now agreed among the intelligent part of mankind, that one man's theory or conjecture, however interesting or consolatory it may be, cannot be binding on any other man. It is now agreed, among those whose thoughts finally become the thoughts of mankind, that on such subjects as these *there can be no such thing as a guilty opinion*. This part, therefore, of the Church's service to Christendom is now nearly accomplished. It will be quite accomplished when the greater part of the inhabitants of Christian countries are made partakers of modern knowledge. During former ages, the Church did a kind and needed service, perhaps, in concealing from man his own ignorance. He now knows his ignorance; he also knows the only method which can ever exist of lessening it; and he knows, consequently, that in this matter priests cannot aid him.

But the other duty of the Church remains, — that of inculcating virtue, assisting regeneration, guiding, cheering, ennobling human life. This remains. This will never be needless as long as man is weak, virtue difficult, and vice alluring. Human reason is not equal to the task of forming an adequate theory of the universe; but it is equal to the task of discovering how men ought to feel, and how men ought to act. No body of men can ever have the right to say what we ought to think concerning the "Unknownable"; but any man, by a life of fidelity and charity, can acquire absolute certainty respecting the duties we owe to ourselves and one another.

The churches will be slow to assent to these truths, — familiar as they are to men of the world; but the indifference of the public to everything "doctrinal," and its eager interest in everything "practical," will continue to have

its effect. Do we not see the Pope, who began his reign by establishing a new doctrine, end it by regulating the dress of women? Do we not see a grand council of bishops rising superior to theological subtleties, to consider the pernicious consequences of keeping up balls after midnight? Have we not seen the leading Calvinistic clergyman of New York soaring above all Calvin's gloomy crudities, and addressing himself to the nobler, higher, and more difficult work of throwing light upon the duties of employers to employed? Poor work he made of it; but everything must be pardoned in a beginner. It is easy to make a passable sermon upon points of "doctrine"; but the moment you tackle such subjects as *that*, you have arrived at the hill Difficulty, and must prepare for a tough climb. All history, all political economy, all morals, are involved in that servant-girl question.

In every community are produced a few persons who are endowed with a special aptitude for discerning what is right and becoming. The problem is, By what means shall these be discovered, trained, and afforded an opportunity to act upon the general conscience? For many centuries this was done by the Roman Catholic Church, and done, too, with a considerable degree of efficiency. It employed women in this vocation as well as men, children as well as the mature. It was, so to speak, a complete moral and religious apparatus. If the same office is still to be performed for mankind, I think the organization that performs it will have to study deeply and long the Roman Catholic Church, and borrow from it nearly every leading device of its system, especially these three,—celibacy, consecration for life, and special orders for special work.

Celibacy was a most masterly device; its inventor should be trebly canonized; it is the great secret of the efficiency of the Roman Catholic Church. An idea of such power and value will never be lost. I do not doubt that, in the future as in the past, men and women who

fall in love with their species will often find it best to remain unmarried, since the proper rearing of a family is itself a career, and demands most of a life. Political economy has taken up this subject. The remarks upon it of Mr. John Stuart Mill* should be attentively considered by humane persons. "Little improvement," he says, "can be expected in morality until the producing large families" (in densely peopled countries) "is regarded with the same feelings as drunkenness or any other physical excess. But while the aristocracy and clergy are foremost to set the example of this kind of incontinence, what can be expected from the poor?" In Mr. Mill's system, celibacy and married continence play a part of the first importance.

Destruction has gone far enough. The time is at hand when we can begin to think of reconstruction.

"Faith," says Sainte-Beuve, "has disappeared. Science, let people say what they please, has destroyed it. It is absolutely impossible for vigorous, sensible minds, conversant with history, armed with criticism, studious of the natural sciences, any longer to believe in old stories and old Bibles. In this crisis there is only one thing to do in order to avoid languishing and stagnating in a decline, namely, to move rapidly and to march firmly on toward an order of reasonable, probable, corrected ideas, which beget conviction instead of belief, and which, while leaving to the vestiges of neighboring creeds all liberty and security, prepares in all new and robust minds a support for the future."

This may apply to a few individuals in a few countries. If it were true of all men of all countries, not the less would it be difficult to live purely, honorably, and wisely; not the less would it be necessary for each child to begin at the rudiments and acquire the art of living, almost as though it were the first creature whom temptation ever allured; not the less would self-

* Principles of Political Economy, Vol. I. p. 453, American edition.

control be painful and long to learn. Who does not need help in this great matter of proper and happy living?

Suppose, then, that all the churches are about silently and insensibly to abandon the attempt to regulate opinion. Suppose the word "orthodoxy" abolished. Instantly the long quarrel between the Heart and the Head of Christendom ceases; Sainte-Beuve takes a Sunday-school class; Mr. Emerson writes tracts. All that is

efficient in the Catholic system will be preserved, and all that is good in the Protestant will be joined to it; and no one will care to inquire in 1945, whether it is this all-conquering America which has become Catholicized, or the ancient Church which has become Americanized. Whatever there is of good and suitable in this Church, whatever there is of good and suitable in the universe, America will assuredly appropriate.

LAGOS BAR.

PART II.

A DAY or two afterwards Langlands noticed that there was something wrong, for she did n't speak to me in the old way, but very cold and civil, as if I was a gentleman. So he asked me what it was, and I told him. With that he laughed and said, "O, I'll soon put that right"; and was going below, when I ran after him and said, "But, Captain Langlands," I said, "I would n't let on, if I were you; it don't matter her flaring up at me a bit, but it'd be a pity if she was to be put out with you, you know." "O," said he, laughing, and tossing his head, "no fear of that."

Mrs. Langlands did n't say a word afterwards about the matter, but her voice changed to me, and I thought it seemed even sweeter than afore. But it was n't often she spoke, and when she did I could see that it was done out of kind-heartedness, to wipe away the cross words she said that night. She was a changed woman, now. She seemed altogether under a cloud. She'd sit alone for hours and hours, her hands folded in her lap, and her eyes fixed on the sea. She'd burst into fits of crying. Sometimes she'd say, "O my poor mother!" All that her husband could say or do was of no use; and I

will say this for him, that no one could have been more patient with her than he was at the first start of it. I always will say that in excuse of him; and there's no doubt, sir, that it is a trying thing to be with any one who is fretted by her inward thoughts; the more he tried to please her, and amuse her, and comfort her, the more forlorn she was. If he asked her why she was unhappy, she said she did n't know. Did she want anything? No, she wanted nothing. He'd fondle her, and her eyes would look another way; he'd jest with her, and they would fill with tears. What was the meaning of all this? Well, sir, it was *fright*.

She'd been talking to the sailors about the fever, and they, knowing no better, had told her the worst stories they could think on,—for sailors are rare ones to croak; that, with what she'd heard King George say, fastened on her mind. It was no use for us to say anything to her now. We had deceived her once, and she thought that she'd been deceived a hundred times worse than she really had. "Ah, sir, depend upon it, you should always tell women the truth; they may n't be over-truthful themselves in little things, but for all that there's nothing they

look for so much in a man: tell 'em the whole truth, and they will go through danger or hardship or pain as well as we can; but leave a part of it covered up, and their minds, which ain't like ours, will make ghosts out of it to haunt 'em day and night."

Langlands's patience did n't last very long, — men's don't. He was all smiles and softness to her still, but I could see that it was only surface-deep. One day after dinner, when the meal had passed without a word being said, I heard him mutter to himself, "I'm tired of this"; and once or twice I noticed, when his wife cried, that he'd give a kind of angry hoist to his shoulders, and turn away.

On the 1st of December, having made a good passage, we anchored off Lagos, about a mile outside the bar. In the distance we could see the green wall of the trees, and the masts of the vessels laying off the town. Between us and them was a long streak of white water, which tossed and sparkled in the sun, and gave up a low-drawn soughing sound. This was the terrible Lagos Bar, which that day was nothing at all to cross, for the sea was like glass. But, even as it was, the boat gave some tidy bumps going over, so that I had a notion of what it must be in coarse weather.

Lagos town is pretty much like Bathurst, Cape Coast, and Accra. Streets of yellow, burning, glistening sand; white houses blazing in the sun like mountain snow; deep, dark, cool-looking stores like caves; court-yards with fowls and goats, and naked boys pounding Indian-corn; natives galloping past on gray nags; grave-looking Arabs with long, white beards, walking slowly along with Korans in their hands; wattle and dab huts; stalls for palm-wine, and fruit at street-corners, with drunken sailors and dancing blacks; traders hurrying by with business faces under broad straw hats, and dressed all in glossy white; a wild lot of savages with spears and tangled hair, gaping at the white men, and the big houses, and the other sights, like coun-

try folks in London; a turkey-buzzard flying slowly through the air, and a merchant-bird squatting by the wayside, — that's the kind o' panorama as you can see in any town on the West Coast in the middle of the day.

They seemed amazing glad to see Langlands at the factory. We went up to the sitting-room, which in Africa is always on the first floor, the store being underneath. A black servant, without any orders, brought in a decanter of brandy and half a dozen soda-water bottles. "Help yourselves, gentlemen," said the agent, doing that for himself.

"When we are in Rome, Mr. Andrews," said Langlands, though what he meant by that I did n't understand, we being at Lagos then. But I saw that when he laid hold of the decanter (he'd never touched spirits aboard) his fingers gave a kind of a greedy twist, and, after he had emptied his glass, he looked into it. I understood what that meant well enough.

"One more?" said the agent. "No more for me, sir," said I, "thank you." "Just a little one?" said he.

"Come, John," said Langlands, "it don't do to shirk your drink in the little town of Lagos O! This is about the worst of the lot, — is n't it Smith?"

"Yes," said Smith, smacking his lips as if it was something to be proud on, "I suppose that Lagos beats them all; it's a lovely spot for coffin-makers. Talk about Sierra Leone, indeed! But come now, Mr. Andrews, you must have one more, — just a speck, — come now, do."

But I would n't, and lucky it was; for Langlands took me into at least half a dozen other factories after we had done our business with Smith, the agent. In every house it was the same, except that in one it would be champagne, and in another there was some fine old Jamaica rum, and in a Yankee house it was Bourbon whiskey. It is pretty hard to refuse, you see, because the master of the house always mixes for himself first, Coast fashion, and passes it on; and if you don't drink, they think

it unfriendly of you. And it's no good telling 'em you're afraid of your health; they think it's necessary to keep up life. "Keep a bottle of brandy ahead of the fever," that's their maxim, and well they stick to it; though the fever generally catches 'em up at last.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, when we had done our calls, and were walking down to the boat. All of a sudden a shrill voice behind us cried out, "Heigh, heigh! Lally! Lally!" and a native girl overtook us, and seized hold of Langlands's hand. She might have been sixteen years old, and I think she was the most lovely creature I ever saw. Her skin was of a warm, reddish-brown color, as glossy as silk, and her figure was like the statues in the picture-galleries. Her hair was made up into thin plaits, and shone with Accra gold; in her ears, instead of rings, were two little blue flowers; and she wore a sight of coral and gold about her arms and ankles, and neck. Round her waist were several folds of blue satin cloth, which trailed behind her as she walked. She was scented with some powder from the bush. I think it's made from the bark of a tree,—very nice to smell, only strong enough to make one sneeze.

What gestures she made as she talked to "Lally," as she called him. She was n't like a woman, more like some beautiful animal which does everything graceful of its own accord. They talked together in the Lagos language, which I did n't understand; but I could see that she was asking something which he refused, and then he said something which made her pout her lips. But at last she seemed to get the better of him, for she clapped her hands above her head so that all her ornaments tinkled, and out came from her throat a laugh like the cry of a wild bird in the bush.

"Mr. Andrews," said he, "I fear I must detain you for a little while. This girl is the 'country-wife' of a friend of mine, Owen Macgregor, who's in Liverpool now; and she's just had a

letter from him which she wants me to go to her house and read to her, because, of course, she can't make it out for herself. Will you meet me here in half an hour?"

I was n't sorry for this, for Lagos-town is quite hemmed in by woods, and I remembered what Mrs. Langlands had said about flowers, when we were at Cape Palmas. We had left her that morning in good spirits. I went up to her after we'd anchored, and said: "We're not going in any nearer shore than this, ma'am; and you may believe me or not as you please, but the land can no more hurt you here, than if you were in the middle of the broad Atlantic,"—which is true; the poison, I've heard a doctor say, never travels more than three miles from land, and only that with an off-shore wind. Well, she was in good spirits, and so was her husband, for he was itching to get ashore, and at breakfast it was quite like former days.

When I'd got outside the town, among the trees, I soon made up a nosegay of rare-colored flowers to look at, and such a size! but with rather a nasty carrion smell. Langlands kept me waiting a long time, and when we got aboard it was an hour late, and the officers had dined. But Mary had kept our dinners for us, and he just saying, in a careless kind of way, that we had been detained by business, we sat down. She sat with us, asking her husband no end of questions, to which he gave back short answers, and as soon as he had done eating laid down to go to sleep, a thing I'd never known him do afore. She went on deck, where I followed her soon after. I took the flowers up to her, and found her crying. She had smelt the brandy, it seems, when she went to kiss him. Well, she was in a dreadful way. I told her she need n't be afraid; I was a temperate man, but I'd had some brandy too,—a good reason for why, I could n't help myself; no more could he. But she only shook her head, and said, "O Mr. Andrews, why will you try to deceive me?"

Not well knowing what to say, I offered her the nosegay.

"O, they *are* beautiful," she said; "and so you have been in the country, — no wonder you were late."

Then she paused, and a gleam came across her face.

"But James told me he had n't been out of the town. So you went by yourself. Of course *he* would n't trouble to pick flowers for me. Where was he when you went after these flowers?"

I became red in the face, and could n't meet her eyes.

"He was doing his business," I said, stammering a good deal; "and I had nothing particular to do, so I went into the country for a walk."

"But he said this morning, when he asked you to go with him, that he wanted you particularly to go with him to the agent's, so that you might all talk over the business together."

"Yes," said I, getting more and more confused; "but he had other business of a private kind, at least —"

"What private business? What kind of business was it? What kind of business could it be?"

"He did n't tell me exactly what kind," said I.

"Ha!" said she. "He told you that he had some private business, and sent you out of the way; for how long? Let me see: long enough for you to go into the country, and pick these flowers. Lagos is a large town; and here are a great number of different flowers."

And she fell into a brown study, and did not lift up her eyes or say a word for some time. Then she turned to me and said very gently, but yet I thought there was something forced and put on in her voice, —

"But I have not thanked you, Mr. Andrews, for taking the trouble to bring me all these beautiful flowers. Do they smell nice? Oh, oh! *They smell like a corpse!*"

And she let them drop upon the deck, and started back from them, her hands clasped upon her heart, her eyes starting from her head.

Poor thing: poor thing! She had no call to fret over fancies, and make herself ill with empty fears. She had real troubles and sorrows to fight with now. The next month was fine, calm weather, and her husband went ashore every day. He would get up at day-break, drink a cup of coffee, order his boat, and not come back till nearly dark, his eyes shining with drink. In that month she had wasted away nearly to a skeleton; her lips turned gray; dark lines came under her eyes, and wrinkles on her forehead, which had been so pure and smooth. Her beauty vanished, as it might be, in a night; and nothing was left but a poor worn creature, carrying in her a heart which had lost its mate.

If she had been fretsome and unreasoning at one time, she made up for it all now. She never chided or complained. She got up in the morning when it was still dark, and went out into the caboose, and made his coffee for him herself. When he came aboard at night she used to kiss him tenderly, and whisper to him, and coax him, and try to draw out a smile. But I don't know what had come over him; he treated her like a dog; the better she behaved to him, the worse he behaved to her. It seemed to me as if he wanted to quarrel with her, whether she would or no.

He never asked me to go ashore with him now, which I was glad of, too. Thirty long days I spent with Mary, — thirty days for me of pleasure and pain. Hours and hours we used to sit together, hand in hand, beneath the awning on the deck. Sometimes she talked about her mother, and the school she used to go to, and the visit she had made to London to see her aunt. But nearly always her talk it was of James. She told me over and over again about the boy he had saved from drowning in the Mersey; and how, when he was very poor himself, he had given all his savings to a shipmate in the hospital; and how he'd thrashed Blacksmith Bennett for ill-using his apprentice, and he a noted

bruiser too. She told me all about their courtship ; how he had seen her walking in the streets with her mother, and followed them home, and came in the next day with an old sea-captain, a friend of theirs, who introduced him, and the long walks they used to take together, and the pretty things he said to her ; and she would take from her bosom a little case, and inside there was a withered flower, — he had given her that, she said, the day he asked her to marry him. Then she told me how her mother refused to let her marry him, and how she pretended to be calm and cold to him, but cried all night long, and used to go into her mother's room at night, and kneel by her bedside, and pray her to relent. And after telling me all these things she'd smile, and say, "But mind, you must n't tell a word of this to James, because that would make him so conceited, you know."

At other times she would be peevish and cry, and say that he did n't care for her because she had lost her good looks, and was glad to get on shore from her ; all of which was true enough, but if I said a word to that effect she would turn round upon me, and make out that he was the best husband that ever lived.

And at other times she would fall into a dark, stupefied kind of state, and would stand hours and hours bending over the taffrail, and looking at the loathsome sharks which swam round and round the vessel with long, swinging strokes of their brown tails, and turning up to us their bloodthirsty, cunning eyes.

And the same it was with the flowers it was with all. She found an ill omen in every sight that came to her eyes, in every sound that came to her ears. Once we was a-sitting together, looking at the setting sun. It was like a globe of gold, for there was n't a cloud in the sky. She laid her cheek in her poor thin hand, and looked at it with lingering eyes. She said naught, but I knew that she was feeling happy thoughts. But just as the sun touched

the water there came a speck upon it like a stain of blood, and it trickled over the whole ball, till in a moment it was one mass of ghastly crimson red. I dare say she had seen it change like that afore ; it often does ; but now it had such an effect on her that she almost swooned away.

One evening Langlands said to her, in a cold, civil kind of way, —

"Mary, it is usual for the captain of a vessel to invite the agent of the firm to dinner, once at all events. If it will not put you to inconvenience, I should like to invite Mr. Smith to dinner for Thursday."

The next day, which was Wednesday, he brought back the boat loaded with a hamper of wine, papaws, and oranges, some partridges, and a gazelle ; ducks and fowls and kids we had plenty of on board. So there was preparations made for a grand dinner. Thinks I to myself, "It will be a sad one, with that poor ghost to do the honors."

But lo and behold ! when Langlands came aboard with the agent, up came Mary from below, in a beautiful silk dress, and jewels in her hair, and welcomed him like a little queen. All through dinner she was as gay as could be.

"Don't you find it rather dull here, ma'am ?" said the agent.

"O no, not at all," said she. "I have plenty of books ; and then, you know, I have my house to look after. This is my dining-room and parlor, and the deck is my drawing-room ; and then I go to the kitchen and scold the cook, — don't I, Sambo ?"

"Ah, missee, you no lib kitchen now ! Sit all day long on deck and —"

Here I dropped a plate, which broke all to pieces, and stopped Sambo in what he was going to say. Langlands went on eating, with his eyes fixed on his plate. After dinner, Mary said, "Now let us go to the drawing-room." So we went up on deck, and drank our coffee under the awning. Just then a canoe came alongside with a message from some other vessel. Langlands

walked to the gangway, leaving us three together.

"Do you know, Mr. Smith," said Mary, laughing a great deal as she spoke, "that I ought to consider you my mortal enemy?"

"I hope not, ma'am, I'm sure," said he. "Why so?"

"Because you make my husband work so hard."

"I make him work, ma'am?"

"Yes, to be sure you do," she said, tossing her head, and pouting her lips; "you keep him in your factory from morning to night like a slave."

"Why, lor, Mrs. Langlands, how can you? I don't set eyes on him perhaps for three days at a time."

She dropped her handkerchief when he said this, and was rather slow picking it up, I thought. Then looking out on the sea, she said, "Here is another canoe coming."

"That's for me, I expect," said Smith, pulling an opera-glass out of his pocket, and looking through it. "Yes, that's it right enough."

"What a beautiful glass!" said Mary, when he handed it to her to use, "and — why, I declare there's a cage with a parrot in it there!"

"Yes, ma'am," said Smith, "I made bold to have it brought for you, if you will accept of it?"

"O yes, thank you very much. I am so fond of parrots. Does it talk?"

"I don't think it does, ma'am. At least, I have n't heard it. I have only had it since yesterday. It belonged to poor Lieutenant Davis, who has just died of —"

"Consumption, was n't it?" said I, giving him a look.

"I think it *was* consumption," said he; "something the matter with his lungs, anyhow."

"There's a good deal of consumption here, — is n't there?" said I.

"Yes," said he, with a wink at the brandy bottle; "letting alone that, it's a nice climate enough."

Just then the canoe came alongside, and the cage was passed up.

"Pretty Poll!" said Smith, "Pret-

ty Poll! You're going to belong to a lady; what d'ye think of that? Why are n't you able to talk, Polly? Did n't master teach you?"

"Never mind, Mr. Smith; that is all the better; I can have the pleasure of teaching him myself." She held out her finger. "Come to me, Polly, come to me." The bird hopped on to her finger, and twisted his head, and looked at her out of his yellow eye.

"That was Davis's parrot, — was n't it?" said Langlands, coming up. "Ah, the fever made short work of him, poor fellow!"

Mrs. Langlands glanced at me. "Poor Poll!" said she, "Poor Poll! has its master died then?"

Directly she said "Poor Poll!" the bird twisted its head, and opened its beak and screamed out, *Poor Poll! Poor Poll! I'm going to die — sure to die — sure to die!*

"You ugly owl!" cried Smith, jumping up, "I'll wring your gallus neck! You never spoke a word afore."

But Mrs. Langlands stopped his hand. "It is not the bird's fault," she said; "I will not have it touched."

She grew to be very fond of it, and had it always with her; and all day long it would cry out these words, as had been taught it by its dying master, till the sailors, too, got frightened, and would have poisoned it if it had been any one's but hers.

A few days afterwards the sea-breezes blew so strong that the Bar began to roar, and grew to be so high that the captain could not go ashore. Mary clapped her hands with joy, when I told her that; but she had little to be glad of, poor thing! All day long Langlands strode up and down the deck swearing to himself, or went forward and got rid of his ill-temper on the Kroomen, cutting into 'em right and left with a rope's end. If Mary spoke to him, he'd give her short words, or sometimes none at all; and there she sat on her camp-stool on the deck, watching him with her anxious eyes, as he walked to and fro, grinding his teeth and digging his nails into his

hands, and throwing ugly looks at the foaming Bar.

"What infernal nonsense this is, Andrews," said he, "my lying outside the Bar. How the devil are we to get the cargo-boats across if we were to have a spell of this weather for a month or two? A nice thing to lie off this rotten place, and the vessel eating money every day. Why don't I take her in? Why, because I am a fool. I gave my word of honor that I would not take my wife across the Bar, and I can't break that. By God, I wish I could! Here we must lie till all damnation, I suppose, unless — yes — hem — that might be done too." And he walked off muttering to himself.

I supposed it was the drink.

The next day he was able to cross the Bar, but came back quite early in the afternoon. Instead of going down to his berth to take a snooze, as he generally did, he sat down at his wife's feet, and played with her parrot, which was crawling about the deck, and patted her little feet, and took her hands in his, and began to talk to her about her health. He had the softest, mellowest voice I ever heard, as he sat there looking up into her face with beaming eyes, and the words falling like honey from his mouth. I could understand how it was that he held her in his chains so fast. He said that she was looking very ill, and asked her if he might fetch a doctor for her from the shore, but she refused. Then he tried to persuade her to go home by the mail, which calls at Lagos once a month. She shook her head. He used every argument that he could think of; he implored her to go for her mother's sake, for his sake, if not for her own; but she said that if he fell ill he would want her then, though he might not want her now. With that he pressed her more and more, becoming almost violent, till at last she said, "How long God may spare me, dearest James, I do not know, but be assured that I will never leave you while I live." She passed her arms round his neck, and laid his head upon her

lap. I caught sight of his face just then, and was horrified to see the expression which passed across it. It showed me that his affectionate manner had all been put on, and that he had a reason of his own for wanting her to go.

"Why, James," she said suddenly, what a strange smell there is! Does it come from your hair?" He tried to rise. Her arm tightened round his neck, and her hand passed like lightning through his hair. "Why, you have been powdering it with something! What is this? What is this?"

"It's a country perfume," he said, jumping up, and speaking rather sulkily; "they threw some over my head in the factory for fun."

"Will you let me take it out, James?"

"No," said he, in the same sullen manner, "let it stay," and, going below, he turned in. She sat for a little while with her hands on her knees in a brooding kind of way, and then followed him without saying a word.

About midnight, being on deck, I heard something rattling in the cabin, and peeped down through the skylight. There stood Mrs. Langlands, in her night-dress, with a collection of curiosities, which I had bought ashore and given her, laid out afore her. She turned over article after article, idols and pipes and leather ornaments and skins, till she came to a little paper packet. It was the powdered bark of a tree which I had told her the Lagos women used for their hair. She compared it with something she had in her hand, and then her face turned blue, and her lower jaw dropped, and I got frightened, and turned away. When I looked in again, she was sitting over the table with her face in her hands. Ten minutes afterwards I looked in again. This time the curiosities were all cleared away, and she was gone.

I could not understand it a bit, not then; but afterwards, when I thought on't, it all came out to me as clear as day. After that night there was something changed in Mary. She had used

to read the Bible a good part of the day, and take it forward, too, among the sailors, and lecture 'em out of it with her sweet voice. But she never read it now. She would walk up and down the deck for hours at a time, with long, heavy strides like a man. She'd take up the parrot, and make it say its ugly words, and then break out in a bitter, scornful laugh. When her husband came aboard at dusk, she would go and kiss him as afore, but not in the same way. While he was on board, she never left him: she used to prow round him like a cat, softly on tiptoe, her head crouched between her shoulders, her eyes bent on him, searching him through and through.

One afternoon she was sitting as usual on the deck watching the shore with the big telescope, when a kind of tremble went over her, and she turned to me and said, "He is not in the boat." She got up, and walked backwards and forwards very fast, although the air was so hot and suffocating that I could hardly breathe. When the boat had come alongside, the cockswain came aft, touched his cap, and handed her a letter. She tore it open, read it with a look, and handed it to me. It was—I remember every word of it—as follows:—

"MY DEAR LOVE:—They give the annual dinner at the factory to-day, and I can scarcely absent myself without offending them. It is not a matter of pleasure, but of politeness. Pray, excuse me, then, to-night, and please tell Mr. Andrews to send the long-boat for me to-morrow at daybreak, if the weather holds up, but it is so close that I almost expect a tornado; and believe me

"Your most affectionate

"JAMES."

"Very tender,—is it not?" she said, with a sneer.

Just then I heard one of the sailors in the boat below burst out a-laughing, and I caught the captain's name. She heard it too, for I saw her start; and just as I was going to give orders for the boat to be hoisted up she turned to me and said, "John, run down to James's

berth, and bring me up a little book called "Family Devotions." If it is not on the chest of drawers, it is somewhere inside."

She had not called me John, or asked me to do anything for her, for a long time. I went down quite pleased, and was beginning to ransack at the drawers, when, the boat lying just under the port-hole, I could hear every word that the sailors said. They were saying what it was that really kept the captain ashore. I was taken all aback, and could hardly believe that it was true. I stood there stupid-like a-litening, when all of a sudden I thought of Mary. *Had she heard it?* I ran up on deck just as she sprang into the boat. "Push off, my lads!" she cried, and one of the sailors pushed off from force of habit, without well knowing what he was about. "Give way, there!" she cried. "I must go on shore at once. My husband wants me." And she twisted her pocket-handkerchief round her head.

But the bow-oar, who was an old man, sixty years and gone, stood up in the boat, and took off his cap, and smoothed down his straggly gray hairs. "Ma'am," said he, "look over the land there. Do you see that brown cloud above the trees? That's a tornado coming up, and afore half an hour's out the Bar will be mountains high. I would n't risk my poor useless life to row for shore now, not if I had a thousand dollars down; and I won't help to risk yourn, my sweet lady, which is worth all of ourn put together."

"What he says is right enough, ma'am," said the stroke-oar, likewise taking off his cap. "There's nobody will face Lagos Bar in a tornado."

"But it's not come yet," she shrieked. "Row hard, and you will do it. I will give you ten pounds apiece, twenty pounds apiece, what you like,—go!"

"Your money won't buy from us what you can't," said the bow-oar agen.

"Mr. Andrews," she cried, turning up to me, "make your men go. Order them to go. O John,—John,—I must go on shore! *I know all!*"

Then the rough sailors hung their heads upon their breasts, and did n't dare to look in one another's eyes; and in the midst of that awful silence we heard a song, and a large canoe paddled by Kroomen came round the vessel's stem, and was passing near the boat. Mary saw it, beckoned to it, and showed some money she had with her. The parrot flew down from the yard-arm, and perched upon her shoulder. The canoe whirled round and shot by: a Krooman, bending over, caught her in his gigantic arms, and in a moment she was gone.

"Give way," I cried, — "give way for Heaven's sake, and bring her back!"

The men gave way and bawled after the Kroomen to stop; but one of 'em looked over his shoulder, and pointed with his paddle to the cloud which was fast spreading up'ards in the air.

I thought, at first, that our men gained on 'em; but what could four men do agen twelve? They had to come back, the boat was hoisted up, and the crew clustered on the cross-trees to watch the canoe. The air was deathly still, so that we could hear the song of the Kroomen, and the splash of their paddles, and the shrieking of the parrot, when they were more than half a mile away.

The sky was now quite covered with clouds; the sea looked like steel; the air grew dark. The second mate stood beside me holding the telescope, for I trembled too much to hold it myself. I could see the canoe dashing swiftly along in a little furrow of foam, the paddles flashing in and out of the water like rays of light. I heard a whisper of voices from above me, "*Here it comes!*" and I saw inside the bar a long sheet of white water which was growing larger and plainer every moment. Now it was close to the Bar, and so was the canoe; it was a race between the two for poor Mary's life. The canoe rushed into the white water, and for a moment I lost sight of it. "*She's safe! she's safe!*" I cried. But above my voice there rose a mighty roar. The tornado had caught the breakers, and tossed them to the

clouds. On the top of one great wave I saw the swamped canoe. Black heads appeared, and went under every moment. "*The sharks are at them!*" said the second mate.

For a moment we saw her plainly. She was riding on a wave, supported by her clothes. Suddenly she threw her arms up, — a shark had caught her underneath; and then from the sailors in the shrouds came a wail like that of dying men, and something blazed through my head, and I remembered no more for many a long day.

[The old sailor rose and walked slowly back towards the town, his head bowed upon his breast. He remained silent for some time; then he turned to me and said: —]

When I came to myself, I could tell by the swing of the vessel that we were laded, and out at sea. It was a good hour afore I could find the heart to speak. I felt at first as if I wanted to lie there always, and never speak to nobody no more. But the second mate he came down to me, and looked at me, O so kind! and took my hand in his. Ho, ho, ho! [he wiped his eyes with the sleeve of his coat] ho, ho, ho! it makes me laugh now. "Be this my hand?" said I. (You see, sir, it was all so thin and white it did n't seem to belong to me.) "Be this my hand?" said I. "Why, it's more like a lady's," . . . and then I thought of her hand. . . . "Where's *he*?" I cried, starting up. And, God forgive me! a bad thought passed through me then.

"*No one knows,*" said the second mate. I sank back in the bed, and shut my eyes, and I heard him say how Smith had seen . . . that . . . from his piazza, with the very opera-glass she had held, . . . and after a while he sent one of his clerks who knew where to go to find *him*. But somebody had been afore him, for, as he went down the street, there rushed past him one as wore Langlands's clothes, but his face it was like no mortal man's, . . . and he ran after him, but he could n't overtake him. And then he went to the hut, and at the door sat a girl naked, and smeared

with ashes, singing the song of death. And to all the questions he asked, she only wailed and sang, and nobody ever saw Langlands or heard of him agen.

Mary's poor mother did n't outlive her long,—not long; a matter of six months after I got back. She sent a stone out

to Smith, the agent, to be put up in the Lagos churchyard. "To Mary the loving wife of James Langlands,"—that was all. We thought that she would like them words. A twelvemonth afterwards I went to Lagos just to read 'em once agen. But the heavy rains had washed 'em all away—all away.

THE EUROPEAN HOUSE-SPARROW.

"You call them thieves and pillagers; but know
They are the wingéd wardens of your farms,
Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,
And from your harvests keep a hundred harms;

Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,
And crying havoc on the slug and snail."

LONGFELLOW'S *Birds of Killingworth*.

SOME twelve months since, at a social assembly of literary and scientific gentlemen in Boston, mention was made of the experiment tried in New York of introducing and naturalizing among us the common and familiar house-sparrow of Europe. The experiment, it was stated, had been, so far, signally successful. The birds had thriven, increased in numbers, and were fully accomplishing all that had been anticipated from them, in warring upon the insects so injurious to the foliage of the shade-trees of that city. At the same meeting one of our distinguished *savans* expressed grave apprehensions—founded upon the alleged destructive habits of these birds, especially that of preying upon the ripening grain—lest their general introduction into the United States might be followed by calamitous results. Subsequently, at a meeting of the Boston Society of Natural History, the same gentleman read a communication characterized by his usual research, in which he presented a very dark picture of the moral character of our *protégés*, citing voluminous authorities as to their destructiveness among the grain-fields of Europe.

We are free to confess that his very serious charges against these attrac-

tive little favorites of Young New York filled our minds with uneasiness, and even excited painful apprehensions. Yet we were loath to accept his conclusions as final. At least we would not give up their case as hopeless without looking a little further into it and judging for ourselves. We are therefore happy in being able to say, that, after diligent and careful research, we find the most conclusive evidence that there is a very bright side to the question, tending to reconcile us to whatever there may also be of a darker shading. We find that this very "devil" incarnate, as our scientific friend tells us the sparrow was called by men in olden time, has been painted a good deal blacker than his natural color. Certainly his is not a case of total depravity. The sparrow is not all evil. That he does a great deal of good is now universally admitted. The good already accomplished by the few of his race domiciled among us is indisputable and of the first importance.

Does the mischief the sparrows do exceed the good they may accomplish, or the reverse? Should their importation into this country, and their naturalization among us, be stopped, or should it be encouraged? Must the

streets of our cities be again made disagreeable throughout the earlier summer, the shade-trees swept of their leaves, and the parks and gardens disfigured, through the ravages of countless hosts of measure-worms? Must we give up, too, all hopes of being able to rear among us, in these birds, an effectual check and safeguard against those pests of our orchards, the canker-worm, the caterpillar, and the curculio? These were the questions we asked of ourselves, with inward misgivings, when we heard of our learned friend's bill of indictment against the sparrow. These questions we are now able to answer to our entire satisfaction, after a full examination into all the facts of the case.

We find that if, at certain times, the sparrows do inflict some harm, the good they also do at all times far exceeds their mischief. We find, too, that if, at different periods, various people and countries, in short-sighted anger at the depredations of the sparrow, and unmindful of the benefits it was constantly conferring in its destruction of injurious insects, have waged war upon it, they have bitterly atoned in after years for their fatal mistake in thus exterminating their real friends. Hungary, Baden, Prussia, and different districts of France, have each in their turn learned, by a dear-bought experience, that they could not do without the sparrow.

We find that the English ornithological writers are either silent as to the mischievous character of the sparrow, or, if they refer to it, declare that the benefits it confers more than compensate for the grain it devours. To these writers we shall refer again.

Again we find that the French government have made very thorough and careful investigations into the whole subject of birds useful to agriculture; and the report from their commission is most conclusive, and in favor of our friend the sparrow, who is now protected from molestation in France by stringent laws.

We find, in the next place, that,

in several well-recorded instances, the wholesale destruction of these birds has been immediately followed by calamitous consequences to agriculturists. Noxious insects, the rapid reproduction and increase of which man was totally unable to prevent, and against which he was powerless, but which the sparrow had kept in check, multiplied to a frightful extent, and swept before them the vegetables of the garden, the grass, grain, fruit-trees, and vineyards. Wherever this has happened, men have been at last only too glad to reintroduce the sparrow; content to put up with the liberties he took in their gardens and wheat-fields for the sake of the greater good he alone could do them in the destruction of their insect pests.

In the last place, we find that, brief as has been the experiment of their naturalization in this country, it has yet been long enough to give promise of one important result, which could be obtained, so far as we know, in no other way, namely, the extermination of the measure-worm, which has been so destructive to the foliage of the shade-trees, especially the maple, in our larger cities.

The English ornithologists who are most decisively favorable to the sparrow are Bewick, Mudie, Selby, Yarrell, Thompson, and Macgillivray. They are each and all of the very best authority, careful, well-informed, and thorough masters of the science. We cannot, in the narrow limits of our article, quote from them at any length, and can only here refer, in passing, to other British ornithologists like White of Selbourne, Montagu, and many others whose silence as to any misdeeds of the sparrow is conclusive proof that they either did not admit their existence or did not attach to them any importance. Bewick, than whom no better authority can be cited, informs us that a single pair of sparrows, during the time they were rearing their young, had been known to destroy four thousand caterpillars weekly; not to mention butterflies and other winged insects.

Mudie tells us that sparrows are indefatigable destroyers of the house-flies, and that but for them these insects would, in certain situations, multiply to such an extent as to be intolerable. He further states that, were not sparrows so incessant in the destruction of the cabbage-butterflies, not a cabbage could be reared in all the market-gardens of Great Britain; and he adds that these birds are also eminently useful to the farmer in consuming the seeds of the more troublesome weeds, which but for them would overrun the country beyond the preventive power of human art.

Mr. Selby, one of the most careful and thorough of English naturalists, says, unhesitatingly, that in the vast numbers of larvæ, moths, and butterflies which they destroy, and with which their young are almost exclusively fed, the sparrows make the most ample compensation for the havoc they commit in the ripening fields of corn.

Yarrell, another authority hardly less unquestionable, bears very similar testimony; and Thompson, author of the *Natural History of Ireland*, tells us that he was himself an eyewitness to the truth of one of the many well-attested accounts that have been published of the destruction of crops by insects in consequence of the war made upon sparrows for their supposed pilfering propensities. He was in France in 1841, and was made acquainted with a recent instance of the kind. In the fine rich district of Burgundy, he states, lying to the south of Auxerre, and chiefly covered with vineyards, these birds had been, some time before, killed in great numbers. An extraordinary increase of caterpillars and other insects soon became apparent, and occasioned such immense damage to the crops that a law was passed prohibitory of the future killing of small birds, especially sparrows.

Mr. Macgillivray, who gives a very full and interesting sketch of the character and habits of the sparrows, corroborates all that is said by the above writers, both as to its destruction of

injurious insects and its consumption of the seeds of noxious weeds. He closes his sketch with the following significant sentence: "A village without sparrows has as desolate an aspect as a house without children; but, fortunately for the world, the one is nearly as rare as the other."

In the *Bulletin Mensuel de la Société Protectrice des Animaux* for July, 1861, may be found a copy of the report made in the Senate of the French Empire, on the 27th of June, 1861, by the committee of that body to whose consideration had been referred certain memorials praying for laws to protect birds that destroy injurious insects. After giving a very interesting account of the thorough and satisfactory examinations of the stomachs of different birds, and the demonstration thus obtained of the valuable services rendered to agriculture by a large variety of them, the report goes on to vindicate the house-sparrow in a manner perfectly conclusive. We transcribe in English this portion of the report: "The most ill-famed of this class of doubtful reputation (*granivores*) is, without question, the common sparrow, so often denounced as an impudent thief. Yet, if the facts presented in the documents before us may be trusted, in spite of the unjust prejudices of many, this bird is a far better friend to us than he is generally supposed. In fact, it is there shown, that once, when a price had been set upon its head in Hungary, and, at another time, when the same was done in Baden, this intelligent victim of unjust proscription was completely driven, for a while, from both countries. But soon the inhabitants found, to their cost, that the sparrows alone had been able to wage a successful war against the cockchafer and thousands of others of the winged insects that infest the low lands. The very men who had so inconsiderately offered premiums for their destruction were induced to take the most energetic measures for their restoration to these countries. The double expense to which they were thus subjected was a suit-

able punishment for their hasty measures."

Frederick the Great of Prussia, as is shown in these same documents, also waged war in his day against the sparrow, because he did not respect his favorite fruit, the cherry. The sparrow, of course, yielded to the conqueror of Austria, and disappeared from Prussia. But, at the end of two years, not only were there no cherries in all Prussia, but also hardly any other kind of fruit. The caterpillars destroyed all. And this great king, conqueror in so many battle-fields, was glad to sign an humble treaty of peace, and to surrender up a fair proportion of his cherries to the sparrow, once more restored to the country and to royal favor.

More than this, it is fully shown from the investigations of M. Florent-Prevost, that, according to circumstances, insects form from at the least one half to by far the largest proportion of the daily food of the sparrow. It is exclusively with insects that it nourishes its greedy brood, and this witness cites one very remarkable proof of the fact. In Paris, where the abundance of the waste food of man is so great that the sparrows need hardly seek any other food, a pair of these birds having built their nest on a terrace in the Rue Vivienne, the wing-coverts of May-beetles which had been rejected from the nest were collected, and found to number fourteen hundred, showing that at least seven hundred of these destructive insects had been consumed by one family in raising a single brood.

Thus it appears that the concurrent testimony of English naturalists, as well as of French *savans* who have carefully examined the subject, is conclusive in favor of the sparrows, demonstrating by indisputable evidence that the benefits they confer far more than compensate for the harm they may do.

That the sparrow is very fond of the ripening grain, and that, in the vicinity of large towns, it is occasionally destructive of that, as well as of seeds and small fruit, cannot be denied. But its depredations are limited both as to

time and place, and are neither so extensive nor so wide-spread as many suppose. Sparrows chiefly frequent cities and large towns, and are comparatively rare in rural districts where grain is principally raised, and where the mischief they may do can bear no proportion to that which they prevent. Of this the best evidence we could seek is found in the simple fact already cited, that in France, as well as in other countries, after full investigations into its merits and its alleged demerits, the sparrow is no longer persecuted and sought out for destruction as a worthless marauder, but is protected by stringent laws as a public benefactor.

In this country the sparrow has been so recently introduced that it may seem premature to speak with positive certainty as to what its future here may develop of good or ill. But any one who knows the condition to which the trees in the public squares and parks of New York and more southern cities were reduced each successive summer by the measure-worms, must admit that the sparrows brought into our commercial emporium by a few public-spirited gentlemen have already done wonders. Only a few years since, all the trees in these parks, except the *ailantus*, became early in summer an unsightly collection of desolated branches, made yet more disgusting by the repulsive-looking worms that dangled from them, and caught upon the clothes of the incautious. Children could not sport with comfort under the trees, and the passer-by avoided them. Many cut down the shade-trees near their dwellings as the only means of escaping from these pests. The evil seemed not only incurable, but to be on the increase in all our maritime cities, from Boston to Washington. The introduction of the house-sparrow has already completely arrested this plague in New York and the neighboring cities of Brooklyn, Jersey City, Elizabeth, and Newark. Never was any mission more promptly or more thoroughly fulfilled. The sparrows at once encountered the enemy, and in two

seasons they have completely exterminated them. In the summer of 1866 the more central parks of New York were swept completely clean of these worms. The last season witnessed their entire disappearance from that place, as well as from the surrounding cities. An accomplished ornithologist, and an enthusiastic friend of the sparrow, George N. Lawrence, Esq., informs us that, so far as he could ascertain, not a single tree in all New York lost its foliage, during the last season, through the measure-worms. The sparrows were promptly on hand everywhere, the worms were eaten, and the trees saved from pillage.

That the sparrow will, in like manner, attack and destroy the common canker-worm and the caterpillars of our gardens, when it comes in contact with them, there can be no reasonable doubt. If it will also war upon the curculio, which makes the raising of plums so nearly impossible, the measure of its usefulness will indeed be full.

What harm sparrows may do to our wheat-fields, should they become abundant, can now only be conjectured. That they will ever be seriously injurious, or an unmixed evil, we do not apprehend. One thing is at least certain, that, should the painful necessity ever arise, their numbers may at any time be lessened, both with ease and certainty, by the use of strychnine.

To our winter scenery the sparrows add not a little interest. They are lively and entertaining birds. Without having any very positive song, their notes are pleasant and cheerful. They are very hardy, and do not appear in the least to heed our severest weather. In the last December, on a cold and bitter day, following a severe snow-storm, while the snow was still blowing in blinding showers, and the thermometer hardly ranged above zero, — when no one could keep abroad without great personal discomfort, — the writer found, in the church-green on the corner of Fourteenth Street, New York, a merry flock of these birds. They had collected together

under a snow-covered Norway spruce, and seemed to be having the jolliest time possible, utterly unmindful of the biting wind that was howling around them. Half frozen himself, their admirer could not resist the temptation to stop a few moments and enjoy the scene; and as he at last turned away he thought within himself, that, even if the worst anticipations of his scientific friend should be realized in regard to the destructiveness of the sparrows, yet, for the sake of their bright and cheerful companionship in the dreary desolation of our winter, he would still most cheerfully pay his proportion of loss in an extra price for his flour, if need be.

In New York the sparrows have enthusiastic and ardent friends, who have provided them with commodious and attractive winter dwellings, with bright thatched roofs and projecting eaves. In some of the parks they are regularly fed. Although very tame, they are wary in regard to any real danger, and are on their guard against cats. Before their present homes were prepared for them, they roosted in the ivy, and built spherical nests among the leaves. Now they build open nests in their new homes, which they occupy throughout the year. They are very frolicsome and entertaining, especially after having been fed, and are a great source of amusement to the children, a favorite sport with whom is to throw up a feather in the air, in order to see the sparrows pursue it, and strive together which shall catch it and carry it off to his nest.

In a word, the more we have studied the history and the evidences, touching the European sparrow, the better satisfied have we been that a wise and beneficial movement has been made in their introduction into the country; and we sincerely hope in time to find them completely naturalized and contentedly domiciled among us.

We believe the first place to make the experiment of introducing the sparrow was Portland; where three pairs were set at liberty, in the summer of 1852, in a garden in the heart of the city. That they have increased

and multiplied to a very considerable extent is satisfactory evidence that they are capable of enduring our rigorous climate. The committee on public squares of the city government of Boston have just made arrangements to

introduce them into the Public Garden and the Common. Other cities have joined in the same movement, and we cannot doubt that the house-sparrow will ere long become one of our most common and familiar favorites.

A MODERN LETTRE DE CACHET.

ONE of our earliest recollections connected with the City of Brotherly Love is that of a visit made in school-days to Penn's famous Treaty Elm, in the old ship-building district of Shakamaxon. History had excited our youthful enthusiasm and curiosity sufficiently to induce us to walk from one end of the city to the other to view with our mortal eyes the ground whereon the old English Quaker had consummated that rather sharp financial operation with the Indians, by virtue of which there was ceded to him the territory now known as Pennsylvania and Delaware, in return for glass beads of many colors, cloths of dazzling dyes, hatchets, rings, and blankets. Arriving at the spot, we found the elm gone; and in its place stood a four-sided, tapering shaft of stone, duly recording, in not choice orthography, the legend of the Treaty; but as it looked much like many another stone that we had seen in churchyard rambles, our curiosity sought other objects for its gratification, and the first that presented itself was something directly opposite to the site of the old tree, and quite within its shadow, if that terrible 3d of March wind, Anno Domini, 1810, had not blown it down, so that the friendly shadow had ceased to fall for many a year. There, in the fierce glare and heat of the noonday sun, we saw the figure of a young man chained to a stake, in the yard of a not altogether unpretentious mansion. A picket fence, three or four feet high, enclosed the grounds in which this strangely clad and moaning

figure walked to and fro to the extent that his chain would permit.

We were then scarcely higher than the fence, and, going close up to it, we looked through the palings at the uneasy figure of the prisoner. Seeing his face plainly, we knew, young as we were, that the object of our curiosity was an imbecile. Inquiry elicited that he was not violent or vicious, but simply insane. Further inquiry assured us that it was not considered a cruel thing to chain the lunatic to a post, to expose him to the jeers and jibes and curious stare of the thousands who daily thronged that particular street, to expose him to the burning rays of the sun, to compel him to bear the burden of a stake and chain,—not cruel or inhuman, although his family were, if not wealthy, citizens of good estate.

What intelligent progress has been made in the treatment of the insane since that day, when such an exhibition of shameless wrong was not only tolerated, but uncensored, in the great city of Penn! Humanity and a nobler civilization have erected many and generously appointed asylums for them, wherein, if they cannot be restored to reason, these poor unfortunates can find a shelter from the noonday sun and the un pitying stare of the multitude.

Science and humanity have gone hand in hand, taking gigantic strides in this direction; but while they have advanced upon their certain way to the rescue of those who have "first died atop," rearing homes, asylums, and hospitals for their use in every State and

in almost every county of the Union, which have been endowed by commonwealths, communities, and individuals, our statutory laws regulating these institutions, and the forms of consignment to them, have remained precisely as they were fifty years ago.

It is the pride, the loud and often-repeated boast, of our people, that the vilest vagabond who walks our streets, that the shameless woman whose trade poisons the city's life, that the thief who courts the darkness and shuns the public way, — that the foulest wretch of them all, upon whose soul rests the guilt of murder done, cannot be committed to prison without a sufficient warrant, issued in due form of law by a properly authorized magistrate, — without a subsequent hearing, whereat he may publicly maintain his own defence, and where his innocence is presupposed, and his guilt must be fully established in the opinion of the magistrate. Yet there is not a man among us, however pure, wise, or influential, who may not be, upon the certificate of a single physician, committed to the cell of a lunatic asylum, the walls of which are as high and strong, the keepers as vigilant and morose, the code of laws as absolute, the windows and doors as difficult to escape from, as those of any prison in the land.

Of all our sacred rights and privileges, that of personal liberty is the dearest, the most sacred. But the liberty of any man in the Commonwealth is at the mercy of an enemy, the cupidity of relatives, the treachery or ignorance of a physician. No matter how unknown, how criminal, how ignorant or besotted, how old or how young, the physician may be, if he is armed with that mighty weapon, the diploma of a medical school, he holds us at his mercy. Conspirators against our estate or our happiness need only by specious lies, perverted facts, or bribes induce him to sign the fatal certificate, and an instrument potential as a *Lettre de Cachet* removes us from the wholesome air of the outer world, from the refined intercourse of society, from our

dreams of art, from our scheme of benevolence, or from our professional pursuits, to the lonely cell, or the ward of an asylum densely peopled with the insane.

The strongest jail doors are not sufficiently strong to hold a prisoner against the assaults of that sturdy giant, the writ of *habeas corpus*, for they cannot shut him in silently, by stealth, or by night. They must close upon him in the broad light of day, with such clamor and *éclat* as a public hearing gives; and, as they are swung to upon their victim, the fact is caught up and echoed from every daily journal, and long before it has reached so far it has been thundered into the ear of the prisoner's counsel, who, actuated by love of justice or by love of fee, as you may please to think, summons to his aid the mighty writ, to set his client free. But let your enemies, or your heirs, and their physician go quietly about their work; let them arrest you in the night, carry you to the asylum, and suggest to the governor of the institution that only they are to communicate with you in person or by letter, and no writ of *habeas corpus* can draw you from your living grave into the freedom of a citizen, for none knows where they have hidden you. Thenceforth you are dead to the world until your estate is put beyond your control or divided, or an accident discovers your retreat, or an earthquake topples down your prison walls, — dead, astute law-makers; dead, honorable judges of the Common Pleas; dead, vain boasters of a freedom which is a lie while the liberty of our best and wisest citizen depends upon a thing like this! Read it, — and how many will read it for the first time! — and learn by how slight a tenure you hold your boasted freedom: —

"CERTIFICATE.

"HAVING on the	day of
, 18—, examined	of
aged	years, I
hereby certify, from my own knowledge,	
that	is in a state of insanity,

and proper to be received into a house provided for the relief of persons of that description. I further certify, that the answers annexed to the following questions are correct, as far as I can judge.*

"———, Physician."

There it stands in all its monstrous proportions, the foulest blot upon a nation's statute-books. Add to it a physician's signature, and the thing springs into vitality with all the strength of that old *lettre* of France which, with like silence and secrecy, consigned its victim to the Bastille. This is all that is necessary to insure your incarceration in almost any public or private mad-house in the States. No, we mistake. Sometimes more is required of your enemies, your heirs; they must execute a bond binding themselves to pay to the asylum, in consideration of your restraint, "from nine to thirty dollars per week, for not less than thirteen weeks." The bond is a short one; read it, and learn that even these charitable asylums may have an interest in your living death.

"BOND.

"APPLICATION is hereby made for the admission of _____ as a patient into the asylum for the relief of persons deprived of the use of their reason; upon whose admission, we jointly and severally engage to provide a sufficiency of suitable clothing for _____ use whilst there; to pay quarterly in advance to _____, superintendent of said institution, or to his assign or successor in office, _____ dollars per week

* The questions indicated merely refer to the patient's age, health, and probable cause of his derangement of mind, "*which*," said the late superintendent of the asylum from which this certificate was obtained, in the case of Hinchman v. Richie, "*need not be answered*." The simplicity of the following certificate, clipped from Dr. Kirkbride's Report, must at once strike the reader, who will see that it is not hampered by any impertinent inquiries:—

"CERTIFICATE.

"I HAVE seen and examined John Doe, of California, and believe him to be insane.

"———, M. D."

for board; not less than four weeks' board to be paid under any circumstances; the said charge for board to be continued until _____ shall be regularly discharged; (and to make compensation for all damages done by _____ to the glass, bedding, or furniture;) but if taken away *uncured*, against the advice and consent of the superintendent before the expiration of three calendar months, to pay board for thirteen weeks.

"Witness our hands and seals this day of _____ A. D. 186 _____

"[L. S.]
[L. S.]"

Thus is written the law upon this matter, borrowed scores and scores of years ago from England, but written there to-day in a more enlightened spirit, altered to suit the world's advance, and containing fuller assurances for the freedom of her Majesty's subjects. Yet here upon our statute-books it stands as it was recorded on the day of its adoption, yielding in its monstrous wrong not a jot to the nobler, wiser civilization of this better time, in which the advancing nation, through its Congress, solemnly declares that there shall be no more involuntary servitude within its limits, except upon a due conviction of crime. Writing as we do in Pennsylvania, we do not write for this old Commonwealth alone; for that which prevails as good law here in this respect is equally good law in nearly every State of the Union.

While it must be admitted that physicians are clothed with these extraordinary privileges affecting our personal liberty, it may be questioned if they would ever use them improperly. It is asked, Is there any danger that a perfectly sane man may be consigned to a mad-house? Why, the natural consequences of granting physicians such immense powers are flung into the faces of our legislators, judges, and jurors with "damnable iteration"; the law-books are full of such cases, and so well known have they become, that writers of fiction have found in them

material for their work, such as their wildest imaginations would fail to suggest. So notorious were abuses in England, where the certificate must be signed by two physicians, and sworn to before a magistrate, that it was recently found necessary to direct, under the authority of Parliament, an investigation into the character and treatment of the patients confined in the mad-houses of the United Kingdom. The official reports of these investigations are tales of wrong, cruelty, and oppression, at which the heart sickens; in some instances showing mothers and fathers incarcerating their children to be rid of their care, showing sons incarcerating their fathers that their estates might come down to them unimpaird. Who would care to face the horrors that such an inquisition, if ordered here, would produce? Sometimes an accident drags individual cases into public view, exciting a three-days' wonder and criticism; but legislators, judges, and jurors listen serenely to the recital of such wrongs committed upon isolated individuals, — wrongs which, if perpetrated by one nation upon the humblest citizen of another, would be, if not fully and promptly redressed, found ample provocation for a war; — or, if a case more flagrant in its hardship than another cause them for a moment to wince at the existence of a law which permits such oppression, they do no more than regret, with becoming judicial mildness, that it is not expunged from our statute-books, and go comfortably home to dine, not disturbed by the thought that an enemy or their heir lieth in wait for them, armed with a physician's certificate. Yet so it may be, for no man among us all can say when it will not be his turn.

It is not our intention to undervalue the usefulness of the many admirably conducted public institutions for the treatment of the insane which are so numerous in the country, which are doing noble service in the cause of humanity, and many of which, we know, were conceived in, and are

governed by, the sincerest and most elevated spirit of charity and good-will to men; still less do we propose to impugn the characters of their benevolent founders, or the skilful physicians who control them, though we cannot doubt that it is the well-founded conviction of every intelligent inquirer into the subject, that those directing this matter have made the idea of an insane asylum too much that of a prison, not only as to outward appearances, but in much of its internal management. And when Dr. Kirkbride says, in writing of the government of "The Pennsylvania Hospital for the Insane," the oldest, if not the ablest and most useful of its class, that to him alone "is confided the general superintendence of the establishment, — the sole direction of the medical, moral, and dietetic treatment of the patients, and the selection of all persons employed in their care," — we cannot fail to see the capacity for evil with which he is clothed, since every officer of the institution, from the physician to the scullery-maid, depends upon his favor to maintain position under him. While objections such as these will properly lie against even so well conducted an asylum as Dr. Kirkbride's, how much more strongly will they bear against those private mad-houses whose name is legion, and whose doors are forever closed against the general public? In proposing to place a patient under the charge of the asylum at Frankford, we suggested that it would not be agreeable to have the patient seen by visitors to the institution; whereon the manager assured us that, "if it was the desire of his friends, and they were willing to pay for a private room, *he need never be seen by any one but the physician and his private attendant.*" This estimable gentleman did not mean that the institution would hide the patient from anything more than the stares of the curious or impertinent. He only meant that the institution would protect him that far. But his answer showed how easily malice or greed could bury a man in that asylum until accident or death

came to his rescue. The rules of all these institutions, whether public or private, are mostly excellent in their design and in theory; but if they should depend for their execution upon either a wicked, weak, or indolent superintendent, they would, instead of being a safeguard, become a pregnant means of wrong, for their existence only being known, would simply serve to allay suspicion of mismanagement and cruelty, and give more certain opportunity to oppression and evil practices. Rules, however well considered, cannot execute themselves. There must be excellence as much in execution as in conception.

When there is a clearly defined case of insanity, when demoniacal fury has secured its victim, then the insane asylum becomes a "strong refuge," where, removed from the exciting causes of mental malady, and watched over with eminent skill and thoughtful care, such as long experience teaches is wise and good, the mind may be gradually brought into its normal condition, and the patient restored to life and friends. But while these institutions are asylums, in the highest sense, for the truly insane, they become torture-houses, breeders of insanity, for those who may, by cruel chance, be brought improperly under their peculiar influences.

A distinguished member of the Philadelphia bar lately referred to six cases in which he had been engaged during the last year, where there had been imprisonment for alleged insanity, and release effected only after long confinement and tedious efforts; and if we could but examine the dockets of every practising lawyer in the United States, we should find multitudes of entries telling the same story.

A few years ago the community of Philadelphia were excited to an unwonted degree by the case of Morgan Hinchman, a member of the Society of Friends. It is a case that has become famous in the annals of the jurisprudence of Pennsylvania. Mr. Hinchman was a young farmer, living in one of the eastern counties of the State;

he had some years before married a lady whose fortune of ten or twelve thousand dollars, about equal to his own, he caused to be settled upon herself; the deed of settlement, however, contained a power of revocation. Subsequently, on finding what he conceived to be an opportunity for a judicious use of his wife's estate, he obtained from her an annulment of the settlement by which she transferred her property, consisting principally of State stocks, to her husband. Shortly after this assignment had taken place, and when its existence had become known to some relatives, an estrangement arising out of it grew up between him and his wife, instigated, it was alleged, by her family. While on his way to the city of Philadelphia to attend to some business he was, at the instance of his connections, forcibly arrested, thrust into a close carriage and taken to the Frankford Lunatic Asylum, to one of the managers of which institution we desire to express our indebtedness for the certificate heretofore given, as well as for some valuable information contained in this paper.

For six long and dreadful months was this gentleman kept a close prisoner, denied the usual privileges of the establishment, encompassed by gibbering idiots and raving maniacs, surrounded by the wrecks of immortal minds, deprived of all intercourse with the outer world save those of his enemies who had placed him there. He was denied the privilege of seeing even an old servant, who, being a necessary instrument to his enemies, and under a pledge of secrecy was made acquainted with his master's prison, went thither and begged to see him. But let us hear this honest old fellow tell his own story as he once told it under his solemn affirmation. "I asked one of the keepers to get in. He said I could not get in. I said I would like to see Morgan. He said I could not, because he would have his head shaved. I was looking at the house, and I saw Morgan at an upper window. There were iron sashes at the windows. The tears

came to my eyes. I said I would give ten dollars, poor as I am, to see Morgan for one instant." The keeper was faithful, and the old servant's bribe did not affect him; he was not permitted "to see Morgan for one instant." The prisoner was not allowed to write a letter to his friends, — no, we are wrong, he did write to them, and his letter was put into his keeper's pocket, or the fire. But to one of those who had been active in his incarceration he wrote, and his letter was sent. It was in these words the young Quaker wrote to his *brother* of the Meeting: —

"BROTHER EDWARD RICHIE: — I am very desirous of having an interview with thee; and think (after what has occurred), if thou wouldst but endeavor to put thy soul in my soul's place, thou wouldst not refuse this request; whatsoever views may be taken of the past, or whatsoever the future may bring forth, which no human being can foresee, I think, upon dispassionate reflection, thou canst hardly deny me this; but thy granting the interview may hereafter be a satisfaction to thee, as it is the very earnest request of

"MORGAN HINCHMAN.

"Recollect, I am a close prisoner, and cannot come to thee, and that time to us all is uncertain."

Put your soul into the place of this man's soul, could you have written such a letter? Why, its very tenderness of fear lest his enemy may not do some little act of reparation before it is too late, lest one or the other may die before the wrong is repented of, has for us an awful pathos, — a sublimer charity than the world has often seen.

But that letter was written in vain; and there, within the strong walls of a mad-house, forbidden to communicate with those who would have rescued him, was kept Morgan Hinchman, "because," testified the superintendent, — "because *such were the or-*

ders of his friends." Kept there a close prisoner, though in his far-away home, and unknown to him, his eldest child lay dying, — a day later lay dead!

"I remember when he went away," gravely affirmed the old servant. "I was the last man he talked to there. He said, 'Take care of the *creatures*, and I will be back as soon as I can. Farewell.' He left his wife and children there."

He was kept a close prisoner while the spring grasses grew rank above the grave of his dead child, kept prisoner while his property was sold away from him under the auctioneer's hammer, his books, his furniture, his very garments, divided among "*his friends*," who had given the orders by which he was buried alive!

All this upon a physician's certificate? Yes, we know how like a romance it all reads, but we are telling you the history of a living man, taken from the records of the trial.

When the chief of the conspirators was asked by the old servant, "Where is Morgan?" he received for answer, "Down below." If he meant by that to express, in hell, he was not far wrong; but he added, "that he was to be considered as though his horses had run away with him and killed him."

They had consigned him to a living death; nobody came to his rescue, nobody knew of the place of his incarceration, — nobody, relative or true friend, alien or neighbor. No human being was called, or allowed to interpose for his liberation. So he remained there, and after this manner the conspirators spoke together concerning him. One asked, "Suppose he gets out and sues us?" And the answer was, "When the poor wretch comes out of the asylum, he will not find anything in his pockets by which he will be able to sue."

And when, after lingering months had passed, and he was still a prisoner, his uncle learned of Morgan's incarceration, and went in his wrath to those who had placed him there, who had sold his property and divided his rai-

ment among them, he was told "that he had better not attempt reclaiming his nephew's property, but leave it with them, because they would either prove him insane or so blacken his character that he could not walk the streets." Or again, said the chief conspirator to his victim, "Make a deed of trust. If you do that, you may come out a sane man." Another witness testified that the superintendent of the asylum said: "It is a mere family quarrel; if he would arrange his property, there would be an end of it."

At the expiration of that half-year of association with the wrecks of mind that surrounded him he escaped from the asylum through his uncle's aid, and then began on his part a suit for damages against his enemies; but even then they held on to their plunder, taking his money to pay counsel fees to keep him out of his property. The conspirators had paid all their victim's expenses in the asylum out of the same fund, and from the same free source flowed the generous fees of lawyers retained to keep him there.

One of the curious features of this case, when it came to trial, was the evasive character of the whole defence, and in this wrong some of the officers and managers of the asylum shared; "signatures were denied, orders repudiated, minutes kept back, records vitiated and altered," letters were burned which would have proved the plaintiff's sanity and the entire scheme of the conspiracy, — burned during the very progress of the trial, by the conspirators, lest they should be brought up in evidence against them.

A manager of the asylum testified "that the superintendent could not look beyond the papers of admission supplied by the patient's friends; that the superintendent had no power to discharge an inmate, no matter how long his cure had been established, without the consent of the friends who had placed him there."

Another manager said, on his affirmation, in answer to a direct question from Mr. Justice Burnside, "that on

the mere certificate of any doctor whatever, no matter how obtained, he would consign any one of the hundreds then in that court-room to incarceration in the Frankford Asylum." When we recollect that there were then present at least one judge of the Supreme Court and many of the most distinguished lawyers and citizens of Philadelphia, it must be acknowledged that the witness flung fairly into their faces the operations of a law which their acquiescence had helped to maintain and make absolute.

The physician who signed the certificate, and who was made a defendant in the above suit, had never been Morgan Hinchman's physician, had not seen him for a single moment for four months previous to issuing it. But he was held to be outside of the reach of the law, and acquitted. Judge Burnside, in his wise and temperate charge to the jury, said: "When a physician gives a certificate honestly, he ought not to be subject to damages."

In conclusion, the learned judge said: "If the man was a sane man, and you so find, and they knew he was sane, and concocted this scheme for the purpose of obtaining his property, it is an aggravating case."

The jury so found, as to certain of the defendants, and assessed the damages against them at ten thousand dollars.

The victim of this oppression, by which he suffered in body, reputation, and estate, has, since the time of that trial, been actively engaged in business in Philadelphia as a conveyancer, — a profession requiring not only sound, unclouded intellect, but especial talents of a high order. In and out of his vocation, he is justly esteemed as well for his culture and refined intelligence as his moral worth.

Another case which occurred but a few months ago before the Court of Common Pleas for the city and county of Philadelphia will also serve to illustrate the fruitful wrongs of the present practice of imprisonment on the mere certificate of a physician. A gentleman of

advanced age, whose gray hairs alone should have saved him from the indignities to which he was subject, on leaving his home one evening was seized in the street by an officer of the police, taken forcibly to the Spring Garden Station-House, and thrust into a cell such as is daily and nightly occupied by the lowest class of criminals. There, with the drunken vagabonds, thieves, and prostitutes gathered in by the police during the night, he was kept until morning, then placed in a closed carriage, and driven rapidly to the outskirts of the city. In reply to his repeated inquiries as to his destination, and wherefore he had been arrested, the only information he could obtain was that he was going before a magistrate to answer to a criminal charge. The carriage was driven into handsome grounds, surrounded by high granite walls, not to be scaled or assailed, and stopped before a frowning stone edifice, having cast-iron sashes to its windows, and "ornamental cast-iron screens" on the outside of them. The officer and his prisoner entered "The Pennsylvania Hospital for the Insane." The old man was a bachelor; his relatives had placed him there,—or rather *their*, not his, physician had supplied them with the fatal certificate which transformed this wealthy and respectable citizen into a something which, if not upon a level with the commonest felon, was yet regarded by the law, and treated by its duly empowered officer in precisely the same manner as any criminal coming under its notice would have been. It only required that certificate to reduce an honest gentleman to a level with night-prowling thieves and vagrants.

His relatives had placed him in the asylum, they afterwards testified, because he was dissipating his fortune, spending it for furniture, books, and pictures, filling his house with them. They were uneducated, simple people, who had grown rich in trade, not suddenly, but slowly, laboriously; yet their wealth suggested to none of them but this victim of their oppression any

more gracious or bountiful life than they had known in their earlier days of abject poverty of body and mind; and that one of their own dull, lethargic German blood could spend his money in pictures and the like could only be explained on the ground of insanity, and only prevented by the aid of the physician's certificate.

A lady visiting the institution, and, having a casual acquaintance with him, saw him there, and was requested to send a lawyer to his aid. She did so, and the legality of his imprisonment was tested by a writ of *habeas corpus*. In this case the gentleman who issued the certificate swore positively to his belief in the prisoner's insanity, although he had not seen him for seven weeks before he signed the certificate, and then had only seen him on the street. One of the physicians of the hospital — not Dr. Kirkbride — also swore that he believed the prisoner to be insane, yet every fact upon which these witnesses based their opinions was entirely consistent with the theory of sanity. It is worth while to consider the hospital physician's reasons for declaring his prisoner of unsound mind. "From the moment he was brought there," testified this gentleman, "his conduct betokened insanity. He was violent to the officers, talked loudly, and protested wildly against being deprived of his liberty, at first; then he became moody and silent, watched the door, or went off by himself to distant parts of the building. And (which was to me conclusive evidence of his aberration of mind) he did not sleep, and paced his room at night."

A learned judge gravely sat and listened to this evidence, and indeed looked as if he drank in wisdom from it,—learning, as it were, how next to know a madman when he met one.

Consider this evidence, you who are to-day enjoying the freedom of your sanity,—consider it well, and then pause before you order home new furniture, or an Arctic dream of Church's, or a painted poem by Hamilton, or fill your library shelves with old and rare

editions; for you know not what to-morrow may bring forth: your heir may fancy that you are squandering your fair estate, that he sees in your extravagance the wreck and crash of that Pleasure House which he was rearing in Xanadu, and that his soul will never take its ease there if your waste is longer permitted. Should to-morrow find you an inmate of a mad-house, and you vainly beat against the iron bars of your cage, that will be seized upon as evidence of your insanity, though the instincts of freedom which animate the bird and man are identical. If, finding escape cut off, you abandon the company of your morose keepers and retire to a corner, out of hearing of the giggle of the idiot or the howls of the maniac, to brood over your wrongs, that is another proof against you. Be loud of voice or silent, laugh or weep, it is the same, — all insanity. Nay, more; if, in the night, thoughts of your old free life come back to plague you out of sleep, or the demoniac wailings reach you from the cells below, rousing you from your slumbers, and you rise and pace uneasily your barred room, that is certain indication of insanity, — madmen are often sleepless. If you upbraid your sullen keepers with your detention, it is said you talk wildly about your liberty; or if you watch the door to find at last a face you know, — the face of some one who will carry tidings to your counsel, — that is sworn against you as another evidence of your insanity.

Such was the proof relied upon by the prisoner's relatives to prevent his release. On the other hand, a dozen of this man's friends and neighbors, all of whom were unprejudiced witnesses, and many of whom had known him for many years, meeting him constantly on business, on the street, in their houses, testified that they had never entertained the slightest suspicion against his absolute soundness of mind. For his continued incarceration there was not a single unprejudiced witness, not one who was not liable to

be a defendant in an action for damages, not one who had not an especial interest in his prolonged imprisonment; and yet, curious as it may seem, monstrous as it appeared to us in its wrong, — showing how much imprisonment for ever so short a time in an insane asylum taints a man's life, rendering him an object of fear and suspicion, — revealing, too, the immense influence wielded by the Pennsylvania Hospital in Philadelphia, which, lifting up its heavy granite front to intimidate legislator, judge, and citizen alike, sternly questions if anything so solid, so eminently respectable as it is, can be suspected of wrong, ignorance, or lack of care, — yes, monstrous as it seemed, the learned judge remanded the prisoner to the custody of his keeper for two weeks, to enable his relatives to take out an Inquisition of Lunacy against him. But they, knowing they had no case from the beginning, did not further attempt to make one; and at the expiration of the two weeks he was again brought before the court, and discharged.

During his incarceration his relatives had sold his property at auction, and deposited the proceeds of the sale in bank, credited to their own personal accounts.

And now comes the remarkable feature of this case. A few weeks later this same gentleman was chosen and acted as a juror in that very court; and, as the learned judge did not object to having him act in that capacity, we are bound to believe that during the several weeks he served as a juror he performed his responsible duties to the entire satisfaction of the presiding justice, although he had furnished his Honor with no additional proofs of his sanity than were already in the possession of the court when he was remanded to the custody of the keepers of a mad-house. In that very court in which he had stood up awhile before, a suppliant for his liberty, and fighting against great odds to secure his release from his jailers, he was commanded by the law to become its executive, and to decide upon cases involving some of the most

important questions of life, and, among them, that of alleged insanity!

And still another instance, occurring within the last few months, and showing the fatal facility with which the liberty of an individual may be signed away by a mere stroke of the pen, attracted the attention of the same tribunal. An affectionate husband, holding an enviable position in the social and mercantile world, resorted to the all-powerful certificate of a physician to dispose of a wife for whose company he no longer had any desire. It was not that he loved his neighbor's wife better than his own, but because he did not love his own at all; a divorce would be difficult, if not impossible, to obtain without some tangible reason, — and that he had not, — and would involve a public trial and an uncoveted notoriety. Incarceration in a mad-house for a certain period would give him grounds for a libel of divorce, if it must come to that to get rid of her, and in the mean time it was so easy a matter, involving no public criticism or scandal. So a physician's certificate was obtained, and *presto!* from her own luxurious home to an insane asylum was the affair of an hour. There she might have remained still, if the superintendent, Dr. Kirkbride, a gentleman noble and good as he is wise, had not become especially interested in her. He watched her assiduously, examined into the facts of her case, taking a great deal of trouble in the matter, satisfied himself of her sanity, brought the attention of the court to the subject, and procured her discharge.

We have not cited these cases at such length because they are rare ones, but because, more than any others, each in itself especially discloses the peculiar operation of the present law, which makes the occurrence of such wrongs possible and frequent. We have used them, too, because they emanated from two of the most respectable and most admirably governed asylums in the country, whose administration is as perfect, apparently, as human wisdom could make it.

But against our argument it will be urged that legal redress is always at hand; that in the just mind of the law there is no wrong without its remedy; that Justice is vigilant, her doors are always open to those who seek her protection. This is only partially true, and the difficulties of obtaining a release from medical custody are very great. Justice has her courts, and no longer, as in the days of the good Haroun Alraschid, goes she out into the highways and by-ways seeking her votaries, listening to their complaints; if they need her aid, they must seek her where she has builded her a temple, and even there they may find her eyes too closely veiled to note their wrongs. Prisoners in these palace-like Bastilles are not permitted to send a written line without their walls until it has had the supervision of the superintendent, and not then if those who placed them there object to their communicating with the outer world. By the same orders they may be entirely excluded from the too curious eyes of visitors.

David Paul Brown, one of the ablest and most distinguished of American lawyers, relates that he was waited upon by a gentleman recently released from an insane asylum, who requested that suit might be brought against his relatives for false imprisonment. Mr. Brown declined to commence proceedings, giving, as a reason for doing so, a certain letter which the gentleman had written to him during his incarceration in the asylum. Said Mr. Brown, "No sane man would have written such a letter." "True," replied the would-be client; "but do you not know, that, if I had written you a sane letter, it could not have passed the walls?" He who had spent months there knew of the tender mercies of the institution, and of its stricter than prison rules, better than the wise lawyer.

But admitting that at last the writ of *habeas corpus* finds the alleged lunatic and brings him before the court, unless his friends are powerful and zealous he can have but little chance of release. Upon a hearing on a *habeas corpus*

everything is against him. Even the law recognizes this; for whilst in general the presumption is in favor of sanity, if a person has ever been in confinement on a charge of lunacy the burden of proof of soundness of mind rests upon the prisoner, the fact of his incarceration in an asylum being regarded as almost *prima facie* against him. He comes into court feverish and excited. His wrongs, his sufferings, his associations in the asylum, have wrought their worst upon him. Many of those upon whom he relies to testify in his behalf have failed to appear; for his star is in the descendent, and the taint of the prison is on him. On the other side are arrayed the counsel whom his persecutors and the institution have been able to fee. There, too, is the great weight of the institution itself, with its Board of Directors composed of influential citizens, eager to resent any imputation upon its character that would indirectly affect their own; and there, too, is its medical staff of eminent men, already biased against any one who has come under their care through the certificate of a professional brother; they are there not only to maintain the dignity of the profession to its remotest collateral representative, they are there to protect it from reproach, whether aimed against its honesty or its wisdom; there is the crowd of spectators, who glare at the prisoner as if he were a wild beast; there is his keeper, ever by his side, to remind him of his ignominious captivity; and there is the judge, whose face betokens no interest in him, but is lighted up with cordial recognition of each of the eminent medical jailers as they enter. They have sworn away so many men's liberties — properly often enough, and honestly, as they believed, always — before his Honor, that they and the court are quite old friends. The prisoner sees this, and, feeling the immense pressure thus brought to bear against him, he knows that he is facing a forlorn hope; and if, with such odds bearing down upon him, he can undergo an examination with perfect calmness; if, forgetting his cruel

wrongs, he rises superior to the depressing influences which have surrounded him by day in the vagaries of confirmed madmen, and their howls by night; if he can so put the past away from him, with all its attendant horrors, if he can steady his brain and nerve to the perfect equilibrium of sanity,—he may have some chance, yet even then it is a desperate one.

These difficulties, which are formidable in the case of a man under such constraint, become almost insurmountable when a woman is brought into court to confront them. Imagine the effect likely to be produced upon a delicate, nervous woman, ignorant of the world and of all manner of business, thrust suddenly and without warning into an insane-ward of a hospital. If she looks from her cell, it is through iron bars; and through them she sees, not the beautiful world her life has known, but stern high walls, beyond which she may never go. She, a sane woman, is forced to contemplate, each moment of her existence, every gradation of reason's eclipse in those who are about her; she is not permitted to stir beyond the sight of her keeper; she is shut off from human affections, from human hopes, feeling daily that the potent contagion of insanity is stealing over her own mind, feeling ere long that she is fast becoming fit companion for those about her, — fit for her prison by being kept a prisoner. Let the tardy law discover her at last, command her body to be brought before the veiled goddess, and let it work its utmost in her behalf. What hope is there for her in that rapidly whirling court-room? what chance for succor or redress? "Many of the depots for the captivity of intellectual invalids," says Mr. Sheldford, the leading English writer on the jurisprudence of insanity, "may be regarded only as nurseries for and manufactories of madness, — magazines or reservoirs of lunacy, from which is issued, from time to time, a sufficient supply for perpetuating and extending this formidable disease."

We have thus far considered only imprisonment in those institutions where

the expenses for restraint must be borne by the alleged lunatic's friends; and these expenses are never so low as not to return a large income to the asylum, which goes to pay the officers' large salaries, so that they become not impartial witnesses in a case of alleged lunacy. In Pennsylvania, and in nearly all the States, a party in interest may not testify in his own behalf; nay, any person interested in the pecuniary results of a suit at law, even though his interest be not more than one penny, is an incompetent witness, whose evidence will not be received. Yet the evidence upon which the alleged lunatic's persecutors principally depend to sustain their charge against him is that of these pecuniarily interested witnesses, — the officers of the institution, whose salary his restraint assists in paying, and to whose patronage they are partly indebted for their positions.

Now let us turn to those asylums where nothing is required by their officers but the simple certificate, who make no loud pretence to a noble charity, and demand no bond of your enemy or heir. This is all they ask: —

"TO THE STEWARD OF THE ALMSHOUSE
AND HOUSE OF EMPLOYMENT: —

PHILADELPHIA, 186 .

"I have seen and examined
residing at No. Street, and believe
to be insane, and a proper sub-
ject for the Insane Department of the
Alms-house.

" ———, M. D.

"No. Street."

Strike from it the word "Philadel-
phia," and it will do service in nine out
of every ten States of the Union. If
the patient is a squanderer of fair for-
tunes, his heirs will probably choose the
one with the bond; but if he has no for-
tune to spend, if he is only a tippling
brother, lazy and shiftless, or if it is
the old man lingering too long by the
hearth, grown rheumatic and fretful,
absorbing too much of the heat from
the scanty fire, eating too heartily of
the frugal, hard-earned meal, — if it

is this old man whose years of toil
and exposure for his children have
led him to think their home should be
his home, they can disappoint him in
it, rid themselves of his expense, his
growls and presence, and bury him out
of sight and hearing, until the real and
kindlier death sets him free, merely by
filling with his name the second blank
there, and obtaining a physician's sig-
nature at the end.

We have purposely said nothing of
the alleged abuses existing in these
asylums, though they are flagrant
enough, if the veracity of those who
have escaped from them can be relied
upon. But we are willing to admit that
their laws are perfection, and their treat-
ment of patients tender and thoughtful
as it should be, that their principles are
the highest results of refined and cul-
tured minds, and generous, sympathetic
hearts. Yet even while we write there
come to us from the State Asylum of
Illinois tales of such malign cruelty
and wrong, of such ghastly deeds done
to the insane, — done, too, in the name
of Christ's love and charity, — that our
hearts sicken as we read. But not alone
from Illinois comes up the harrowing cry
of the lunatic: Pennsylvania, through
her State Medical Association and
through a Special Commission appoint-
ed by her Governor, reveals to the pub-
lic scrutiny pictures of most wanton
neglect and infamous treatment of the
insane on the part of their keepers.

The "Pennsylvania Medical Associa-
tion Report" says the insane are in
some instances confined "in rooms small
and close, with no means of admitting
a proper supply of fresh air, either
summer or winter, and, *being in the base-
ment*, are often extremely cold in winter;
others in small rooms, built especially
for them, where they remain constant-
ly, — their food being passed in to them
through a small opening left for the
purpose." Some are kept "with a
chain on the ankle, and fastened to a
staple in the floor, allowing only a few
feet of motion around a fixed point";
"males and females are found in ad-
joining, and often in opposite rooms,

even in that state of excitement when they will wear no clothing."

The Report of the Special Commissioner says: "I conversed with a patient *who was said to be deranged*; he was chained to a sixty-five pound weight, which he was obliged to carry about with him wherever he moved."

"In a building known as the Insane Hospital, in a row of badly constructed and worse ventilated cells, divided by thin board partitions, I found insane men and women, some of them confined to the floor by chains worn bright by constant use through many long years of confinement in this dreary abode,—*treatment that would drive a sane man mad*. Some of these poor wretches had been confined in this place for more than twenty years. There was no record of them, *their history seems to be traditional only*. No one knew or cared for them. One patient, over eighty years of age, had been chained for twenty years." "I am compelled to believe," says the Commissioner, now speaking of another institution, "that the patients confined in the wards appropriated to the imbecile and insane are most shamefully neglected, especially female patients, who, from the carelessness of those having charge of them, have had improper intercourse with men."

Not alone in England, then, are lunatic asylums "breeders of insanity"; not there even was it alleged that they were breeding-houses of insane offspring. Let us hope that to none but the State of the old Quaker Penn is due this infamy.

Pennsylvania and Illinois have not alone uttered their bitter cries for reform; Massachusetts joins them in it by her record of the recent death, in one of her almshouses, of an insane pauper, the son of an eminent clergyman, himself educated for the ministry, who had been manacled with heavy chains for sixty years, and who had lived, during that period, in squalid filth, and for a portion of that time was confined in a cage not high enough to permit him to stand erect.

Is the land all fair between Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, or between Pennsylvania and Illinois?

But it is often the very excellence of these institutions that makes them so dangerous for evil, when the alleged lunatic is not of unsound mind, and therefore improperly subject to their restraint, and—in his case—unwholesome influence. The mere *ipse dixit* of their officers is considered an irrefragable proof of mental disease, and this is rendered more powerful by their undoubted sincerity. Our profound respect for the medical profession as a body precludes the idea that many of them would be guilty of signing a certificate falsely, and it is not easy to believe that the officers of our best regulated houses for the treatment of the insane would for an instant restrain the liberty of an inmate after they had satisfied themselves of his sanity. But those who have witnessed the pertinacity with which they contest every suit at law brought to recover the liberty of one of their prisoners cannot fail to be impressed with the idea that these officers grow insensibly to believe in the insanity of every one brought under their care. A very curious case, strikingly illustrative of this, is given at great length in "Wharton and Stille's Medical Jurisprudence." Briefly, it was the old story of an officer carrying his prisoner to the insane asylum. They arrived too late in the night to obtain admittance, and were obliged to go to an inn. In the morning the insane man got up quietly, searched the officer's pockets, and found a certificate authorizing his own incarceration. Armed with that he paid an early visit to the asylum, saw the superintendent, and told him he would presently bring him a patient who was a queer fellow, and would probably try to make the superintendent believe that he, the speaker, was the crazy one. When he got back to the inn the officer proposed a walk, the prisoner acquiesced, and as soon as they reached the asylum the insane man handed over the officer to the keeper, giving him the certificate.

Having accomplished this feat, he took the return train home, and when questioned as to the whereabouts of the officer, replied that he was in the insane asylum, and was no doubt in a strait-waistcoat, and had his head shaved. His friends went at once to the poor fellow's rescue, but too late to prevent either the strait-jacket or the loss of his hair. They found him in a close cell, strongly guarded, with his head shaved clean. The whole medical staff of the institution thought the poor victim of this trick not only insane, but looked upon him as one of their most dangerous patients.

In that case, as in almost every other, the physicians of the asylum relied entirely upon the certificate of the examining doctor. In *Hinchman v. Richie* it will be remembered that the manager, on his affirmation, said that "the superintendent could not go outside of the certificate." The person who signs it is supposed to have an accurate knowledge of the patient's history, and the peculiar form of his malady, and to have fully understood and weighed the responsibility of the step he has taken, and therefore, with very apparent reason, great weight is attached to the certificate. But a case referred to by Dr. Bucknill, and cited in Millar's "Hints on Insanity," shows exactly how little a physician may appreciate the responsibility of depriving a human being of his liberty. In that instance, one of the medical men certifying to the insanity of the prisoner stated as facts, *observed by himself*, that the patient's habits were intemperate, and that he had squandered his property in mining speculations. But on his cross-examination in the Queen's Bench he was obliged to confess, though he had sworn to the certificate, that the only act of intemperance he had really seen was the patient's drinking one glass of beer; and that the squandering of property was the loss of what was a mere trifle to him in a mining speculation, which eventually turned out to be a very good one.

Doubtless, in many cases, the certificate is a lie,—a bought and paid-for lie, or, not unfrequently, a forgery altogether. It must be borne in mind, that the private institutions of each particular State throw open their doors to the admission of citizens of any and every other State in the Union. Should the certificate that accompanies and consigns the patient from Oregon to a Pennsylvania asylum be a forgery, how is the fact to be established? No proof of the genuineness of the signature is demanded; the superintendent cannot go outside of the certificate supplied by the patient's friends! What hope, then, for the citizen of Oregon, buried in the underground vaults of a Pennsylvania madhouse? But while the country abounds with quacks of every sort and degree, who for a filthy bribe would be only too ready to render the service, a forged certificate seems almost unnecessary, the genuine one can be had so easily.

Even where the signer of the certificate is entirely honest and honorable, as we would like to believe every member of the noble art of healing, how are his opinions to be relied upon in cases of alleged insanity? how often do any two physicians agree as to the particular character or treatment of that or of any other malady? The difficulty of deciding in this matter is expressed in a leader in the "London Times," and cited in Dr. Bucknill's "Prize Essay on Criminal Lunacy": "Nothing can be more slightly defined than the line of demarcation between sanity and insanity. Physicians and lawyers have vexed themselves with attempts at definition in a case *where definition is impossible*. Make it too narrow, it becomes meaningless; make it too wide, the whole human race are involved in the drag-net. In strictness, we are all mad when we give way to passion, to prejudice, to vice, to vanity; but if all the passionate, prejudiced, vicious, and vain people in the world are to be locked up as lunatics, who is to keep the key of the asylum?"

In a case which occurred in Scot-

land, counsel for the asylum asked the alleged lunatic, who said he had £1,200 in bank, and received £20 for interest, How much was that per cent? He said he could not tell, he was no good hand at arithmetic. The counsel for the prisoner afterwards put the same question to one of the medical witnesses who had signed the certificate; and this witness, an educated man, confessed himself quite unable to answer it, though he had signed the certificate on the strength of the other's ignorance.

In the case of Mrs. Cumming ("Journal of Psychological Medicine") the conflict of medical testimony was even greater than is usual in such cases, — a cloud of medical experts swearing to their opinions in the most positive terms, one half for her sanity and the other moiety against it.

Among cases well calculated to show the conflict of medical evidence is that of the late Mr. W. F. Windham, cited in "Taylor's Medical Jurisprudence." The trial lasted thirty-three days, during which time one hundred and forty physicians were examined, — ninety in favor of the gentleman's sanity, and fifty against it. At the conclusion of this case, it was gravely proposed to exclude medical testimony altogether in cases of alleged insanity, except in so far as it was based on *facts* within the personal knowledge of the witnesses.

And it should be remembered, — though physicians seldom or never do remember it, or else they are altogether ignorant of the fact, in signing these certificates, which consign their victims to charnel-houses of the mind, — that any degree of vice or folly is perfectly consistent with sanity, in the legal sense. A man may, through ignorance or viciousness, do many grossly foolish things; but he is permitted a liberty of choice and freedom of action in them, until his folly leads him to infringe the law, in which case he may not plead insanity, but is held sternly responsible for his actions.

In conversation with medical men on the subject of insanity, they will often admit, as to a particular case coming under their observation, that there are no illusions in the patient's mind, that his memory is unimpaired, that he talks clearly and sensibly on ordinary topics, that there are no indications of violence, that his general health is excellent; but when it is indignantly demanded, What is the type of his insanity? the reply is likely to be, that "it would be difficult to give an exact definition, but it may be termed *emotional insanity*." By such subtleties as these the liberty of any citizen may be frittered away.

That the wise, honorable, and virtuous physician will not abuse the power this monstrous law gives him is no reason why he should ever have it; nor is it any reason why the ignorant, dishonest, and wicked quack, endowed by the same college with the same diploma as his more honest brother, should be clothed with such power.

The whole subject is worthy of official notice and reform; for, while the law remains unchanged, every man should "take a bond of fate" against his physician, not knowing but that to-morrow some enemy or some heir, covetous of his generous estate, may summon the doctor to consign him to a mad-house. There should be some statutory regulation as to the degree of aberration of mind justifying detention, and provision made for a hearing before a board of magistrates, and a sworn jury of twelve, composed of men of strong and sterling sense; for, as it is, the liberties of the sons of a Mexican Republic stand upon an immortal foundation compared with the vaunted freedom of our most eminent citizen. It is time that our legislators threw around him this additional security, and not until it is done shall we have reached that point of personal safety demanded by the spirit and enlightenment of the age.

DID HE TAKE THE PRINCE TO RIDE?

HOW should I know? The Prince never told me anything about it. I never saw the Prince but twice,—once was out by the old Francis House, in Brookline, where I rode into a pasture that 'Zyness might pass by with his suite,—and once was as he came in from Cambridge on the old Concord Turnpike, when I and my wife sat in the buggy and joined in general enthusiasm. There is a photograph of him in the tray there; but he never told me, nor did the photograph, whether Haliburton took him to ride. Don't ask me.

Haliburton does not know himself. He thought he took him to ride; and he came to our house, and told me and my wife he had done so. But when he read the "Advertiser" the next day, the "Advertiser" said the Prince went with the City Government to see the House of Correction, the Insane Hospital, the Mount Hope Cemetery, or some of the other cheerful entertainments which are specially provided for distinguished strangers. So Haliburton was a little dashed, thought perhaps he had been sold; and to this hour, when we want to stir him up a little, we ask him, "Did he take the Prince to ride?"

This is the story:—

The afternoon of the day when his Royal Highness, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Grand Steward of Scotland, Duke of Cornwall and Rothesay, Count of Chester, Count of Carrick and Dublin, Baron Renfrew, Lord of the Isles, visited the University at Cambridge in New England, left his autograph in the library, and inspected a room or two in Holworthy,—of the day when, as above, I backed the buggy into a corner for 'Zyness to pass, and attempted vainly to entice the burghers of Cambridgeport into a unanimous cheer,—this day, I say, he visited, with a few friends, the beautiful library of the Historical Society in Tre-

mont Street; the most attractive public book-room, let me say, in New England, and therefore the best public lion in Boston. There he saw the Dowse Library, the pen that signed the Articles of Confederation, the Manchester velvet small-clothes of Franklin, and the curious swords from Prescott's library. These are the swords of the English Captain Linzee, who first opened fire on Bunker Hill,—and of the Yankee Colonel Prescott, who had thrown up its fortification. Prescott's grandson, the historian, married Linzee's granddaughter; and so, in that household, the two swords worn that day by the two chiefs came lovingly together. Blessed be the omen! These curiosities, and others, the Prince saw; he expressed a kind interest in them; asked for an autograph of Washington for his brother Alfred, which some gentleman gave him, and went away.

Haliburton happened to be there,—or says he was there,—and it is there that the story begins. How Haliburton came to be there I am sure I do not know. He is not a member of the society, and probably never will be. We tell him he smuggled himself in from the street, and was mistaken by his hosts for one of the delegation from Prince Edward's Island. But being there,—if he were there,—and talking with one of those thoroughly intelligent gentlemen of the Prince's suite, who have left behind them such pleasant memories here,—Haliburton said that it was a pity the Prince should see only those things in which America could not, from the nature of the case, rival other countries, and in which, of course, she had least that was individual or of special interest. "History," said Haliburton, must, of course, "be the element of least interest of all in the country whose past is the shortest of any." And so he went on to say, that, almost from the nature of the case, the Prince, like all other travellers, was

seeing just those things in which nations most resemble each other, and was seeing least of the peculiarities of domestic life which make nations what they are, and different from each other.

This gentleman, whose name Haliburton never told me, if he knew, — and if he had, I would not tell you, — said this was true enough; but he did not see how the matter could be mended. Only the Calif Alraschid could get into the private life of his people; and it might be doubted whether the Vizier Jaffir had not sold the Calif in each of the celebrated visits of inspection. As Haliburton had said, private life, because it was private, could not be seen in a public visit of ceremony.

As to this, Haliburton said, where there was a will there was a way. If the Prince, or any gentleman of his suite, wanted to see private life in Boston, almost any man of sense in Boston could show it to him. Whether that was what the *cortège* was here for Haliburton did not know. He had sometimes doubted whether princes saw much of domestic life outside of palaces at home, — or if they wanted to.

His friend laughed, and said he could not say. But he did think that, abroad, a traveller, as keen as his Royal Highness, wanted to see what there was; and he ventured to say that he would be very much obliged to any American gentleman who could put him in the way of seeing how people lived. And so their talk ran on, rather more into detail; and it ended in Haliburton's promising to call in his buggy at the side-door of the Revere House at ten o'clock the next day, and see if there was anybody who cared to drive round Boston with him. Not a word was said to the Prince, or the Duke of Newcastle, nor to General Bruce. The visit to the Library was ended, and they all went home.

The next morning Haliburton had Peg harnessed, and, at the stroke of ten, drove up at the Bulfinch Street door. Then, he says, as sure as Peg is a living horse, at the moment, before he had time to get out of the car-

riage, the door of the hotel opened, and a slight young man, of fresh, ruddy face, with a very shiny hat, looking as if it had been bought that morning, stepped quickly down, looked up brightly in his face, asked if it were Mr. Haliburton, and stepped in, — Haliburton making room for him, but actually not leaving his seat. If he had said, "Are you the Prince of Wales?" there could be no question now like that at the head of this article. But he did not say anything of the kind. Either he was dashed by the presence of royalty *in posse*, or he felt too certain of his passenger to ask, or he felt modest and thought it would be impertinent. The young gentleman took the left side of the seat. Haliburton lifted the reins. Peg started, and they drove through Bowdoin Square into Green Street, and the expedition had begun.

After a word or two of mutual civility, Haliburton asked his friend how much time he could give him. He said it was arranged that they were all to lunch together at three, and that till that time he would be at Haliburton's service. Haliburton then said that he had undertaken to show him how people lived, — that, if he might direct the morning, he would try to bring into it as much variety as possible. He would show his friend how an Irish emigrant lived in the first month after his landing. He would show him how another Irish emigrant lived after he had been here five years. He would show him how a Vermont mechanic lived, who had moved here from the country, and was at work on wages. He would show him how the same man's cousin lived, who had been twenty years in active life, and had made his fortune. He would show him as well how another emigrant family lived when the father took to drink and went to the dogs. And he would show him how the staid old Bostonian lived, who had Copley's pictures of his great-grandfathers hanging in the hall and in the dining-room, — who had other grandfathers who sold stay-laces in Pudding Lane, — but who, for all that, descended from high-

er families, who came over in Winthrop's fleet. "This is a small town," said Haliburton, "and I think we can do this, though not in this order perhaps, before the time you name."

I asked Haliburton once how he called his incog. companion, — whether he said "Uryness" to him, or "Prince," or assumed the familiar "Albert." But Haliburton said, "Do I call you 'Ing-ham' all the time, or 'Colonel,' or 'Parson,' or 'Fred,' or do I say 'you'? I said 'you' to the young man, whoever he was, and he said 'you' to me."

I may not get the order of their morning calls rightly. I ought to say, to Haliburton's credit, that, whenever I have heard him tell the story, he has told it at very great length, and with much detail. I hope this is not important; for what with not listening always, and with forgetting, I am not very strong on the details. But I am sure as to the general drift of the expedition.

They brought up first, say in Seneca Street, or one of the parallels, at a three-story tenement house. Haliburton jumped out, fastened the horse by his iron weight, which he wound around the lamp-post, and which was a novelty to his companion, who inspected the simple machinery, and asked about it with interest. Haliburton bade him follow, opened the front door without knocking, and pushed up two flights of stairs. The passage was dark, and had that odious man-smell which most school-houses and prisons have, some hospitals even, and the halls of all tenement-houses which are not kept under very strict *régime*. A few of the banisters were knocked out from the balustrade.

Arrived at the third story back, Haliburton knocked. "Come in!" And they went in. A room twelve by fourteen. The floor white with sand and elbow-grease, and a six-foot-square bit of worn carpet in the middle. A Banner stove, size No. 3½, well cleaned with black lead, without fire, in front. On the mantel, a china image of St. Joseph with the infant Saviour; a ca-

nary-bird, in wax, fastened on some green leaves; a large shell from the West Indies; a kerosene lamp; three leather-covered books without titles on their backs; a paper of friction matches; and a small flower-pot with a bit of ivy in it, — placed in the order I name, going from right to left. On the wall behind, a colored lithograph of Our Mother of the Bleeding Heart, — her bosom anatomically laid open that the heart might be seen, — and the color represented accurately by the artist; another colored lithograph of Father Mathew; and a Connecticut clock, with the fight of the Constitution and Guerriere. Between the windows another colored lithograph, "Kathleen Mavourneen"; table under it; a rocking-chair; four wooden chairs; another table between the doors; small bedstead in one corner. All this I can describe so accurately because I was often there, and recollect the room as well as this I am in.

Mrs. Rooney rises, as they enter, from a settee on rockers, across two thirds of the front of which is a rail, — convenient cradle and rocking-chair joined, — puts by Rooney *filis* in the cradle part, and steps forward cheerfully, neat as wax, trig and bright.

"How d' ye do, Mrs. Rooney?"

"Very well, Mr. Haliburton; and welcome to you. Won't you gentlemen take seats?"

"This is my friend Mr. Edward; Mrs. Rooney; he is riding with me to-day."

Mrs. Rooney quickly, a little clumsily, takes the shiny hat, with Haliburton's felt, puts them both on the table, quite unconscious that she is serving the son of her sovereign (if, indeed, that day Haliburton *did* take the Prince to ride). That was the first and last that passed between her and him during the call. He kept his eyes open; beckoned to little Phil Rooney, who stood in the corner with his thumb in his mouth, but the boy would not come. Not that he knew a Saxon from a Kelt. Duke of Saxony was all one to him with Brian Boroghue; he would have come to neither. The Prince (if it was the

Prince) had no pence or lozenges, or did not know enough to produce them. The conversation was all between Haliburton and Mrs. Rooney.

"Children well?"

Yes, pretty well; Phil there cutting some back teeth; Terence, a bad cold, but wanted to go to school again; and Miss Cutter had been round, and wanted him to go, and so he had gone.

"All three at school now?"

"Yes, Delia — Bridget, that is, but she likes us to call her Delia — is at school still. If I found a good place at service, I would take her away. But she is particular, and so am I. Terry, he would be glad enough to be out; but his father says, 'No; if there's a chance for learning, the boy must have it.' And the boy, if he is my boy, is a good boy to mind; and, if he is fond of play, he does well at school too. Yonder is his last certificate, and there is the other which he had in Miss Young's room."

Delia, it seems, or Bridget, has three certificates; but her father has sent them all to Borriscarra, County Mayo, province of Connaught. Terry's are framed in mahogany, and hang above the Prince's head (if indeed it were H. R. H.).

"And how did the children stand the summer?" They had not stood it too well. Dreadfully close some of those hot nights! Delia made a visit of a week at Malden, and Terry made friends with a boy whose father sailed from Beverly for mackerel, so that he was away all the vacations; but for Mrs. Rooney and the little children it was hard. Indeed, Mrs. Rooney often thought of the bit cottage, a mile outside Borriscarra, as you go to Ballintubber, and could not but wish that her children had the chance to run outdoors that she had there. On this, H. R. H. (if it were he) showed signs of curiosity, and Haliburton, having waited in vain for him to ask the question he wanted to, put it himself.

"And would not you like to go back again, Mrs. Rooney, and show them

the children, and live in the old cottage again?"

"Indeed, no, your honors. Dick has just sent out fifty-five dollars for the old people, and we expect them before Christmas here. What should we do at Borriscarra? The times are harder there than iver. Nothing has gone well with them since the Queen took the spinning-wheels away!"

(Expression of surprise on the younger man's face. But he says nothing.)

"Then why does not Dick go up country, take a bit land there and a horse, and let the children play about as you and he did?" persisted the persevering Haliburton. And for an answer he was told that indeed Dick would be glad to do so, and that he had had a good deal of talk with a man they dealt with at the yard, who owned a marble-quarry near Rutland. But Bridget must be at service soon. She could not yet find a good place for her; and they were very well off as they were, and so on and so on, and so forth and so forth. Haliburton knew too much to make a fuss with his advice, seized his felt, gave his companion his stove-pipe, and they retired.

"What did she mean about the spinning-wheels?" said the Englishman, as they started again. And Haliburton told him that there was a popular superstition among five or six millions of her Majesty's subjects, to the effect that the decline of house-spinning was due to an edict of the Queen, that spinning should be done in factories rather than at firesides. And as they talked thus, they came into Osborn Place, — and Haliburton took his friend into an up-stairs parlor of one of the pretty suites of a "model lodging-house."

It is very odd how this word "model" is changing its meaning, when you apply it to such places. Often and often it is given to some wretched huddle of crowded rooms, which never should be model or pattern for anything. I am not sure but its technical use in connection with lodging-houses is due to some model houses of Prince Albert's,

this boy's own father. However this may be, the houses in Osborn Place are models which I wish the cities of the world would largely follow. Up stairs and up stairs, a good many flights, they ran, Haliburton leading. He rang at the door-bell when they reached the right landing, and pretty Caroline Freeman opened to them, and ushered them in.

"I beg your pardon," said the voluble Haliburton, "for calling before hours, but you and I are not formal, you know. My friend was shy of coming up, but I said you would not mind. Mr. Edward, Miss Freeman," — and she offered them chairs, in her pretty parlor, and they sat down. A bright view — I know not how many miles — through the vines and other greenery of her windows; a cheerful glow from the bright carpet; a good water-color by her brother, — scene in the harbor of Shanghae, or Bussora, or somewhere outlandish, no matter; and a good chromolith. But, to my mind, always the prettiest ornament was Caroline herself, and I believe her visitors thought so then.

Haliburton's real object was accomplished when they had sat long enough to give his companion a chance to see the room, but he had to make an excuse for coming at all. He was going down to Buzzard's Bay for some shooting. Could not Fred come with him? Say start on Thursday and be back Tuesday?

Caroline would ask Fred, but doubted. Wished Fred would go, for Fred was low-spirited and blue. He had been disappointed about the opening at Naguadavick; they had determined, after all, not to start their steam-mill this winter. Fred had had full promise of the charge of the engine-room there, as Haliburton knew; but this threw him out again, — and times were dull everywhere, and he said he was fated to get nothing. He had been talking with the chief at the navy-yard, who was an old friend of his; but there was no chance there, and no chance that there would be a chance. She

would rather Fred should go to sea again; he was always better at sea.

"And how is your mother?" — at which moment that lady appeared.

I never can describe people, but you all of you know just one nice person, who, at forty, looks for sweetness as if she were seventeen, and for serenity as if she were seventy. Well, Mrs. Freeman, Caroline's mother, is the one I know. She would not own she was ill, though she was; she said she was a great deal better than she had been, and would be a great deal better the next day, — for all which it was clear enough that both of them were delicate. A pity they should have to rough it through here in this *villain* winter. But she parried all talk about herself, and in a moment was making "Mr. Edward" talk; had he been travelling far? was it his first visit West? was he fond of sporting? were the Western grouse like the Scotch? and, before he knew it, the young Englishman was talking rapidly; Haliburton chuckling, and withdrawing with Caroline into an aside, showing her a memorandum he had in his note-book. This done, the other two were not done. So Haliburton and she kept on; — her maiden article in "Merry's Museum"; Ingham's (that's my) sermon of Sunday at the chapel; the Philharmonic programme for the winter; Lucy Coleman's new piano, which Lucy said should be at Caroline's use for the winter while Lucy was in Cuba, and so on, and so on. At last, Haliburton looked at his watch, and told the young gentleman they must go; and so tore him away while he was telling how they ran the rapids at the mouth of the Ottawa.

"Those are nice people," said he; "what class of society are they of?"

"Umph," mused Haliburton aloud. "Classes do not divide themselves quite so distinctly with us as with you. That is the class of widows in delicate health; who live in an upper story of a model lodging-house, supported by the earnings of a son and daughter, neither of whom is of age. That girl will to-

night be at an evening music party of fifty of the nicest people in Boston, and to-morrow morning she will be in the basement of the first house we went to, teaching her scales on the piano to the daughter of a well-to-do Irish stone-mason, who wants his girl to learn to play, at fifty cents a lesson. "I never thought," added Haliburton, laughing, "that Caroline Freeman would make a good duchess; she has not weight of guns enough, *aplomb*, or self-assertion for a duchess; but, say for a viscountess, she would do nicely, or for a schoolmistress in Dubuque, Iowa. I am not sure which class in society she belongs to."

They both laughed, and Haliburton, following his hand, rather than the plan which he had laid out in the morning, crossed the town, passing the Common, and called on Lucy Coleman, to see what she could tell him about Mrs. Freeman's cough. It is a way Haliburton has of doing one thing at once,—he calls it making one hand wash another; he says he learned it from John Jacob Astor, who told him, the only time Haliburton ever saw him on business (Haliburton's father had a lot of otter-skins) that he should like to settle the matter there and then, that he never might have to think of it again, or see Haliburton himself more. So, I say, Haliburton, forgetting his plan, drove through Charles Street, between the Public Garden and the Common, and called on Lucy Coleman.

"I had not meant to come here," said he to the Prince (if it w. t. P.), as they left the carriage, "but it is as well as if we had gone to see the Copleys. If there are no Copleys here,—and by the way there are,—there are others as good,—Allstons and Champneys."

"You forget that I do not know what Copleys and Allstons and Champneys are. What are they?—people, or things to eat, or fashions of clothes?"

"Oh! I forgot; they are pictures. Copley was a bright boy here,—went to the Latin School, where you were Tuesday, and painted first-rate portraits a hundred years ago; then went to Eng-

land, and died there twenty years before you were born; left a son you have seen, your old Chancellor, Lord Lyndhurst. Allston was a Carolinian, who lived and died with us, painted such landscapes, and such lovely faces. Look there!—" and his friend was by this time absorbed in the exquisite dream of beauty before him.

Miss Lucy came running down stairs. "I saw your carriage, and I would not keep you waiting," she said, and then paused, seeing the stranger, welcomed him, and made no further apology. It was still long before calling-hours, but she had bravely run down in her exquisite morning cashmere. Haliburton was, I think, rather glad that he had been moved to come round here. He had meant fairly to show the Prince what should make a fair average of life, and to put no best foot foremost. He knew, however, that he had lapsed from grace in going up to the Freemans' rooms,—that there were ten people in Osborn Place, not near so pretty as Caroline, where he had an equal right to call. But here he had called fairly. And if the parlors were perfectly furnished and hung, if the half-dozen pictures, all on the line of the eye, were of the choicest, yes, in the world; if the little low book-cases were tempting in what they revealed, and tempting in what they concealed; if the two or three pamphlets and the three or four books that lay loose were of just the latest freshness, and most appetizing qualities; if the cannon coal had just crusted over so that the room was not a bit heated by it, yet so that one dig from the steel poker would wake it to a frenzy of light and life,—was this any fault of his? Had he chosen to come here? or was there not an irresistible destiny which compelled him? Once more he intimated that he brought his friend up, rather than leave him in the carriage; the young man sank in an easy-chair, with a volume of Darley's prints, and Haliburton and Miss Lucy fell to talk about the Freemans.

Had he heard? Did she know? Yes, he knew this, and she knew that, and

both knew this and that, and she had not heard thus, and he did not understand the other, and so on. What had made Haliburton forget the Prince's ride, was his uneasiness about Caroline's flushed face, — which had made her look so pretty, by the way, — and his determination to see whether something could not be done about that and her mother's cough. So in that wild, impulsive way of his, instead of writing a note to Lucy Coleman, he had slammed right over there, before she had even got her morning-dress off, to consult with her.

But nothing could be done about it. Lucy had been more eager than he; Lucy had been begging Caroline to go with her to Charleston, and so to Cuba, and then to Santa Lucia and St. Thomas. Mr. Coleman himself had been interested about it, — knew how much pleasure it would give Lucy, and had been down to call on Mrs. Freeman. But they said they could not break up their establishment. Fred must not be left adrift so little while after he had come home; Fred had himself tried to persuade them, but they would not think of it. As to the cough, Mrs. Freeman was sure it would be better the next week; and, as for the flush, Caroline would not have it talked of at all. So Haliburton had had his ride for his pains. "I wish you could manage it," said the bright young lady, "for I shall lose my journey if something does not come to pass. Papa is discouraged already, and would give it all up in two seconds, if anything else happened amiss. And yet he will not go unless there is somebody I like who will go with me. As if I could not take care of myself! True enough, I dread the idea," she said rather sadly, and Haliburton knew she was thinking of her last journey.

And this was all their *lôte-à-lôte*. She laughed at him because he never called unless he had an axe to grind, said he had not heard her new piano, and never came to her little musical parties. He said he never was asked; and she said he never came when he

was, but had a general invitation. He said there was no time like the present, and went to the piano, and opened it. She readily enough consented to play, asked what she should play, and they both turned to their silent companion, who had put down his "Margaret," and crossed the room.

Then it is that the first bit of evidence as to the question you have asked me comes into the story. For when the young man was asked what Miss Lucy should play, he stammered and blushed, and ha-haed, and bothered generally, and finally screwed himself up to saying that there were some very nice waltzes by Strauss.

Lucy Coleman did n't even let her eyes twinkle. She took care not to look at Haliburton, said "O yes," very sweetly, and blazed away, — two, three, four good brilliant Strauss waltzes. Then the gentlemen thanked her, she rewarded Haliburton by a little scrap of Mozart; he said they must not stay, and tore himself and his young friend away. But when, afterwards, she was told that this young man was the Prince, she said "No." And, to this moment, red-hot piners would not persuade her that the Prince of Wales, the son of Prince Albert, would ask her to play one of Strauss's waltzes. It is in vain that we tell her of the glories of Strauss's own orchestra; it is in vain that we dwell on a young boy's early enthusiasm for the Coldstream Guards and their band; in vain that we hint at a fondness for dancing. "Never," she cries; "the blood-royal never asked me for Strauss." I even sent her a stray programme of a concert given at Windsor, when Saxe-Meiningen came on a visit, in which was a selection of these waltzes played for his delectation. She will not be persuaded, nor will my wife, nor will Annie. So much for the high classical!

They went away from Lucy's, crossed the town again, where was a corduroy-road two hundred years ago, and, by way of contrast, they went into one of those man-stys that there used to be in Orange Lane, running back to the

railroad. Thank God, that nuisance is abated now! there are wild beasts hard by, but no wild men there; and I will not tell you what they saw. John Gough would tell such a story better than I should. The man had not been three weeks over from Ireland. He had been drinking the spirits of the new country as he drank the beer of the old, and was wallowing there on the pile of straw on one of those dark back-bins, without a window, dead asleep, if you call that sort of thing "sleep," after last night's "spree." And his wife was in the dirty ten-foot room front, that did have one window, offered her only chair to the son of her Queen (if it were he), and apologized that it had no back, cuffed the child with the dirtiest face, and laid the baby on the straw by its father, that she might render the hospitalities that the position permitted. Ask Mr. Gough for the detail.

Haliburton forgot what sent him there, as he saw the wretchedness. She looked wholly broken down; and he, of course, had no word of reproach for her. But she said she could not keep things nicer, and nobody who saw him would let him have any better room, — how could she leave the children? and what could she do, indeed, but die? What indeed? I do not think Haliburton knew. The younger man wanted to give her money, but Haliburton would not let him. "If you like," said he, "we will send them some meal and potatoes; but money is the most dangerous of drugs, as it is the cheapest, for the relief of suffering. I had no idea things would be so bad, or I should not have brought you here. This place, you see, is a little neater, and this and this quite nice in comparison," as they passed one and another of the open doors of that old rookery.

"Now let us get a little air at the least"; and they drove across the Dover Street Bridge, and came out to my house. I was then living in D Street, over in South Boston. Unfortunately, I was out, and so was Polly. We, as I have said, had seen the Prince in Cambridgeport;

so, if we had been in, we could have answered the question. But I was at a meeting of the Board for providing Occupation for the Higher Classes (*mem.* "Boards are made of wood, — they are long and narrow"); and Polly was — I know not where. Haliburton ran in without ringing, upset Agnes and Bertha, found we were out, opened the cake-box himself, and got out dough-nuts, and gave an orange also to his companion, besides taking one for himself. Thus refreshed, they started again, — this time, I believe, to hunt up his Vermont mechanic who had lived here twenty years. But, just as they left the house, Wingate Paine came running by; and Haliburton stopped him, and introduced him to Mr. Edward. Mr. Edward was studying tenement-houses, he said. Could Paine take him in the buggy over to Washington Village, and show him how some of their operatives lived there?

Certainly, Wingate could and would, if Mr. Edward would stop a moment at the works. He was already late with his errand there, — but the horse and buggy would correct all that. So they both got into the carriage. Haliburton told Paine to keep it as long as he chose, and betook himself to playing with Agnes and Bertha, and cutting pussy-cats out of paper for Clara and the babies. The clock struck one as these delights engrossed him, — struck two, indeed, before the fifty-second cart had been added to the long procession, and before the rattle of wheels announced the young men's return.

"We took you at your word," said Paine. "I have shown your friend the tenement-houses and half the rest of the town." Haliburton said he was satisfied, if they were, — that there was still full time to meet the latter end of their appointment. Paine bade good by, and Haliburton resumed the reins. His companion told him that, when they came to the iron-works, he had been interested by the processes he saw there, which were, strange to say, new to him; that Mr. Paine offered at once to show him the varieties of South Bos-

ton iron-work. They had been in at Alger's to see cannon cast; they had seen wire drawn at another mill, and, I believe, rails. "Oddly enough," he said,—"though the world is very small, after all,—we met Mr. Coleman at their first establishment, the father of your pretty friend. I think, indeed, Mr. Paine said he was President of their Company." Haliburton said "Yes." "He talked to Mr. Paine about his proposed journey," said the other; "he seemed a little annoyed at the delay; said to Mr. Paine that, if he could get off, he should want to place him in the counting-room in town, and send some one else out to the works; hoped he would like that, for he should be much more at ease if the correspondence were in Paine's hands. Then he was very civil to me, though he did not know me from Adam. He took us across to the Cronstadt Works, and was at the pains to stop one of the rollers for me, that I might see how the power was applied. So I took my first apprenticeship in iron-work. George! it does one good to see those brave fellows handle those hot blooms, push them up so relentlessly to the rolls, and compel the rolls to bite them, whether they will or no! I should have got mad with the machines, but the men seemed to have gained the imperturbability of the great engine itself. And then, when the bloom is once between the rolls, there is nothing more for it but to succumb.

'Fine by degrees and beautifully less,'

with a vengeance; for, before you are done with it, you see the great stupid block transformed into a spinning, spit-fire serpent, hundreds of yards long, writhing all over the floor."

This was the longest speech which anything drew from this young gentleman. After following through the various iron-works, giving up Loring's iron ship-yard for lack of time, they had gone to the new tenement-houses, and so back to D Street. As Haliburton crossed the bridge again, his friend reminded him of the meal and

potatoes; they stopped at a shop, and ordered these to be delivered to Michael Fogarty, and drove on, with Haliburton's last call in view, when—

Ge-thump; ge-thump again; once more, ge-thump; a sharp strain on the reins, pulling Haliburton over the dasher; dasher, Haliburton, and friend then all rapidly descend into the street,—horse, reins, front-axle, and wheels depart at the rate of 5.20, hind wheels, gentlemen, and buggy-top picking themselves up as they could. There had been something amiss in the paving, the king-bolt had parted, and the buggy had broken in two.

"What I thought of," said Haliburton, "was this, What is the name of this man's oldest brother? For, if I have broken his neck, I have broken the succession. But I had not broken his neck at all. He was up on the other side as soon as I was. His nose was bleeding, but he was laughing. I made a thousand apologies, led him out of the crowd upon the sidewalk, terrified lest we should be recognized; saw to my joy that we were on Adoniram Newton's door-step; rang, and after waiting two or three minutes we were let in."

Curious feature that of half the door-steps in New England! South of Mason and Dixon's line, the instinct of curiosity sends the black servant to the door in two seconds, when the bell rings, to know what has turned up. But with us, Bridget, hard worked, not looking very trig, loiters and loiters,—hopes, indeed, that something may turn up. Carter has a clean little sketch-book, of street incidents, which he has drawn while waiting on door-steps. He keeps it in his ticket-pocket outside. Indeed, it was always said that Wetherell and his wife made each other's acquaintance, and were engaged, on Boston door-steps. Some malicious gossip had started the story that they were engaged, when they did not know each other by sight. They went round to contradict it. The town was smaller than it is now; and they

spent so much time on different door-steps, that, before the report was contradicted, he had offered himself to her, and it was true!

At last Haliburton and friend got into the hall at Adoniram's. Then, with great difficulty, Bridget got the parlor door *unlocked*! It was dark, and had the smell of seven years before on it, as if it had not been opened since Thanksgiving of 1852. Haliburton bade Bridget call her mistress, pulled up the green shades and the other shades with unnecessary indignation, thrust open one set of blinds, and revealed a magnificent velvet carpet of very positive colors, and very large figures. Upon the walls, covering their part of the gilded paper-hangings, were two immense mirrors and four prints, selected for their size, so that they might conceal as much as possible. Two china dancing-girls and an Odd Fellows' Annual made up the ornament of the room. Here again they soon completed their survey of the ornaments; Haliburton stood at the window watching the policemen who watched the wreck of his carriage, chafing as he waited for Mrs. Adoniram; his companion's handkerchief grew redder and redder, and at last she came, radiant in wine-colored *moire-antique*, gold chain, eye-glass tucked in her belt, showy cap, and so on.

Haliburton made "short explanations," as Neptune said on an occasion not dissimilar. He begged for a basin of water; and so at the very moment when Mrs. Newton was internally fretting because the school committee men for their ward had refused her a ticket to the Music Hall, so that she could not hear the thousand children sing "God Save the Queen" to the Prince, — at that moment, I say, had she but known it, her hands were occupied in unbuttoning his wristbands for him, and in holding the towel, as he chilled the wounded blood-vessels, and stopped the blood of Egbert as, after a thousand years, it dropped from his nose; for that this was the blood of

Egbert is certain, whether this were the Prince or no! "Whoever you are, reader," says Dr. Palfrey, wisely, "whose eye lights upon these lines, if you be of Anglo-Saxon lineage, it is certain that the blood of King Egbert runs in your veins! It is as certain that it meets there with the blood of Egbert's meanest thrall!" Haliburton saw the bathing process well started, and then rushed out, to find officer No. 67 leading back Peg after her run, the wheels still whole. The box under the seat furnished a new king-bolt, a New Worcester wrench fitted the new nut, and by the time the Egbert blood was stopped, and the hands were washed, the renovated carriage was at the door. I would give sixpence to know what Mr. Edward had said to Mrs. Adoniram meanwhile, and what she had said to him. Whether he found out how people live in those desolate bowling-alley parlors, or whether he found that they never live there, I do not know. I do not believe that centre-table was ever put to half such useful service before.

"We must give up our last calls," said Haliburton, after he had apologized once more for the accident, and holding Peg in hand a little more carefully; "I had other varieties of home to show you."

"Of course," replied the other, "no two homes are alike, — but, really, what we have seen has interested me immensely. I was thinking," he added in a moment, "that the young man we did not see holds the key of the position."

Haliburton did not understand, and had the sense to say so.

"Why, don't you see, if this young Mr. Freeman, — Fred, his sister called him, — should get a position at sea again, his mother would go to Rehoboth to her sister's, and Miss Caroline could join the Cuba party."

"Of course," said Haliburton.

"If Miss Caroline would say she would go, that impetuous Mr. Coleman and your bright Miss Lucy would sail next week for Charleston."

"I know they would," said Haliburton.

"In that event, Mr. Paine, here, would be promoted into the city counting-room, and his salary would be raised. He would be married, I know; for, though he said no word of it, I could see that he is engaged to somebody."

"It is to Sybil Throop, over in the Arbella School," said Haliburton.

"I think," continued the other, "that such a couple as that, moving into the Freeman's suite of rooms, would like to take Delia Rooney to service, and, if it were my business, I should advise Mrs. Rooney to place her there."

Haliburton stared aghast at these words of wisdom from lips so young.

"Then the Rooneys could go up to the stone-quarry, as she evidently wanted to; and I should think you might arrange that that drunken beast and his wife might be transferred from their den one peg up to the other's better quarters. If I have read to-day's lesson well, it is the lesson of keeping open the lines of promotion. That, Mr. Haliburton, is the duty of a free country!"

And here they came to the private entrance of the Revere again. Haliburton had no moment to answer this address, or even to comment on it. His companion asked him to come in. He declined, and the clock struck three.

Haliburton drove slowly home, meditating on the plan of promotion which the youngster had blocked out for him. He was himself not then married. He was in a Life Office, I think, and had begged a holiday for the day, borrowing Danforth's horse and carriage for this expedition,—as we all did, whenever Danforth was stationed here. He came over at once to our house, and astonished us by telling us, "How he took the Prince to ride!"

But the next morning, as I said, when we read the "Advertiser," it taught us how a guard of police had marched the Prince to the City Hall, and how he and the mayor and aldermen had

spent the day in visiting penitentiaries and hospitals.

How could this be?

I do not know. Haliburton does not know. If you write to England they will say General Bruce is dead, and that they do not know themselves. Only the Prince knows, and it is not proper to write to him. Polly and I, who had seen the real Prince, quizzed Haliburton unmercifully. We said he had spent the whole morning with a Canadian dry-goods clerk from Toronto, who had come East, for the first time, to buy an assorted stock of winter goods, and mistook Haliburton for a drummer whom he had met in the hotel reading-room the night before,—and I believe myself it was so.

But the next Tuesday Haliburton had the laugh on us. The Prince bade good by to Boston, went to Portland, and embarked. And the evening of the day he got to Portland Haliburton received from Portland an immense envelope, with an immense seal. Opened, it proved to contain a warrant:—

"For Mr. Frederic Freeman of Boston, appointing him first assistant engineer on her Majesty's steamer Stromboli, with instructions to report at Halifax."

Fred reported at Halifax, and is in the Queen's service to this hour.

Mrs. Freeman broke up housekeeping, and went to Rehoboth or Swansea, and Caroline went to Cuba with the Colemans.

Wingate Paine was promoted to a salary of two thousand dollars, and married Sybil Throop, and went to live in the Freemans' rooms in Osborn Place. They took Delia Rooney for their maid of all work.

The Rooneys went to Chittenden, above Rutland. He owns a marble-quarry in that region now, and gratefully sent Haliburton a present of two gravestones last week.

Haliburton got Mr. Way to let the Rooneys' two rooms to the Fogartys; made Fogarty take the pledge in compensation. He took the place below

Rooney in the stone-yard; and, really, the last time I was there, they were all so decent that I called the oldest girl Delia instead of Margaret, as if she were a Rooney, forgetting that nine years had gone by.

The only person whose condition

could not be improved, of all they saw that morning, was Mrs. Adoniram Newton. For she lived in a palace already.

All this I know. But, as I said, I cannot answer, when you ask me, "Did Haliburton take the Prince to ride?"

BY-WAYS OF EUROPE.

THE KYFFHÄUSER AND ITS LEGENDS.

THÜRINGIA, "The Heart of Germany," has for many a century ceased to be a political designation, yet it still lives in the mouths and the songs of the people as the well-beloved name for all that middle region lying between the Hartz on the north and the mountain-chain stretching from the Main to the Elbe on the south. A few points, such as Eisenach, Weimar, and Jena, are known to the tourist; the greater part, although the stage whereon many of the most important events in early and mediæval German history were enacted, has not yet felt the footstep of the curious stranger. From the overthrow of its native monarchy by the Franks, in the sixth century, to the close of the Thirty Years' War, in the seventeenth, the fortunes of this land symbolized, in a great measure, those of the Teutonic race. Behind battle and crime and knightly deed sprang up those flowers of legend whose mature seed is Poetry. In no part of Europe do they blossom so thickly as here.

I had already stood in the hall of the Minnesingers on the Wartburg; had crept into the cave of Venus, on the mountain of Tannhäuser; had walked through the Valley of Joy, where the two wives of the Count of Gleichen first met face to face; and had stood on the spot where Winfried, the English apostle, cut down the Druid oaks, and set up in their stead the first altar to Christ. But on the northern border of Thuringia, where its last mountains

look across the Golden Mead towards the dark summits of the Hartz, there stands a castle, in whose ruins sleeps the favorite tradition of Germany,—a legend which, changing with the ages, became the embodiment of an idea, and now represents the national unity, strength, and freedom. This is the Kyffhäuser; and the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa sleeps under it, in a crypt of the mountain, waiting for the day when the whole land, from the Baltic to the Alps, shall be ready to receive a single ruler. Then he will come forth, and the lost Empire will be restored.

Many a time, looking towards the far-away Brocken from the heights of the Thuringian Forest, had I seen the tower of the Kyffhäuser like a speck on the horizon, and as often had resolved to cross the twenty intervening leagues. The day was appointed and postponed—for years, as it happened; but a desire which is never given up works out its own fulfilment in the course of time, and so it was with mine. It is not always best to track a legend too closely. The airy brow of Tannhäuser's Mountain proved to be very ugly rock and very tenacious clay, when I had climbed it; and I came forth from the narrow slit of a cavern torn, squeezed out of breath, and spotted with tallow. Something of the purple atmosphere of the mountain and the mystery of its beautiful story has vanished since then. But

the day of my departure for the Kyffhäuser was meant for an excursion into dream-land. When the Summer, departing, stands with reluctant feet; when the Autumn looks upon the land, yet has not taken up her fixed abode; when the freshness of Spring is revived in every cloudless morning, and the afternoons melt slowly into smoke and golden vapor,—then comes, for a short space, the season of illusion, of credulity, of winsome superstition.

On such a day I went northward from Gotha into a boundless, undulating region of tawny harvest and stubble fields. The plain behind me, stretching to the foot of the Thüringian Forest, was covered with a silvery shimmering atmosphere, on which the scattered villages, the orchards, and the poplar-bordered highways were dimly blotted, like the first timid sketch of a picture, which shall grow into clear, confident color. Far and wide, over the fields, the peasants worked silently and steadily among their flax, oats, and potatoes,—perhaps rejoicing in the bounty of the sunshine, but too much in earnest to think of singing. Only the harvest of the vine is gathered to music. The old swallows collected their flocks of young on the ploughed land, and drilled them for the homeward flight. The sheep, kept together in a dense gray mass, nibbled diligently among the stubble, guarded only by a restless dog. At a corner of the field the box-house of the shepherd rested on its wheels, and he was probably asleep within it. Wains, laden with sheaves, rumbled slowly along the road towards the village barns. Only the ravens wheeled and croaked uneasily, as if they had a great deal of work to do, and could n't decide what to undertake first.

I stretched myself out luxuriously in the carriage, and basked in the tempered sunshine. I had nothing to do but to watch the mellow colors of the broadening landscape, as we climbed the long waves of earth, stretching eastward and westward out of sight. Those mixed, yet perfect moods, which come

equally from the delight of the senses and the release of the imagination, seem to be the very essence of poetry, yet how rarely do they become poetry! The subtle spirit of song cannot often hang poised in thin air; it must needs rest on a basis, however slender, of feeling or reflection. Eichendorff is the only poet to whom completely belongs the narrow border-land of moods and sensations. Yet the key-note of the landscape around me was struck by Tennyson in a single fortunate word,—“In looking on the *happy* Autumn-fields.” The earth had finished its summer work for Man, and now breathed of rest and peace from tree, and bush, and shorn stubble, and reviving grass. It was still the repose of lusty life; the beginning of death, the sadness of the autumn, was to come.

In crossing the last hill, before descending to the city of Langensalza, I saw one of the many reverse sides of this fair picture of life. A peasant girl, ragged, dusty, and tired, with a young child in her lap, sat on a stone seat by the wayside. She had no beauty; her face was brown and hard, her hair tangled, her figure rude and strong, and she held the child with a mechanical clasp, in which there was instinct, but not tenderness. Yet it needed but a single glance to read a story of poverty, and of shame and desertion ignorantly encountered and helplessly endured. Here was no acute sense of degradation; only a blind, brutish wretchedness. It seemed to me, as I saw her, looking stolidly into the sunny air, that she was repeating the questions, over and over, without hope of answer: “Why am I in the world? What is to become of me?”

At Langensalza I took a lighter carriage, drawn by a single horse, which was harnessed loosely on the left side of a long pole. Unfortunately I had a garrulous old driver, who had seen something of last year's battle, and supposed that nothing could interest me more than to know precisely where certain Prussian regiments were posted. Before I had divined his intention, he

left the highway, and carried me across the fields to the top of the Jews' Hill, which was occupied at the commencement of the battle by the Prussian artillery. The turf is still marked with the ragged holes of the cannon-balls. In the plain below, many trees are slowly dying from an overdose of lead. In the fields which the farmers were ploughing one sees here and there a headstone of granite or an iron crucifix; but all other traces of the struggle have disappeared. The little mill, which was the central point of the fight, has been well repaired; only some cannon-balls, grim souvenirs, are left sticking in the gable-wall. A mile farther, across the Unstrut, at the commencement of the rising country, is the village of Merxleben, where the Hanoverians were posted. Its streets are as dull and sleepy as ever before. Looking at the places where the plaster has been knocked off the houses, one would not guess the instruments by which it was done.

Some distance farther, at a safe height, my old man halted beside two poplars. "Here," he said, "the King of Hanover stood." Did he keep up the mimicry of sight, I wonder, while the tragedy was going on? This blind sovereign represents the spirit of monarchy in its purest essence. Though totally blind, from a boy, he pretends to see, because — the people must perceive no defect in a king. When he rides out, the adjutants on both sides are attached to his arms by fine threads; and he is thus guided, while appearing to guide himself. He visits picture-galleries, admires landscapes, and makes remarks upon the good or ill appearance of his courtiers. After the battle of Langensalza, which he pretended to direct, he sent his uniform to the museum at Hanover, with some straws and wheat-blades from the field where he stood sewed upon it in various places! Other monarchs of Europe have carried the tattered trappings of absolutism into a constitutional form of government, but none of them has been so exquisitely consistent as this man.

We plodded forward over vast tawny waves of landscape, as regular as the swells of the sea. All this territory, once so rich and populous, was reduced to a desert during the Thirty Years' War, and two centuries have barely sufficed to reclaim it. After that war, Germany possessed only twenty-five per cent of the men, the cattle, and the dwellings which she owned when it began, and this was the least of the evil. The new generation had grown up in insecurity, in idleness, immorality, and crime; the spirit of the race was broken, its blood was tainted, and it has ever since then been obliged to struggle from decadence into new power. We must never lose sight of these facts when we speak of the Germany of the present day. Well for us that we have felt only the shock and struggle, the first awakening of the manly element, not the later poison of war!

After more than two hours on the silent, lonely heights, — scarcely a man being here at work in the fields or abroad on the road, — I approached a little town called Ebeleben, in the principality of Schwarzburg-Sondershausen. The driver insisted on baiting his horse at the "municipal tavern," as it was called; and I remembered that in the place lived a gentleman whom I had met nine years before. Everybody knew the Amtsrath; he was at home; it was the large house beside the castle. Ebeleben was a former residence of the princes; but now its wonderful rococo gardens have run wild, the fountains and waterfalls are dry, the stone statues have lost their noses and arms, and the wooden sentries posted at all the gates have rotted to pieces. The remains are very funny. Not a particle of melancholy can be attached to the decayed grotesque.

I went into the court-yard of the house to which I had been directed. A huge parallelogram of stone and steep roofs enclosed it; there were thirteen ploughs in a row on one side, and three mountains of manure on the other. As no person was to be seen, I mounted the first flight of steps, and found my-

self in a vast, antiquated kitchen. A servant, thrusting her head from behind a door, told me to go forward. Pantries and store-rooms followed, passages filled with antique household gear, and many a queer nook and corner; but I at last reached the front part of the building, and found its owner. His memory was better than I had ventured to hope; I was made welcome so cordially, that only the sad news that the mistress of the house lay at the point of death made my visit brief. The Amtsrath, who farms a thousand acres, led me back to the tavern through his garden, saying, "We must try and bear all that comes to us," as I took leave.

A few years ago there was a wild, heathery moorland, the haunt of gypsies and vagabonds, beyond Ebeleben. Now it is all pasture and grain-field, of thin and barren aspect, but steadily growing better. The dark-blue line I had seen to the north, during the day, now took the shape of hills covered with forest, and the road passed between them into the head of a winding valley. The green of Thüringian meadows, the rich masses of beech and oak, again refreshed my eyes. The valley broadened as it fell, and the castle and spires of Sondershausen came into view. An equipage, drawn by four horses, came dashing up from a side-road. There were three persons in it; the short, plain-faced man in a felt hat was the reigning prince, Günther von Schwarzburg. There was not much of his illustrious namesake, the Emperor, in his appearance; but he had an honest, manly countenance, and I thought it no harm to exchange greetings.

I think Sondershausen must be the quietest capital in Europe. It is said to have six thousand inhabitants, about two hundred of whom I saw. Four were walking in a pleasant, willow-shaded path beside the mills; ten were wandering in the castle-park; and most of the remainder, being children, were playing in the streets. When I left, next morning, by post for the nearest railway station, beyond the Golden

Mead, I was the only passenger. But the place is well built, and has an air of contentment and comfort.

I was here on the southern side of the mountain ridge which is crowned by the Kyffhäuser, and determined to cross to Kelbra, in the Golden Mead, at its northern base. The valley was draped in the silver mists of the morning as I set out; and through them rose the spire of Jechaburg, still bearing the name of the Druid divinity there overthrown by the apostle Winfried. But there was another point in the landscape where my fancy settled, — the Trauenberg, at the foot of which was fought the first great *Hunnen-schlacht* (Battle of the Huns). When that gallant Emperor, Henry the Bird-Snarer, sent a mangy dog to Hungary, instead of the usual tribute, he knew and prepared for the consequences of his act. The Huns burst into Germany; he met and defeated them, first here, and then near Merseburg (A. D. 933), so utterly that they never again attempted invasion. Kaulbach's finest cartoon represents one or the other of these battles. Those fierce groups of warriors, struggling in a weird atmosphere, made the airy picture which I saw. One involuntarily tries to vivify history, and the imagination holds fast to any help.

After an hour and a half among the hills, I saw the Golden Mead, — so bright, so beautiful, that I comprehended the love which the German emperors, for centuries, manifested for it. I looked across a level valley, five or six miles wide, meadows green as May interrupting the bands of autumnal gold, groves and winding lines of trees marking the watercourses, stately towns planted at intervals, broad, ascending slopes of forest beyond, and the summit of the Brocken crowning all. East and west, the Mead faded out of sight in shining haze. It is a favored region. Its bounteous soil lies low and warm, sheltered by the Hartz; it has an earlier spring and a later summer than any other part of Northern Germany. This I knew, but I was

not prepared to find it, also, a delight to the eye. Towards Nordhausen the green was dazzling, and there was a blaze of sunshine upon it which recalled the plain of Damascus.

At Kelbra, I looked in vain for the Kyffhäuser, though so near it; an intervening summit hides the tower. On the nearest headland of the range, however, there is a ruined castle called the Rothenburg, which has no history worth repeating, but is always visited by the few who find their way hither. I procured a small boy as guide, and commenced my proper pilgrimage on foot. An avenue of cherry-trees gave but scanty shade from the fierce sun, while crossing the level of the Golden Mead; but, on reaching the mountain, I found a path buried in forests. It was steep, and hard to climb; and I soon found reason for congratulation in the fact that the summit has an altitude of only fifteen hundred feet. It was attained at last; the woods, which had been nearly impenetrable, ceased, and I found myself in front of a curious cottage, with a thatched roof, built against the foot of a tall round tower of other days. There were benches and tables under the adjoining trees; and a solid figure, with a great white beard, was moving about in a semi-subterranean apartment, inserted among the foundations of the castle.

Had it been the Kyffhäuser, I should have taken him for Barbarossa. The face reminded me of Walt Whitman, and, verily, the man proved to be a poet. I soon discovered the fact; and when he had given us bread and beer, he brought forth, for my purchase, the third edition of "Poems by the Hermit of the Rothenburg," published by Brockhaus, Leipzig. His name is Friedrich Beyer. His parents kept an inn on ground which became the battle-field of Jena, three or four years after he was born. His first recollection is of cannon, fire, and pillage. This is all that I learned of his history; his face suggests a great deal more. The traces of old passions, ambitions, struggles, and disappointments have grown faint

from the exercise of a cheerful philosophy. He is proud to be called a poet, yet serves refreshments with as much alacrity as any ordinary *kellner*.

After a time he brought an album, saying: "I keep this for such poets as happen to come, but there are only two names, perhaps, that you have ever heard,—Ludwig Storch and Müller von der Werra. Uhland was once in the Hartz, but he never came here. Rückert and a great many others have written about the Kyffhäuser and Barbarossa; but the poets, you know, depend on their fancies, rather than on what they see. I can't go about and visit them, so I can only become acquainted with the few who travel this way."

He then took an immense tin speaking-trumpet, stationed himself on a rock, pointed the trumpet at an opposite ridge of the mountain, and bellowed forth four notes which sounded like the voice of a dying bull. But, after a pause of silence, angels replied. Tones of supernatural sweetness filled the distant air, fading slowly upwards, until the blue, which seemed to vibrate like a string that has been struck, trembled into quiet again. It was wonderful! I have heard many echoes, but no other which so marvellously translates the sounds of earth into the language of heaven. "Do you notice," said the poet, "how one tone grows out of the others, and silences them? Whatever sound I make, that same tone is produced,—not at first, but it comes presently from somewhere else, and makes itself heard. I call it *reconciliation*,—atonement; the principle in which all human experience must terminate. You will find a poem about it in my book."

The Rothenburg has been a ruin for about three hundred years. It was a small castle, but of much more elegant and symmetrical architecture than most of its crumbling brethren. The trees which have grown up in court-yard and hall have here and there overthrown portions of the walls, but a number of handsome Gothic portals and windows remain. The round tower appears to have belonged to a much earlier struc-

ture. The present picturesque beauty of the place compensates for the lack of history and tradition. Its position is such that it overlooks nearly the whole extent of the Golden Mead and the southern slope of the Hartz,—a hemisphere of gold and azure at the time of my visit. It was a day which had strayed into September out of mid-summer. Intense, breathless heat filled the earth and sky, and there was scarcely a wave of air, even upon that summit.

The Kyffhäuser is two or three miles farther eastward, upon the last headland of the range, in that direction. The road connecting the two castles runs along the crest, through forests of the German oak, as is most fit. Taking leave of the poet, and with his volume in my pack, I plodded forward in the shade, attended by "spirits twain," invisible to my young guide. Poetry walked on my right hand, Tradition on my left. History respectfully declined to join the party; the dim, vapory, dreamful atmosphere did not suit her. Besides, in regard to the two points concerning which I desired to be enlightened she could have given me little assistance. Why was the dead Barbarossa supposed to be enchanted in a vault under the Kyffhäuser, a castle which he had never made his residence? Fifteen years ago, at the foot of the Taurus, in Asia Minor, I had stood on the banks of the river in which he was drowned; and in Tyre I saw the chapel in which, according to such history as we possess, his body was laid. Then, why should he, of all the German emperors, be chosen as the symbol of a political resurrection? He defied the power of the popes, and was placed under the ban of the Church; he gained some battles, and lost others; he commenced a crusade, but never returned from it; he did something towards the creation of a middle class, but in advance of the time when such a work could have been appreciated. He was evidently a man of genius and energy, of a noble personal presence, and probably possessed that individual magnetism, the effect of which survives so long

among the people; yet all these things did not seem to constitute a sufficient explanation.

The popularity of the Barbarossa legend, however, is not to be ascribed to anything in the Emperor's history. In whatever way it may have been created, it soon became the most picturesque expression of the dream of German unity,—a dream to which the people held fast, while the princes were doing their best to make its fulfilment impossible. Barbarossa was not the first, nor the last, nor the best of the great Emperors; but the legend, ever wilful in its nature, fastened upon him, and Art and Literature are forced to accept what they find already accepted by the people. This seemed to me, then, to be the natural explanation, and I am glad to find it confirmed in the main points by one of the best living writers of Germany. The substance of the popular tradition is embodied in this little song of Rückert:—

"The ancient Barbarossa,
Friedrich, the Kaiser great,
Within the castle-cavern
Sits in enchanted state.

"He did not die; but ever
Waits in the chamber deep,
Where, hidden under the castle,
He sat himself, to sleep.

"The splendor of the Empire
He took with him away,
And back to earth will bring it
When dawns the chosen day.

"The chair is ivory purest
Whereof he makes his bed;
The table is of marble
Whereon he props his head.

"His beard, not flax, but burning
With fierce and fiery glow,
Right through the marble table
Beneath his chin doth grow.

"He nods in dreams, and winketh
With dull, half-open eye,
And, once an age, he beckons
A page that standeth by.

"He bids the boy in slumber:
'O dwarf, go up this hour,
And see if still the ravens
Are flying round the tower.

"And if the ancient ravens
Still wheel above me here,
Then must I sleep enchanted
For many a hundred year."

Half-way from the Rothenburg, after passing a curious pyramid of petrified wood, I caught sight of the tower of the Kyffhäuser, a square, dark-red mass, towering over the oak woods. The path dwindled to a rude forest road, and the crest of the mountain, on the left, hid from view the glimmering level of the Golden Mead. I saw nothing but the wooded heights on the right, until, after climbing a space, I found myself suddenly in the midst of angular mounds of buried masonry. The "Kaiser Friedrich's tower," eighty feet high and about thirty feet square, appeared to be all that remained of the castle. But the extensive mounds over which I stumbled were evidently formed from the *débris* of roofs and walls, and something in their arrangement suggested the existence of vaults under them. The summit of the mountain, four or five hundred feet in length, is entirely covered with the ruins. A cottage in the midst, occupied by three wild women, is built over an ancient gateway, the level of which is considerably below the mounds; and I felt sure, although the women denied it, that there must be subterranean chambers. They permitted me, in consideration of the payment of three cents, to look through a glass in the wall, and behold a hideous picture of the sleeping Emperor. Like Macbeth's witches, they cried in chorus:—

"Show I show!
Show his eyes and grieve his heart;
Take his money, and let him depart!"

That, and a bottle of bad beer, which my small boy drank with extraordinary facility, was all the service they were willing to render me. But the storied peak was deserted; the vast ring of landscape basked in the splendid day; the ravens were flying around the tower; and there were seats at various points where I could rest at will and undisturbed. The Kyffhäuser was so lonely that its gnomes might have allowed the wonder-flower to grow for me, and have opened their vaults without the chance of a profane foot following. I first sketched the tower, to satis-

fy Duty; and then gave myself up to the guidance of Fancy, whose face, on this occasion, was not to be distinguished from that of Indolence. There was not a great deal to see, and no discoveries to make; but the position of the castle was so lordly, the view of the Golden Mead so broad and beautiful, that I could have asked nothing more. I remembered, as I looked down, the meadows of Tarsus, and pictured to myself, in the haze beyond the Brocken, the snow summits of the Taurus. "What avails the truth of history?" I reflected; "I know that Barbarossa never lived here, yet I cannot banish his shadowy figure from my thoughts. Nay, I find myself on the point of believing the legend."

The word "Kyffhäuser" means, simply, "houses on the peak" (*kippe* or *kuppe*). The people, however, have a derivation of their own. They say that, after Julius Cæsar had conquered the Thuringian land, he built a castle for his prætor on this mountain, and called it *Confusio*, to signify the state to which he had reduced the ancient monarchy. Long afterwards, they add, a stag was found in the forest, with a golden collar around its neck, on which were the words: "Let no one hurt me; Julius gave me my liberty." The date of the foundation of the castle cannot be determined. It was probably a residence, alternately, of the Thuringians and Franks, in the early Christian centuries; the German emperors afterwards occasionally inhabited it; but it was ruined in the year 1189, just before the departure of Barbarossa for the Orient. Afterwards rebuilt, it appears to have been finally overthrown and deserted in the fourteenth century. It is a very slender history which I have to relate; but, as I said before, History did not accompany me on the pilgrimage.

The Saga, however, — whose word is often as good as the written record, — had a great deal to say. She told me, first, that the images and ideas of a religion live among the people for ages after the creed is overthrown;

that the half of a faith is simply *transferred*, not changed. Here is the thread by which the legend of the Kyffhäuser may be unravelled. The gods of the old Scandinavian and Teutonic mythology retreated into the heart of certain sacred mountains during the winter, and there remained until the leaves began to put forth in the forests, when the people celebrated their reappearance by a spring festival, the Druid Pentecost. When Christianity was forced upon the land, and the names of the gods were prohibited, the prominent chiefs and rulers took their place. Charlemagne sat with his paladins in the Untersberg, near Salzburg, under the fortress of Nuremberg, and in various other mountains. Two centuries later, Otto the Great was, in like manner, invested with a subterranean court; then, after an equal space of time, came Barbarossa's turn. Gustav Freytag,* to whom I am indebted for some interesting information on this point, read to me, from a Latin chronicle of the year 1050, the following passage: "This year there was great excitement among the people, from the report that a ruler would come forth and lead them to war. Many believed that it would be Charlemagne; but many also believed that it would be another, whose name cannot be mentioned." This other was Wuotan (Odin), whose name the people whispered three centuries after they had renounced his worship.

This explanation fits every particular of the legend. The Teutonic tribes always commenced their wars in the spring, after the return of the gods to the surface of the earth. The ravens flying around the tower are the well-known birds of Odin. When Barbarossa comes forth, he will first hang his shield on the barren tree, which will then burst into leaf. The medicinal legend sprang naturally from the grave of the dead religion. Afterwards, — probably during the terrible depression which followed the Thirty

Years' War, — another transfer took place. The gods were at last forgotten; but the aspirations of the people, connecting Past and Future, found a new meaning in the story, which the poets, giving it back to them in a glorified form, fixed forever.

We have only two things to assume, and they will give us little trouble. The Kyffhäuser must have been one of those sacred mountains of the Teutons in which the gods took up their winter habitation. Its character corresponds with that of other mountains which were thus selected. It is a projecting headland, partly isolated from the rest of the range, — like Tabor, "a mountain apart." This would account for the location of the legend. The choice of Barbarossa may be explained partly by the impression which his personal presence and character made upon the people (an effect totally independent of his place in history), and partly from the circumstance, mysterious to them, that he went to the Holy Land, and never returned. Although they called him the "Heretic Emperor," on account of his quarrel with the Pope, this does not appear to have diminished the power of his name among them. The first form of the legend, as we find it in a fragment of poetry from the fourteenth century, says that he disappeared, but is not dead; that hunters or peasants sometimes meet him as a pilgrim, whereupon he discovers himself to them, saying that he will yet punish the priests, and restore the Holy Roman Empire. A history, published in the year 1519, says: "He was a man of great deeds, marvellously courageous, lovable, severe, and with the gift of speech, — renowned in many things as was no one before him save Carolus the Great, — and is at last lost, so that no man knows what is become of him."

I know not where to look for another tradition made up of such picturesque elements. Although it may be told in a few words, it contains the quintessence of the history of two thousand years. Based on the grand

* The well-known author of "Debit and Credit" and "Pictures of the German Past."

Northern mythology, we read in it the foundation of Christianity, the Crusades, that hatred of priestcraft which made the Reformation possible, the crumbling to pieces of the old German Empire, and finally that passionate longing of the race which is now conducting it to a new national unity and power. For twenty years the Germans have been collecting funds to raise a monument to Herrmann, the Cheruskian chief, the destroyer of Varus and his legions in the Teutoburger Forest; yet Germany, after all, grew great from subjection to the laws and learning of Rome. The Kyffhäuser better deserves a monument, not specially to Barbarossa, but to that story which for centuries symbolized the political faith of the people.

The local traditions which have grown up around the national one are very numerous. Some have been transplanted hither from other places — as, for instance, that of the key-flower, — but others, very naïve and original, belong exclusively here. It is very possible, however, that they may also be found in other lands; the recent researches in fairy lore teach us that scarcely anything of what we possess is new. Here is one which suggests some passages in Wieland's "Oberon."

In Tilleda, a village at the foot of the Kyffhäuser, some lads and lasses were met, one evening, for social diversion. Among them was a girl whom they were accustomed to make the butt of their fun, — whom none of them liked, although she was honest and industrious. By a secret understanding, a play of pawns was proposed; and when this girl's turn came to redeem hers, she was ordered to go up to the castle and bring back three hairs from the sleeping Emperor's beard. She set out on the instant, while the others made themselves merry over her simplicity. To their great surprise, however, she returned in an hour, bringing with her three hairs, fiery-red in color and of astonishing length. She related that, having entered the subterranean chambers, she was conducted

by a dwarf to the Emperor's presence, where, after having drained a goblet of wine to his health, and that of the Frau Empress, she received permission to pluck three hairs from the imperial beard, on condition that she would neither give them away nor destroy them. She faithfully kept the promise. The hairs were laid away among her trinkets; and a year afterwards she found them changed into rods of gold, an inch in diameter. Of course the former Cinderella then became the queen.

There are several stories, somewhat similar in character, of which musicians or piping herdsmen are the heroes. Now it is a company of singers or performers, who, passing the Kyffhäuser late at night, give the sleeping Emperor a serenade; now it is a shepherd, who, saying to himself, "This is for the Kaiser Friedrich," plays a simple melody upon his flute. In each case an entrance opens into the mountain. Either a princess comes forth with wine, or a page conducts the musicians into the Emperor's presence. Sometimes they each receive a green bough in payment, sometimes a horse's head, a stick, or a bunch of flax. All are either dissatisfied with their presents, or grow tired of carrying them, and throw them away, — except one (generally the poorest and silliest of the company), who takes his home with him as a souvenir of the adventure, or as an ironical present to his wife, and finds it, next morning, changed into solid gold. How faithful are all these legends to the idea of compensation! It is always the poor, the simple, the persecuted to whom luck comes.

I have two more stories, of a different character, to repeat. A poor laborer in Tilleda had an only daughter, who was betrothed to a young man equally poor, but good and honest. It was the evening before the wedding-day; the guests were already invited, and the father suddenly remembered with dismay that there was only one pot, one dish, and two plates in the house. "What shall we do?" he

cried. "You must go up to the Kyffhäuser, and ask the Princess to lend us some dishes." Hand in hand the lovers climbed the mountain, and at the door of the cavern found the Princess, who smiled upon them as they came. They made their request timidly and with fear; but she bade them take heart, gave them to eat and drink, and filled a large basket with dishes, spoons, and everything necessary for a wedding feast. When they returned to the village with their burden, it was day. All things were strange; they recognized neither house nor garden: the people were unknown to them, and wore a costume they had never before seen. Full of distress and anxiety, they sought the priest, who, after hearing their story turned over the church-books, and found that they had been absent just two hundred years.

The other legend is that of Peter Klaus, the source from which Irving drew his *Rip Van Winkle*. I had read it before (as have, no doubt, many of my readers), but was not acquainted with its local habitation until my visit to the Kyffhäuser. It was first printed, so far as I can learn, in a collection made by Otmar, and published in Bremen in the year 1800. Given in the briefest outline, it is as follows: Peter Klaus, a shepherd of Sittendorf, pastured his herd on the Kyffhäuser, and was in the habit of collecting the animals at the foot of an old ruined wall. He noticed that one of his goats regularly disappeared for some hours every day; and, finding that she went into an opening between two of the stones, he followed her. She led him into a vault, where she began eating grains of oats which fell from the ceiling. Over his head he heard the stamping and neighing of horses. Presently a squire in ancient armor appeared, and beckoned to him without speaking. He was led up stairs, across a courtyard, and into an open space in the mountain, sunken deep between rocky walls, where a company of knights, stern and silent, were playing at bowls.

Peter Klaus was directed by gestures to set up the pins, which he did in mortal fear, until the quality of a can of wine, placed at his elbow, stimulated his courage. Finally, after long service and many deep potations, he slept. When he awoke, he found himself lying among tall weeds, at the foot of the ruined wall. Herd and dog had disappeared; his clothes were in tatters, and a long beard hung upon his breast. He wandered back to the village, seeking his goats, and marvelling that he saw none but strange faces. The people gathered around him, and answered his questions, but each name he named was that upon a stone in the churchyard. Finally, a woman who seemed to be his wife pressed through the crowd, leading a wild-looking boy, and with a baby in her arms. "What is your name?" he asked.

"Maria."

"And your father?"

"He was Peter Klaus, God rest his soul! who went up the Kyffhäuser with his herd, twenty years ago, and has never been seen since."

Irving has taken almost every feature of his story from this legend; but his happy translation of it to the Catskills, and the grace and humor which he has added to it, have made it a new creation. Peter Klaus is simply a puppet of the people's fancy, but *Rip Van Winkle* has an immortal vitality of his own. Few, however, who look into the wild little glen, on climbing to the Catskill Mountain House, suspect from what a distance was wafted the thistle-down which there dropped and grew into a new plant, with the richest flavor and color of the soil. Here, on the Kyffhäuser, I find the stalk whence it was blown by some fortunate wind.

No doubt some interesting discoveries might be made, if the ruins were cleared and explored. At the eastern end of the crest are the remains of another tower, from which I detected masses of masonry rising through the oaks, on a lower platform of the mountain. The three wild women informed me that there was a chapel down there;

but my small boy had never heard of it, and did n't know the way.

"Where do you come from, boy?" the women asked.

"From Kelbra."

"Oh! ah! To be sure you don't know! The Kelbra people are block-heads and asses, every one of 'em. They think their Rothenburg is everything, when the good Lord knows that the Kaiser Red-beard never lived there a day of his life. From Kelbra, indeed! It's the Tilleda people that know how to guide strangers; you've made a nice mess of it, Herr, taking a Kelbra boy!"

Perhaps I had; but it was n't pleasant to be told of it in that way. So I took my boy, said farewell to Barbara-rossa's tower, and climbed down the steep of slippery grass and stones to the ruins of the lower castle. The scrubby oaks and alder thickets were almost impenetrable; a single path wound among them, leading me through three ancient gateways, but avoiding several chambers, the walls of which are still partially standing. However, I finally reached the chapel,—a structure more Byzantine than Gothic, about fifty feet in length. It stands alone, at the end of a court-yard, and is less ruined than any other part of the castle. The windows remain, and a great part of the semicircular chancel, but I could find no traces of sculpture. The floor had been dug up in search of buried treasure. Looking through an aperture in the wall, I saw another enclosure of ruins on a platform farther below. The castle of Kyffhäuser, then, embraced three separate stages of buildings, all connected, and forming a pile nearly a quarter of a mile in length. Before its fall it must have been one of the stateliest fortresses in Germany.

I descended the mountain in the fierce, silent heat which made it seem so lonely, so far removed from the bright world of the Golden Mead. There were no flocks on the dry pasture-slopes, no farmers in the stubble-fields under them; and the village of

Tilleda, lying under my eyes, bared its deserted streets to the sun. There, nevertheless, I found rest and refreshment in a decent inn. My destination was the town of Artern, on the Unstrut, at the eastern extremity of the Golden Mead; and I had counted on finding a horse and hay-cart, at least, to carry me over the intervening nine or ten miles. But no; nothing of the kind was to be had in Tilleda,—even a man to shoulder my pack was an unusual fortune, for which I must be grateful. "Wait till evening," said the landlady, after describing to me the death of her husband, and her business troubles, "and then Hans Meyer will go with you."

The story being that the family of Goethe originally came from Artern, and that some of its members were still living in the neighborhood, I commenced my inquiries at Tilleda.

"Is there anybody of the name of Goethe in the village?" I asked the landlady.

"Yes," said she, "there's the blacksmith Goethe, but I believe he's the only one."

The poet's great-grandfather having been a blacksmith, and the practice of a certain trade or profession being so frequently hereditary among the Germans, I did not doubt but that this was a genuine branch of the family. All that the landlady could say of the man, in reply to my questions, was, "He's only a blacksmith."

The sun had nearly touched the tower on the Kyffhäuser when Hans Meyer and I set out for Artern; but the fields still glowed with heat, and the far blue hills, which I must reach, seemed to grow no nearer, as I plodded painfully along the field-roads. The man was talkative enough, and his singular dialect was not difficult to understand. He knew no tradition which had not already been gathered, but, like a genuine farmer, entertained me with stories of hail-storms, early and late frosts, and inundations. He was inveterately wedded to old fashions, and things of the past, had served

against the Republicans in 1849, and not a glimmering idea of the present national movement had ever entered his mind. I had heard that this region was the home of conservative land-owners, and ignorant peasants who believe in them, but I am not willing to take Hans Meyer as a fair specimen of the people.

It is wearisome to tell of a weary journey. The richest fields may be monotonous, and the sweetest pastoral scenery become tame, without change. I looked over the floor of the Golden Mead, with ardent longing towards the spire of Artern in the east, and with a faint interest towards the castle of Sachsenberg, in the south, perched above a gorge through which the Unstrut breaks its way. The sun went down in a splendor of color, the moon came up like a bronze shield, grain-wagons rolled homewards, men and women flocked into the villages, with rakes and forks on their shoulders, and a cool dusk slowly settled over the great plain. Hans Meyer was silent at last, and I was in that condition of tense endurance when an unnecessary remark is almost as bad as an insult; and so we went over the remaining miles, entering the gates of Artern by moonlight.

The first thing I did, in the morning, was to recommence my inquiries in regard to Goethe. "Yes," said the landlord, "his *stammhaus* (ancestral house) is here, but the family don't live in it any longer. If you want to see it, one of the boys shall go with you. There was formerly a smithy in it; but the smiths of the family left, and then it was changed."

I followed the boy through the long, roughly paved main street, until we had nearly reached the western end of the town, when he stopped before an old yellow house, two stories high, with a steep tiled roof. Its age, I should guess, was between two and three hundred years. The street-front, above the ground floor,—which, having an arched entrance and only one small window, must have been the former smithy,—showed its framework of

timber, as one sees in all old German houses. Before the closely ranged windows of the second story, there were shelves with pots of gilliflowers and carnations in blossom. It was a genuine mechanic's house, with no peculiar feature to distinguish it particularly from the others in the street. A thin-faced man, with sharp black mustache, looked out of one of the windows, and spoke to the boy, who asked whether I wished to enter. But as there was really nothing to be seen, I declined.

According to the chronicles of Artern, the great-grandfather Goethe, the blacksmith, had a son who was apprenticed to a tailor, and who, during his *wanderschaft*, sojourned awhile in Frankfort-on-the-Main. He there captivated the fancy of a rich widow, the proprietress of the Willow-Bush Hotel (the present "Hotel Union"), and married her,—or she married him,—a fact which presupposes good looks, or talents, or both, on his part. His son, properly educated, became in time the Councilor Goethe, who begat the poet. The latter, it is said, denied that the tailor was his *grandfather*, whence it is probable that an additional generation must be interpolated; but the original blacksmith has been accepted, I believe, by the most of Goethe's biographers. A generation, more or less, makes no difference. Goethe's ancestry, like that of Shakespeare, lay in the ranks of the people, and their strong blood ran in the veins of both.

No author ever studied himself with such a serene, objective coolness as Goethe; but when he speaks to the world, one always feels that there is a slight flavor of *dichtung* infused into his *wahrheit*. Or perhaps, with the arrogance natural to every great intellect, he reasoned outward, and assumed material from spiritual facts. Fiction being only Truth seen through a different medium, the poet who can withdraw far enough from his own nature to contemplate it as an artistic study, works under a different law from that of the autobiographer. So when Goethe illus-

trates himself, we must not always look closely for facts. The only instance, which I can recall at this moment, wherein he speaks of his ancestors, is the poetical fragment:—

"Stature from father, and the mood
Stern views of life compelling;
From mother I take the joyous heart,
And the love of story-telling;
Great-grandsire's passion was the fair—
What if I still reveal it?
Great-grandam's was pomp, and gold, and show,
And in my bones I feel it."

It is quite as possible, here, that Goethe deduced the character of his ancestors from his own, as that he sought an explanation of the latter in their peculiarities. The great-grandsire may have been Textor, of his mother's line; it is not likely that he knew much of his father's family-tree. The burghers of Frankfurt were as proud, in their day, as the nobility of other lands; and Goethe, at least in his tastes and habits, was a natural aristocrat. It is not known that he ever visited Artern.

Concerning the other members of the original family, the landlord said: "Not one of them lives here now. The last Goethe in the neighborhood was a farmer, who had a lease of the *scharf-richterai*" (an isolated property, set apart for the use of the government executioner), "but he left here some six or eight years ago, and emigrated to America." "Was he the executioner?" I asked. "O, by no means!" the landlord answered; "he only leased the farm; but it was not a comfortable place to live upon, and, besides, he did n't succeed very well." So the blacksmith in Tilleda and the American Goethe are the only representatives left. What if a great poet for our hemisphere should, in time, spring from the loins of the latter?

I ordered a horse and carriage with no compunctions of conscience, for I was really unable to make a second day's journey on foot. The golden weather had lasted just long enough

to complete my legendary pilgrimage. The morning at Artern came on with cloud and distant gray sweeps of rain, which soon blotted out the dim headland of the Kyffhäuser. I followed the course of the Unstrut, which here reaches the northern limit of his wanderings, and winds southward to seek the Saale. The valley of the river is as beautiful as it is secluded, and every hour brings a fresh historical field to the traveller. No highway enters it; only rude country roads lead from village to village, and rude inns supply plain cheer. Tourists are here an unknown variety of the human race.

I passed the ruins of Castle Wendelstein, battered during the Thirty Years' War,—a manufactory of beet-sugar now peacefully smokes in the midst of its gray vaults and buttresses,—and then Memleben, where Henry the Bird-Snarer lived when he was elected Emperor, and Otto II. founded a grand monastery. Other ruins and ancient battle-fields followed, and finally Nebra, where, in 531, the Thuringians fought with the Franks three days, and lost their kingdom. On entering Nebra, I passed an inn with the curious sign of "Care" (*Sorge*),—represented by a man with a most dismal face, and his head resting hopelessly upon his hand. An inn of evillest omen; and, assuredly, I did not stop there.

Farther down the valley, green vineyards took the place of the oak forests, and the landscapes resembled those of the Main and the Neckar. There were still towns, and ruined castles, and battle-fields, but I will not ask the reader to explore the labyrinthine paths of German history. The atmosphere of the legend had faded, and I looked with an indifferent eye on the storied scenes which the windings of the river unfolded. At sunset, I saw it pour its waters into those of the Saale, not far from the railway station of Naumburg, where I came back to the highways of travel.

AFTER THE BURIAL.)

YES, Faith is a goodly anchor ;
When skies are sweet as a psalm,
At the bows it lolls so stalwart
In bluff broad-shouldered calm.

And when, over breakers to leeward
The tattered surges are hurled,
It may keep our head to the tempest,
With its grip on the base of the world.

But, after the shipwreck, tell me
What help in its iron thews,
Still true to the broken hawser,
Deep down among sea-weed and ooze ?

In the breaking gulfs of sorrow,
When the helpless feet stretch out,
And find in the deeps of darkness
No footing so solid as doubt,

Then better one spar of memory,
One broken plank of the past,
That our human heart may cling to,
Though hopeless of shore at last !

To the spirit its splendid conjectures,
To the flesh its sweet despair,
Its tears o'er the thin-worn locket
With its beauty of deathless hair !

Immortal ? I feel it and know it ;
Who doubts it of such as she ?
But that is the pang's very secret, —
Immortal away from me !

There 's a narrow ridge in the graveyard
Would scarce stay a child in his race ;
But to me and my thought it is wider
Than the star-sown vague of space.

Your logic, my friend, is perfect,
Your morals most drearily true,
But the earth that stops my darling's ears
Makes mine insensate too.

Console, if you will ; I can bear it ;
'T is a well-meant alms of breath ;
But not all the preaching since Adam
Has made Death other than Death.

Communion in spirit! Forgive me,
But I, who am earthy and weak,
Would give all my incomes from dreamland
For her rose-leaf palm on my cheek!

That little shoe in the corner,
So worn and wrinkled and brown,—
Its motionless hollow confutes you,
And argues your wisdom down.

THE NEXT PRESIDENT.

WE shall not claim greater honor than prophets commonly receive in their own country when the vote of the nation confirms the impression we feel that General Grant is to be the next President, though there are some things which make us aware of risk in the prediction. It is not long since General Grant was formally named for the Presidency by a class of persons in several of our large cities who conceived themselves singularly qualified to choose the head of a free people, because they had hitherto had little or nothing to do with politics, and were, as a class, less self-governed than any other part of our population. They proposed to take politics out of the hands of politicians, and to elect a President by the force of wealth and respectability; and, besides the dangerous favor of these down-trodden and quite helpless merchant-princes, General Grant has had the disadvantage of a literary father celebrating his boyhood in the "New York Ledger." But, on the other hand, there are Vicksburg and Richmond, and the great fact that General Grant has said nothing to injure himself, however mischievous his friendships and relationships may be. We take courage from what he has done and has not done, and find his surviving popularity an assurance of his success, at least before the Re-

publican Convention appointed for an early day at Chicago.

It seems quite possible now that no one will appear there to dispute the nomination with him. The question has, up to this time, been solely between him and Chief Justice Chase; no other has had the slightest reason to hope for the nomination; and now the Chief Justice's influence with the party throughout the country seems fairly and finally tested by the action of the party in his own State, where there is scarcely a doubt that its whole strength will be given for Grant.

What manner of man this is who is to be our next President is plain enough. As we all know, he has of his own motion said little about it, yet he has done a vast deal about it; and, though a silent man, he has shown himself a very frank one. If we sketched him according to the popular ideal of a year ago (for the most part evolved, as we think, from the inner consciousness of the reporters and correspondents), he would appear as a smallish military gentleman, not too scrupulous in dress, who is in the pretty constant receipt of calls from eminent politicians anxious to sound him upon this and upon that, and who baffles all these wily intriguers by smoking speechlessly, with a scarcely perceptible quivering of the left eyelid, or else, with an impenetrable astuteness,

by turning the discourse upon horses. Several events have occurred within the past year to modify this ideal; and, as matters now stand, we do not see how the mind of General Grant could be better declared than it is upon whatever politicians would like to know. As rapidly as practical questions have arisen, he has answered for himself in word and act; and, since the removal of General Sheridan, nobody has been more satisfactory in the expression of his opinions than the taciturn soldier reputed never to open his lips. No one, it is true, has used him; and no one, we suspect, has attempted to do so, except Mr. Johnson; but Mr. Johnson is a pure empiric in politics: he even tried to make use of General Custer, and in like manner would probably have resorted to Mr. Train as a specific for the Presidential complaint, had he happened to call to mind a gentleman who, in view of his public character and last arrest, we may describe as our National Debtor.

There is no longer a doubt of General Grant's convictions upon the great question which unites the whole Republican party, or which divides us from the Democratic party; and if we asked him at this moment for a declaration of his opinions, beyond the question of reconstruction, he might reasonably retort upon us with a like demand. For some time our bow of Republican promise has been much like the ordinary rainbow, of which there is supposed to be a separate one for the gratification of each beholder. We share with our opponents a general desire for lighter taxes and a lower tariff; but we have been somewhat uncertain about the currency, and we are not agreed upon any form of repudiation, or upon repudiation at all. We no longer desire to hang Jefferson Davis, or even John Surratt; and though the impeachment of Mr. Johnson commands the approval of the party as a serio-comic necessity, it must be owned that the impeachment of Presidents is hardly an "issue" to inspire enthusiasm in their election.

In fine, but for reconstruction it

would not be easy to say what Republicanism is, beyond the assurance each Republican feels that his party will do justice as occasion arrives. He knows that his party embraces all that is best in the national life, — intellect, education, public spirit, private worth and weight in such degree that it cannot go wrong without destroying itself. It is essentially the party which saved the government from rebellion, and it seeks to restore prosperity in States which, till its triumph, had never known freedom. It is not, in broad terms, the party which sends prize-fighters to Congress; it can even boast of having been beaten when it named a 'cute showman for a seat in the national legislature. It embodies the American idea, with some of its defects and errors, but with all its strength and honesty, its steadfastness and generosity. It can have no being but in progress and good-faith. It may be divided and beaten, but in the end it must be the triumphing majority, for it is the reason and the heart of the people.

General Grant could give no better proof of his sympathy with this party, besides his avowed adherence to its main purpose, than the respect he has uniformly shown for the national sense of honor and justice, and the recognition which his acts have given of the supremacy of public opinion. Explicitly or tacitly, our government is based upon the idea that the people can do no wrong; and, consciously or unconsciously, the office of the Chief Magistrate among us has been simplified to intelligence and obedience, — the ability to understand the popular mind, and the will to rule by it. We want no leader in the White House, but we nevertheless want a great man there, for it is only a great man who can comply with these conditions. Mr. Johnson early showed himself helpless to discern and to acquiesce, blinded as he was with original conceit, and narrowed by the provincial life of a minor Slave State. He conceived of us from the first as a nation of emancipated tai-

lors, and he never could see that the eagle differed essentially from the goose. It required a sagacious humility, which he never possessed, to act upon public feeling, to keep even with it, to confess practically, that, unless our democracy is feigned and our existence a sham, we can scarcely be worse misgoverned than when we are forced aright by an executive. "I don't believe," says Mr. Wade, in a recent conversation attributed to him, "that a President ought to be setting himself up as a policy-maker. When I am asked what my policy will be in case I have to discharge the Presidential duties, I generally answer that I won't have any policy. It's the duty of Congress to adopt a policy, and the duty of the President to execute it. We've had trouble enough from the efforts of Presidents to set up a policy for themselves, and force Congress into its adoption by the use of the government patronage, and otherwise." To some such clear idea of the business of Presidency General Grant has shown himself to have attained; and whether he has reached it through the experience of a lifetime, or through the events of the two instructive years of Mr. Johnson's administration, we need not very diligently inquire.

It is certain that Grant's whole life has been one to teach him America, if not Americanism; and he has had even wider opportunities to know his countrymen than that great President who understood them better than any other, and with whom he had in common a backwoods origin and a youth of hard work. In order to believe that these opportunities were not lost to a man of his shrewd and independent temper, we need not be at the trouble to suppose that he made an ambitious study of the people with whom he was brought so variously acquainted, or that he was not always chiefly interested in advancing his fortunes by the paths plainest before him. The destiny which took him from his rude early life, and placed him in contact with discipline, science, and culture at

West Point, was *not* of a kind to inspire trust in its infallibility, since it concerned itself so little with Grant personally that it even blundered in his name, and put fame and the family Bible forever at variance about him; nor is it probable that he was led in any very confident or prophetic spirit from West Point to active service in Mexico, and thence to garrison-life in New York and on the Canadian frontier, and, yet later, on military duty to California and Oregon, with their gold-mining tumults and Indian wars. Nevertheless, he thus came to know Americans of every class and section; and when, having married, he resigned his place in the army, and tried farming, and, in a small way, slaveholding, in Missouri, and still later devoted himself to the leather business at Galena, he completed his own experience of all the prominent phases of American life,—the backwoods, the school, arms, agriculture, and commerce. When the war overtook him with the rest of us, in 1861, he was still selling leather in Galena. We dare say he did not then, in his thirty-ninth year, regard himself as a very successful man, and no effort of the imagination could depict him as a great one. He was a widely experienced, undiscouraged American, who was doing the work that lay next his hand, with no reason to exult in his past, nor any disposition to make less of himself in the future. He must have seemed to everybody a plain man of average ability; but his taciturn habit no doubt did him injustice, and made him pass for a man of less weight than he really was. Considering his whole character and career, it is probable that he valued his neighbors more justly than they valued him; and it is pretty certain that since that time he has had the advantage of his countrymen in approaching the reciprocal understanding which has been finally reached.

We are all Abolitionists since the emancipation of the slaves; and if we find it hard to forgive Grant, that, up to the beginning of the war, he had failed to

sympathize with the popular resolution to limit and annul the political influence of slavery, we can remember it merely as we recall the political history of, say, General Butler up to about the same period. Grant's thorough knowledge of Americans as men was the foundation on which he built the victories of Fort Donelson, Vicksburg, and Richmond, and in the mean time his political education has proceeded with the greatest rapidity. At the outset he saw that the end of slavery had come, and the "three likely negroes" whom his wife owned in Missouri were then freed by private proclamation; nor did he ever propose to subdue the Rebels with one hand and crush the slaves with the other, upon the plan of our more imaginative generals. He felt that the work before him was more serious than this, and that the people behind him were earnest to extremity. He put his silent faith in their resolution, and beat out the Rebellion with their inexorable numbers, which he knew could not fail him so long as there was need of them; but, the work done, he respected their supremacy, as if he had been the least of his victorious soldiers, and had never had power over one American citizen.

Yet how thoroughly events had educated him in our political character and the most advanced ideas of self-government few of us understood till, two years later, we read those words in protest against the removal of General Sheridan: "I earnestly urge, in the name of a patriotic people, who have sacrificed hundreds of thousands of loyal lives, and thousands of millions of treasure, to preserve the integrity and union of this country, that this order be not insisted on. It is, unmistakably, the expressed wish of the country that General Sheridan should not be removed from his command. This is a Republic where the will of the people is the law of the land. I beg that their voice may be heard. General Sheridan has performed his civil duties faithfully and intelligently. His removal will only be regarded as

an effort to defeat the laws of Congress. It will be interpreted by the unconstructed element in the South—those who did all they could to break up this government by arms, and now wish to be the only element consulted as to the method of restoring order—as a triumph. It will embolden them to renewed opposition to the will of the loyal masses, believing that they have the Executive with them."

Neither for the great exigency of reconstruction, which makes us all Republicans, whatever our opinions of tariffs or debts or taxes, nor for the imperishable principles of justice and freedom upon which our national existence rests, could there have been any franker expression than this. Here is a man who interprets the Presidential duty as respect for the public will, and the Presidential policy as a plain obedience to the laws of Congress. Reading this passage over again in the light of Mr. Wade's attributive theory of the Presidential office, we cannot find how it differs from the ideal of the most radical among us. If there is stuff to make a broader or sounder reconstruction clause for the Republican creed, we shall be glad to have it used at Chicago. Grant's acts since the war, and particularly during the last six months, if they could somehow be formulated, might serve the occasion.

No doubt General Grant will pledge himself to as great truth in the future as he has shown in the past; and we say again, if there is any form of promise by which he can be most clearly and distinctly bound to the purposes and destiny of the party, we owe it to ourselves and to the country to exact it. The one great duty before us is the reconstruction of the Southern States upon the basis of equal rights for every race and color. This is the first thing; but another duty associates itself with it, in all just men's minds.

The party ought to declare unmistakably against every form of repudiation, lest thereby we who urged on the war at every cost incur a double guilt, such

as never could attach to the opponents of the war if they favored national bad faith. Honesty is the best principle as well as the best policy, and we must secure the national creditors, because, as men of honor, we do not betray the friends who trust us, or forget the claims of those who succor our necessities. The right is plain, and there is no expediency that holds as argument against it. Our bond to our creditors ought to be as good as our word to the liberated slaves.

We think that the Chicago Convention should also give some distinct hope of relief to the tax-payers; and we would have something said in recognition of the justice and reason of free-trade, even if no pledge for the immediate reduction of imposts can be made. We might, for example, have a plank in the platform on which, instead of slavery, lately deceased, the protective tariff and Mormon polygamy should figure as "the twin relics

of barbarism." However, we do not insist upon this. It can scarcely be necessary to urge upon the Convention the nomination of a thoroughly tried and upright man for the Vice-Presidency or to dwell on the error of trusting anything to disease or assassination in the secondary choice of an Executive. We must ourselves provide for a chance which is so possible as the accession of the Vice-President to the Chief-magistracy, and see to it that no form of Tyler or Johnson succeeds General Grant,—a man indeed given us by the war that saved us, but also a man who has done everything since the war to keep our honor and gratitude,—a man who, from his own varied life, can judge aright nearly every phase of our national life,—a man who is in practical sympathy with American ideas of self-government, and whose words and deeds promise for the future a President without a policy and a people without a master.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

History of the United Netherlands: from the Death of William the Silent to the Twelve Years' Truce, 1609. By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, D. C. L. In Four Volumes. Vols. III. and IV. New York: Harper and Brothers.

PHILIP II.'s invasion of France, and the war of the Huguenot Prince of Béarn against the Leaguers for the French sovereignty, with the famous battle of Ivry and siege of Paris, ending in Henry of Navarre's conversion to the Catholic faith and accession to the throne, and thereafter his long life of good-humored treacheries, intrigues, coarse pleasures, and perils from Spanish armies and assassins,—form but one of the strands of narrative woven into this complex web of history, in which the texture of all interests and aspirations of the time appears. The history of English policy is wrought into it, from the time when Elizabeth smiled on the cause of the Nether-

lands till James turned his back upon the Commonwealth's uncertain fortune to betroth his children to those of the Spanish king (whose agents were in the mean time charged to take off the Scotchman by poison or dagger), and did not heartily recollect the ancient friendship of England and Holland till he had occasion to advise the States-General against the toleration of Catholic worship. Here is also sketched the life of the Spanish nation, from the hour when Philip and his Inquisition extinguished the last vestiges of ancient liberty, till wealth, power, industry, all failed during the Duke of Lerma's reign in the name of Philip's imbecile son. Here, above all, is the celebration of the heroic struggle of the Dutch people, from the period when Maurice of Nassau—deeply learned in war, and with a greater genius for arms than any other captain of the age—took command of the Republican forces, and fought the battles of religious freedom and civil rights,

till the truce of 1609, when the Netherlands remained victors at every contested point.

The dispute between the Dutchmen and Spaniards was a simple one enough in itself, being merely a question whether men should be saved by the Inquisition or by their own good works and the merits of Christ; whether a people should rule themselves, or be trampled upon by an alien despot. But into the settlement of this question entered all the ambitions of the epoch; and the interests of not only every prince in Europe, but of every isle and coast accessible to navigation, were involved in results which took the dominion of the seas from Spain and Portugal and gave it to Holland and England,—took it from rapacity and gave it to commerce. Yet for all this vast complexity of motive and purpose among the many peoples and princes who took part on one side or the other, the reader of this history comes to respect at last only the Spaniard and the Dutchman, between whom his admiration is pretty equally divided as between foes each thoroughly convinced of his right and thoroughly self-devoted and sincere. The share of Elizabeth in the struggle was as little honorable and generous as that of Henry, and the business of the rest of Europe was chiefly to contribute mercenaries for consumption in battle. As to the sympathy of the reader, that is, like the sympathy of the historian, always and only with the people, who not merely freed themselves from a foreign tyrant, but broke forever the yet crueller yoke of religious oppression. Persecution continued long after the triumph of the United Netherlands, but their success marked the beginning of a new era, in which men, casting off their allegiance to ecclesiastical authority, have found it possible to suffer every form of belief and worship, and to respect doubt as the beginning of the only faith worth having. This fight of the Dutchman and Spaniard was a pitched battle between men's passions and superstitions and their reason; and, when the Spaniard succumbed, it was fair proof, that, even in arms, the right had grown the stronger in the world.

The moral of the contest so forces itself upon the mind of the annalist at every point, that it tempts him to preach a little more than is needful; and the field of events is so vast that his reader is somewhat confused in following him. These are all but inevitable results, and the floridity of diction noticeable in some passages of the

work does not generally affect the pleasant quality of the style. In fact, we remember with very slight discomfort the homilies and the eloquence, and even the highly spiced description of the early commerce in cloves is not so hot in the mouth but we may own lasting indebtedness to Mr. Motley for a rapid and most picturesque and delightful art of narration, a graphic and agreeable touch in personal characterization, a peculiar skillfulness in all that pertains to the *mise en scène* of any event. We confess, too, a solid pleasure and pride in his truth to all the ideas of democracy and self-government, and in the contrast which his work offers to that of the greatest of the living English historians, in the homage paid to popular virtue.

Among princes of that time, indeed, we think it would go hard with any but Mr. Carlyle to find grandeur or generosity, and Mr. Motley does not teach us to look for it. Philip II. was alone and almost respectable in his earnest cruelty; but we cannot heartily admire the bigotry of a narrow-minded man which condemned a whole nation to death for heresy, and which impoverished an empire and warred half a century in the attempt to execute the sentence. It had not remained for Mr. Motley to tell us how this sincere Catholic sent assassins to take the lives of the French king and the English queen; how intrigue, falsehood, and violence of every kind were accepted by his piety as just means for the maintenance and propagation of the true faith; and how, in order to place himself on the French throne, and rescue France from heretical rule, he was ready to add incest to these means, and to continue a line of Catholic princes by marriage with his own daughter. There is greater freshness and originality (if we may apply this term to a new conception of historical facts) in the portrait of Henry of Navarre, but the picture is hardly more engaging. The white plume of the hero of Ivry does not dazzle us so much when we see Henry with his casque off, and kneeling before the Archbishop of Bourges to receive instruction in the Romish faith, that he may renounce his Huguenot error, and enter into the possession of the French crown. The historian paints him as a man of cynical good-nature, not despising resentment more than gratitude, nor honoring one form of sincerity less than another, but loving women and wars with equal ardor. He never was so little at peace with Spain as immediately upon the conclusion of some solemn treaty of

peace, never so little a friend of the Netherlands as when making them some formal promise of assistance. Nevertheless, he was good enough king for the French nobles, who had sold themselves repeatedly to him and to Philip, and among whom every man but the Huguenots had his price.

"The king did his best by intrigue, by calumny, by tale-bearing, by inventions, to set the Huguenots against each other, and to excite the mutual jealousy of all his most trusted adherents, whether Protestant or Catholic. The most good-humored, the least vindictive, the most ungrateful, the falsest of mankind, he made it his policy, as well as his pastime, to repeat, with any amount of embroidery that his most florid fancy could devise, every idle story or calumny that could possibly create bitter feeling and make mischief among those who surrounded him. Being aware that this propensity was thoroughly understood, he only multiplied fictions, so cunningly mingled with truths, as to leave his hearers quite unable to know what to believe and what to doubt. By such arts, force being impossible, he hoped one day to sever the band which held the conventicles together, and to reduce Protestantism to insignificance. He would have cut off the head of D'Aubigné or Duplessis Mornay to gain an object, and have not only pardoned but caressed and rewarded Biron when reeking from the conspiracy against his own life and crown, had he been willing to confess and ask pardon for his stupendous crime. He hated vindictive men almost as much as he despised those who were grateful."

Such a prince as this was not loved by the French Protestants, yet he was in his pleasant indifference to all religion at least their shield from the pitiless pity of Spain. In fact, his conversion does not seem to have afflicted them so much as it did the pedantic and self-willed old *galante* on the English throne, who thereupon frankly scolded him, and thereafter had nothing but treaties of alliance for him, and very sincere and practical indifference. We do not quite see the ugliness of Henry's act, until the historian comes to contrast it with that of a poor serving-woman in Antwerp, who, a few years later, also received instruction in the Romish faith. It seems to us it is in his best manner that Mr. Motley, reminding us of a lull in the persecutions, and their revival by the Jesuits in 1597, goes on to tell of the martyrdom of Anna van den Hove.

"Two maiden ladies lived on the north rampart of Antwerp. They had formerly professed the Protestant religion, and had been thrown into prison for that crime; but the fear of further persecution, human weakness, or perhaps sincere conviction, had caused them to renounce the error of their ways, and they now went to mass. But they had a maid-servant, forty years of age, Anna van den Hove by name, who was staunch in that reformed faith in which she had been born and bred. The Jesuits denounced this maid-servant to the civil authority, and claimed her condemnation and execution under the edicts of 1540,—decrees which every one had supposed as obsolete as the statutes of Draco, which they had so entirely put to shame.

"The sentence having been obtained from the docile and priest-ridden magistrates, Anna van den Hove was brought to Brussels, and informed that she was at once to be buried alive. At the same time, the Jesuits told her, that, by converting herself to the Church, she might escape punishment.

"When King Henry IV. was summoned to renounce that same Huguenot faith, of which he was the political embodiment and the military champion, the candid man answered by the simple demand to be instructed. When the proper moment came, the instruction was accomplished by an archbishop with the rapidity of magic. Half an hour undid the work of half a lifetime. Thus expeditiously could religious conversion be effected when an earthly crown was its guerdon. The poor serving-maid was less open to conviction. In her simple fanaticism she too talked of a crown, and saw it descending from Heaven on her poor forlorn head as the reward, not of apostasy, but of steadfastness. She asked her tormentors how they could expect her to abandon her religion for fear of death. She had read her Bible every day, she said, and had found nothing there of the pope or purgatory, masses, invocation of saints, or the absolution of sins except through the blood of the blessed Redeemer. She interfered with no one who thought differently; she quarrelled with no one's religious belief. She had prayed for enlightenment from Him, if she were in error, and the result was that she felt strengthened in her simplicity, and resolved to do nothing against her conscience. Rather than add this sin to the manifold ones committed by her, she preferred, she said, to die the death.

So Anna van den Hove was led, one fine midsummer morning, to the hay-field outside of Brussels, between two Jesuits, followed by a number of a peculiar kind of monks called love-brothers. Those holy men goaded her as she went, telling her that she was the devil's carrion, and calling on her to repent at the last moment, and thus save her life, and escape eternal damnation beside. But the poor soul had no ear for them, and cried out that, like Stephen, she saw the heavens opening, and the angels stooping down to conduct her far away from the power of the evil one. When they came to the hay-field, they found the pit already dug, and the maid-servant was ordered to descend into it. The executioner then covered her with earth up to the waist, and a last summons was made to her to renounce her errors. She refused, and then the earth was piled upon her, and the hangman jumped upon the grave till it was flattened and firm.

"Of all the religious murders done in that hideous sixteenth century in the Netherlands, the burial of the Antwerp servant-maid was the last and the worst. The worst, because it was a cynical and deliberate attempt to revive the demon whose thirst for blood had been at last allayed, and who had sunk into repose. And it was a spasmodic revival only; for, in the provinces at least, that demon had finished his work."

Of Elizabeth of England Mr. Motley does not teach us to think better than of Henry. To his selfishness and looseness she added inordinate vanity, and diplomacy between them was a kind of flirtation by proxy, which is only not in the last degree amusing, because it is a little sad to remember that the happiness and prosperity of many millions of people rested in the caprice of these elderly coquettes, who were really England and France, and who believed, with whatever truth was in them, that nations were made to be ruled by such as they. Let us see with what dignity and seriousness affairs of state could be conducted by princes when governments were untainted by the interference of the mob. Henry and Elizabeth were meditating a closer alliance against Spain, and "Sir Harry Umton, ambassador from her Majesty, was accordingly provided with especial letters on the subject from the queen's own hand, and presented them early in the year at Coucy (Feb. 13, 1596). No man in the world knew better the tone to adopt in

his communications with Elizabeth than did the chivalrous king. No man knew better than he how impossible it was to invent terms of adulation too gross for her to accept as spontaneous and natural effusions of the heart. He received the letters from the hands of Sir Henry, read them with rapture, heaved a deep sigh, and exclaimed: 'Ah, Mr. Ambassador! what shall I say to you? This letter of the queen, my sister, is full of sweetness and affection. I see that she loves me, while that I love her is not to be doubted. Yet your commission shows me the contrary, and this proceeds from her ministers. How else can these obliquities stand with her professions of love? I am forced, as a king, to take a course which, as Henry, her loving brother, I could never adopt.'

"They then walked out into the park, and the king fell into frivolous discourse, on purpose to keep the envoy from the important subject which had been discussed in the cabinet. . . . They then met Madame de Meneaux, the beautiful Gabrielle, who was invited to join in the walk; the king saying that she was no meddler in politics, but of a tractable spirit. . . . At last a shower forced the lady into the house, and the king soon afterwards took the ambassador to his cabinet. 'He asked me how I liked his mistress,' wrote Sir Henry to Burghley, 'and I answered sparingly in her praise, and told him that, if without offence I might speak it, I had the picture of a far more excellent mistress [Elizabeth], and yet did her picture come far from the perfection of her beauty.

" 'As you love me,' cried the king, 'show it me, if you have it about you!'

" 'I made some difficulty,' continued Sir Henry, 'yet upon his importunity I offered it to his view very secretly, still holding it in my hand. He beheld it with passion and admiration, saying that I was in the right.' 'I give in,' said the king, 'Je me rends.'

"Then, protesting that he had never seen such beauty all his life, he kissed it reverently twice or thrice, Sir Henry still holding the miniature firmly in his hand.

"The king then insisted upon seizing the picture, and there was a charming struggle between the two, ending in his Majesty's triumph. He then told Sir Henry that he might take his leave of the portrait, for he would never give it up again for any treasure, and that to possess the favor of the original he would forsake all the world. He fell into many more such passionate and

incoherent expressions of rhapsody, as of one suddenly smitten and spell-bound with hapless love, bitterly reproaching the ambassador for never having brought him any answers to the many affectionate letters which he had written to the queen, whose silence had made him so wretched. Sir Henry, perhaps somewhat confounded at being beaten at his own fantastic game, answered as well as he could; 'But I found,' said he, 'that the dumb picture did draw on more speech and affection from him than all my best arguments and eloquence. This was the effect of our conference, and if infiniteness of vows and outward professions be a strong argument of inward affection, there is good likelihood of the king's continuance of amity with her Majesty; only I fear lest his necessities may inconsiderately draw him into some hazardous treaty with Spain, which I hope confidently it is yet in the power of her Majesty to prevent.'

"The king, while performing these apish tricks about the picture of a lady with beady black eyes, a hooked nose, black teeth, and a red wig, who was now in the sixty-fourth year of her age, knew very well that the whole scene would be at once repeated to the fair object of his passion by her faithful envoy."

The impersonal States had no flatteries to offer Elizabeth; she gave them a grudging and insolent help, because they were her chief stay against Spain; but there was no time when she would not have abandoned their cause, could her own safety have been assured otherwise. A few thousand Englishmen fought on the side of the Netherlanders, but, after all, their victory was mainly won by themselves; and among them only did the virtue of leaders and rulers seem equal to that of the people. The Dutch nobles had a due pride of caste, and the Commonwealth was no democracy; but its ruling oligarchs were burghers aggrandized by industry and commerce, and the great spirit of the time was John of Olden-Barneveld, a burgher. Trade was necessarily honored in a country which would have been a morass without it, and the diligent people felt that their interests were secure in the hands of merchants and manufacturers risen from among them by their own harder work, and bound to them by the ties of a dear-bought common faith, and the presence of a common danger. Olden-Barneveld guided the foreign policy of the Republic with a purity of purpose and a singleness of dealing equalled only by the sci-

ence and humanity with which Maurice of Nassau fought her battles, in an age when the maxims of Machiavelli were the highest political wisdom, and numbers and massacre were among the first arts of war. Next to Maurice, the most respectable figure in the contest is that of Spinoza, the military genius who sprang from the money-making aristocracy of Genoa, and to whom the Archdukes of Flanders owed the ruins of Ostend after a siege of nearly three years, and Europe at length owed peace, because he saw that it was useless for Spain to continue the war.

We have sketched with very hasty strokes some of the men and events no doubt already vividly impressed upon the minds of many of our readers by the historian himself, and have but hinted the greatness of the subject and the number of figures portrayed. We cannot hope to indicate the quality of that chapter in which the author sums up all the results of Philip's reign, and presents the nature of the man and his work in the condition to which he had reduced his miserable Spain; or to do justice to the pendant of this picture, formed by the concluding chapter of the history, in which the grand results of the war are presented and the well-earned prosperity of the Dutch people is celebrated; still less are we able to assemble all the incidental touches from which Alexander Farnese, Maurice of Nassau, Olden-Barneveld, the Archdukes, Jeannin (the persecuting old Leaguer who spoke at last such brave words for toleration), Sully, Cecil, and a multitude of minor figures, receive a new life.

Mr. Motley is pre-eminently artistic in the treatment of his subject, and, fortunately for his genius, it is one in which the intrigues of diplomacy and the operations of statesmanship are almost as picturesque as the battles and sieges; the motive of the whole is dramatic, and the tragedy is full of effective situations, among which it is hard to choose any as the most skilfully employed. If we name the siege of Ostend as very conspicuous, it is not because we remember others less distinctly, — in some respects it scarcely equals the description of the great battle of Nieuport. It is a story to which the reader clings with as feverish an interest as if it concerned imaginary events, and not merely those which involved the life and death of many thousands of men of flesh and blood. With excellent art, only the important incidents are given,

while all the bloody and wasting toil and fray of the three years' siege is suggested in such sort that the reader does not once forget it. He lives for the time with the English and Dutch of the garrison, and the Spaniards of the beleaguering camps; and when the garrison marches out at last with the honors of war, and the small fragment of Ostend which has not been actually devoured in the siege is delivered up to the victors, it is hard for him to believe that he does not actually look upon the scene which the Archdukes behold.

"The Archduke Albert and the Infanta Isabella entered the place in triumph, if triumph it could be called. It would be difficult to imagine a more desolate scene. The artillery of the first years of the seventeenth century was not the terrible enginery of destruction that it has become in the last third of the nineteenth; but a cannonade, continued so steadily and so long, had done its work. There were no churches, no houses, no redoubts, no bastions, no walls, nothing but a vague and confused mass of ruin. Spinola conducted his imperial guests along the edge of extinct volcanoes, amid upturned cemeteries, through quagmires which once were moats, over huge mounds of sand, and vast, shapeless masses of bricks and masonry which had been forts. He endeavored to point out places where mines had been exploded, where ravelins had been stormed, where the assailants had been successful and where they had been bloodily repulsed. But it was all loathsome, hideous rubbish. There were no human habitations, no hovels, no casemates. The inhabitants had burrowed at last in the earth, like the dumb creatures of the swamps and forests. In every direction the dikes had burst; and the sullen wash of the liberated waves, bearing hither and thither the floating wreck of fascines and machinery, of planks and building materials, sounded far and wide over what should have been dry land. The great ship-channel, with the unconquered Half-moon upon one side and the incomplete batteries and platforms of Bucquoy on the other, still defiantly opened its passage to the sea, and the retiring fleets of the garrison were white in the offing. All around was the gray expanse of stormy ocean, without a cape or a headland to break its monotony, as the surges rolled mournfully in upon a desolation more dreary than their own. The atmosphere was murky and surcharged with rain, for

the wild equinoctial storm which had held Maurice spell-bound had been raging over land and sea for many days. At every step the unburied skulls of brave soldiers who had died in the cause of freedom grinned their welcome to the conquerors. Isabella wept at the sight. She had cause to weep. Upon that miserable sandbank more than a hundred thousand men had laid down their lives by her decree, in order that she and her husband might at last take possession of a most barren prize. This insignificant fragment of a sovereignty which her wicked old father had presented to her on his death-bed—a sovereignty which he had no more moral right or actual power to confer than if it had been in the planet Saturn—had at last been appropriated, at the cost of all this misery. It was of no great value, although its acquisition had caused the expenditure of at least eight millions of florins, divided in nearly equal proportions between the two belligerents. It was in vain that great immunities were offered to those who would remain, or who would consent to settle in the foul Gollgotha. The original population left the place in mass. No human creatures were left save the wife of a freebooter and her paramour, a journeyman blacksmith. This unsavory couple, to whom entrance into the purer atmosphere of Zeeland was denied, thenceforth shared with the carrion crows the amenities of Ostend."

The destruction of the Spanish fleet off Gibraltar by Heemskerk is one of the finest of the fine battle-pieces in which these volumes abound; and it has this advantage of a battle-piece on canvas or in romance, that it can rejoice the reader's heart as well as kindle his fancy. Heemskerk's victory overthrew the naval supremacy of Spain, and freed the seas from a rule that was more terrible than even English and Barbary piracies. Most other effective scenes in the history have some such superior pleasure in their gift; and we know not how any reader, jaded with the *fade* invention of this novel-making age, could better refresh himself than by turning to Mr. Motley's vivid page for the splendid deeds of which we are every day reaping the benefit in political and religious freedom; for the Pilgrim fathers sailed from Holland to our shores; and the liberty that dwelt in the English cities was but a surly and grumbling sort of slavery compared with her whose home was among the dikes, and wherever the flag of the United Netherlands was carried.

The history of these states was a very great and noble theme; and Mr. Motley has done it justice in the volumes which come to an end only too soon, because the war for the Dutch independence lasted no longer than a poor fifty years. Happily for the reader, there followed the twelve years' truce which closed it a Thirty Years' War, and upon the history of this Mr. Motley is now engaged. Let us own to a secret hope that he will give us a volume for every year of it.

The Voice in Singing. Translated from the German of EMMA SEILER, by a Member of the American Philosophical Society. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THIS is a book which all persons interested in vocal culture, either for themselves or others, should welcome. The tribute paid to Madam Seiler by two such eminent men of science as Helmholtz and Du Bois-Reymond is in itself a guaranty of the scientific value of her work, and we trust will secure her a wide hearing and a willing discipleship for truths which, taken simply on their own merits, might in too many cases be doubted or undervalued. That the art of singing is now in a state of decline, if not altogether decayed, all competent critics admit. To believe this, it is only necessary to compare, as Madam Seiler does in her first chapter, the achievements of the great artists of a century ago with the possibilities of our petted favorites of to-day. But a still more striking proof of the fact that modern singing-teachers do not know how to teach singing, appears in the "lost voices" that we hear bemoaned on every side, both by professionals and amateurs. Madam Seiler herself was a victim to one of the most eminent of these vocal quacks; and, her voice having been entirely ruined while under his instruction, she resolved to try and rediscover the secrets of the old masters of the art, and, if possible, to establish scientifically what they had only practised empirically. An investigation of the larynx in the act of singing had already been begun by Manuel Garcia, the most celebrated master now living, who studied the interior of the throat by the aid of the laryngoscope. He was able to assert by seeing what a trained and critical ear might infer from hearing, — that the vocal organ is not a fixed tube which acts in the same manner throughout its whole

compass, but that at several points in the scale its adjustments suddenly shift, and the next series of tones is produced in a different manner, and possesses a different quality, from any of those preceding. Evidently, then, every tone has its own adjustment, or "register," as it is called in singing, in which it can best and easiest be sung, and in which only it ought to be exercised and developed; and though the adjustment belonging to a lower set of tones may, by overstraining, be applied to a higher, yet this violation of the intention of nature is productive only of evil. The tones so forced are of hard and impure quality, flexibility is impaired, sweetness, compass, and expression are lost, and the voice itself is at length spoiled or broken up. All this vocal ruin and destruction are now going on under the complete ignorance or indifference of the modern singing-teacher to this great fundamental fact of the natural separation of the registers. Garcia's experiments, though they attracted great attention from scientific men, and inaugurated a new era in vocal culture, received little notice from his own profession. In this country he has one close follower, Carlo Bassini of New York, an Italian, whose *Methods for the Soprano, Baritone, and Young Voice* respectively are among the best we have, and may be well taken up with the schools of Panseron, Concone, and Zollner. But neither Garcia nor Bassini has thus far attempted more than an elementary theory of the registers of the voice; and it remained for Madam Seiler, by experiments with the laryngoscope, much longer continued and more successfully performed, to fix more accurately, and it seems to us finally, the limits and characters of the different registers of the voice. Instead of two or three, she makes five different actions of the vocal organ. Her theory of the head register in particular is entirely original, and that of the upper falsetto register is a greater satisfaction to us than almost any part of the book, as experience had convinced us that the falsetto in the woman's voice did not end and the head tones begin where Garcia and Bassini had supposed.

The subject of the registers occupies the whole of the second chapter of the book. The third treats of the "Formation of Sound by the Vocal Organ"; showing, first, what are the properties of tone, as established by scientific investigation. Madam Seiler derives from this what constitutes a

good singing tone, and what should be the disposition of the breath and the choice of vowels and syllables in vocalization in order to obtain it. Flexibility, purity, pronunciation, and many other topics, are also discussed. All of this chapter is valuable, and much of it is new, since few have any idea how opposed to modern custom in all these particulars was the long and careful and gradual drill of the old masters of song. The fourth chapter is devoted to the æsthetic view of the art of singing, and is as thoughtful, judicious, and penetrating as the others. Some of the strong and novel points of the book may be summed up as follows :—

1st. The voice has five independent modes of action for singing, as the hand has five fingers for playing; and each is to be cultivated by and for itself, until the tones produced by each mode equal, or nearly equal, in strength and fulness, the pure tones of all the other modes. 2d. The man's voice is best trained by a man, and the woman's by a woman; and no voice is to be intrusted to any but a thorough singing-teacher. A mere instrumentalist or "natural singer" is not competent to teach this art. 3d. That, instead of beginning practice with inflated chest and a loud tone, at first and for a long time no more breath than is used in speech should be employed; and the tone should be soft, quiet, and entirely without effort. 4th. That the intelligent training of the voice may be, and best is, begun at five or ten years of age, as the growing organ is more susceptible of culture than the adult, and also because it takes years, instead of months, to make a singer. 5th. That singers should not be trained with a tempered instrument like the piano. 6th. That indiscriminate chorus-singing spoils the voice and the ear; and that singing should not, therefore, be taught in our public schools by persons who know of music nothing except the simple reading at sight, and of singing *nothing at all*; but that there should be vocal schools, where children could be trained to read music and to sing without danger of injuring their voices before they have fairly possessed them. No one who has not taught our public-school children to sing knows anything about the beautiful voices and sensitive musical organizations which abound among our little Americans. As the translator of the work says that Madam Seiler is now in this country, would that the educational powers

thereof could give her at once a hundred young girls to be trained as teachers for the benefit of just such vocal schools here as she herself would like to see in Germany!

Men of the Time; a Dictionary of Contemporaries, containing Biographical Notices of Eminent Characters of both Sexes. Seventh edition, revised and brought down to the Present Time. London and New York: George Routledge and Sons.

THE men of our time, or the eminent characters of both sexes who happened to be born in the kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, enjoy very important privileges in this book, which is wrong in nothing so much as in being too generously named. For example, we infer from it that, while Mr. Leighton is a man of our time, M. Couture has not the advantage of being a contemporary; Miss Catharine Marsh, who wrote "English Hearts and English Hands," is an eminent living character, but Mr. George P. Marsh is not; Westmacott is a distinguished sculptor, but Mr. William Story has not yet come to the editor's notice; the editor knows all about that eminent literary man, Mr. Shirley Brooks, but he has never heard of Mr. James Parton.

Omissions like these, however, though very noticeable, are not characteristic of the book, which is one of the most difficult to make, and the most vulnerable to the fault-finder. It will serve a very good use, which it might serve better; but, remembering that it is intended for another public than ours, and a public peculiarly incurious concerning any greatness but its own, perhaps we ought rather to compliment the editor upon his success in discovering so many Continental and American celebrities among Men of the Time, than blame him for not knowing them all.

Time and Tide, by Weave and Tyne. Twenty-five Letters to a Workingman of Sunderland on the Laws of Work. By JOHN RUSKIN, LL. D. New York: John Wiley and Son.

WHAT "Mr. Thomas Dixon, a working cork-cutter of Sunderland," understands to be his duty, from the letters here addressed to him, or understands to be the

duty of anybody, is not clear from such of his replies as are printed in the Appendix; nor are we sure that the reader will be much the wiser as to what Mr. Ruskin expects than, for example, Mr. Ruskin himself. The general desire of this dreamer, whose words are still eloquent, though his mind is sorely be-Carlyled, is to a fairy despotism, which shall sustain itself in the affections and consciences of its subjects by every kind of sumptuary law, and by statutes aiming to repress all the vices and encourage all the virtues. In this state every one is to remain as nearly as can be in the rank to which he was born; there is to be slavery, but not slave-trade, and the slaves are to understand that their work, being manual, is base and degrading; there are to be nobles dwelling on vast estates, — but deriving no income from the lands, which shall neither be sold nor hired, — and salaried by the government, in order that they may keep bright the image of hereditary aristocracy; there is not to be co-operation, for that tends to prevent the accumulation of private wealth by commerce, and to keep people in the station out of which they ought not to rise; marriage is to be permitted by the state as a special reward of merit, and the wicked are to go unwed; there are to be priests and bishops to inquire diligently into the affairs of every family that will stand it, and to write the biographies of their parishioners for public inspection, — to be Scribes, in effect, rather than Pharisees; there shall be soldiers to act as a police in repressing crime and protecting the poor, after the manner of those obeying Governor Eyre in Jamaica (to

whose defence fund Mr. Ruskin proclaims that he gave a hundred pounds), and not after the manner of those commanded by General Sheridan in the Valley of the Shenandoah. Mr. Ruskin says nothing directly to this effect, but we suspect, from the general tenor of his reasoning, that he intends Mr. Johnson to be King of his Bezonians.

There is not wanting much beauty of thought, real aspiration, and downright good sense amidst all this rubbish, and the reader has to struggle against an absurd tenderness for the nonsense, because it is taught by one who is thoroughly earnest and philanthropic in it. But at last he has to regret that Mr. Ruskin turned aside from painting buds and leaves, in order to write these letters, and to wish that he had gone to Switzerland to look after his health and "the junctions of the molasse sandstones and nagelfluh," and had not deprived himself of the means to make the journey by subscribing one hundred pounds to the Eyre defence fund. We own, though, that we would not like to have lost, even for the sake of Mr. Ruskin's general reputation hurt by this book, one of his notions in political economy, namely, that civilization advances by the extinction of wants, and not by the creation of them; and we are very thankful for the severity with which both the success and failure of *Doré* are treated. Also, what is said of the degraded ugliness and vileness of modern theatrical spectacles and public entertainments could ill be spared in this country, where nothing succeeds like the success of the Japanese jugglers, and undrapery, and the *cancan*, at all the chief playhouses.

